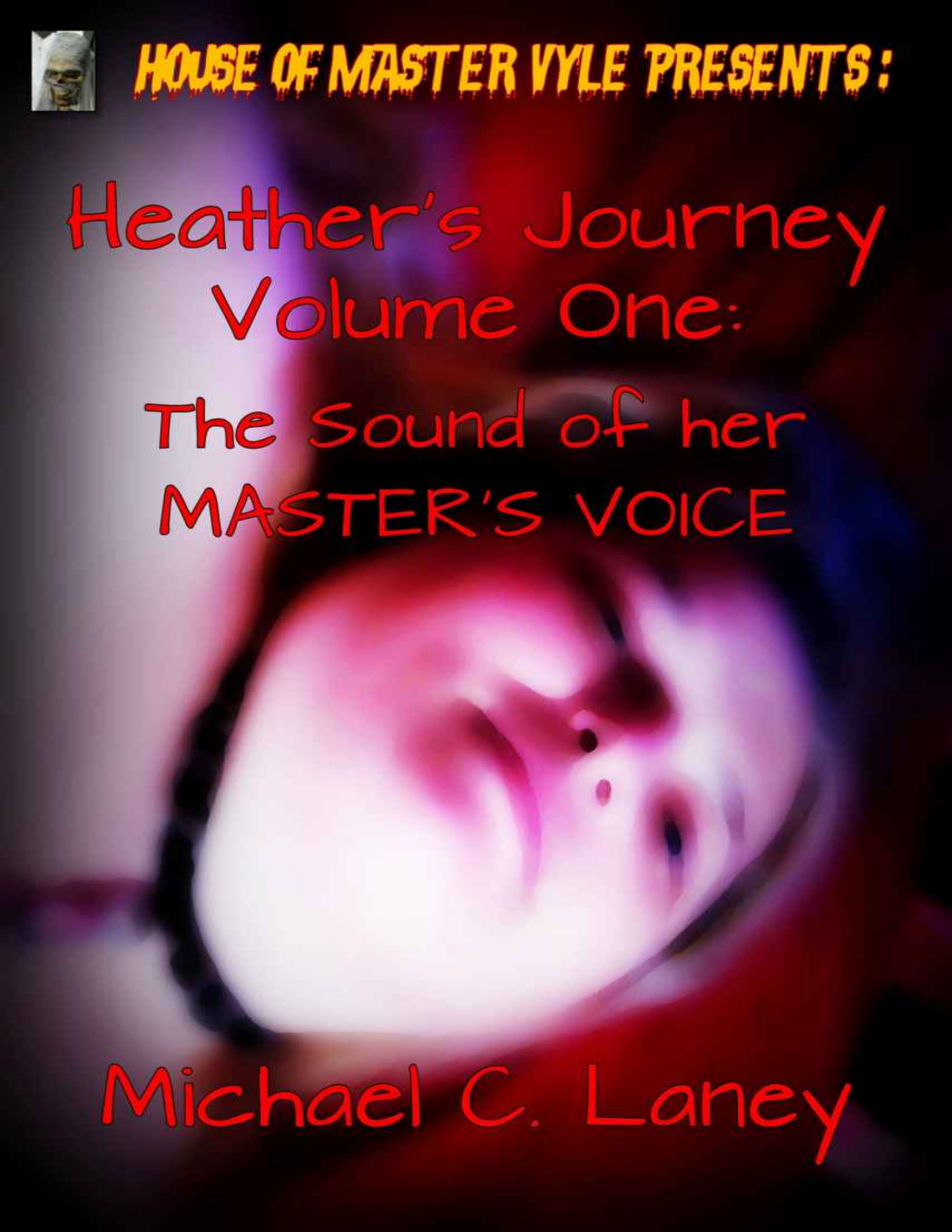
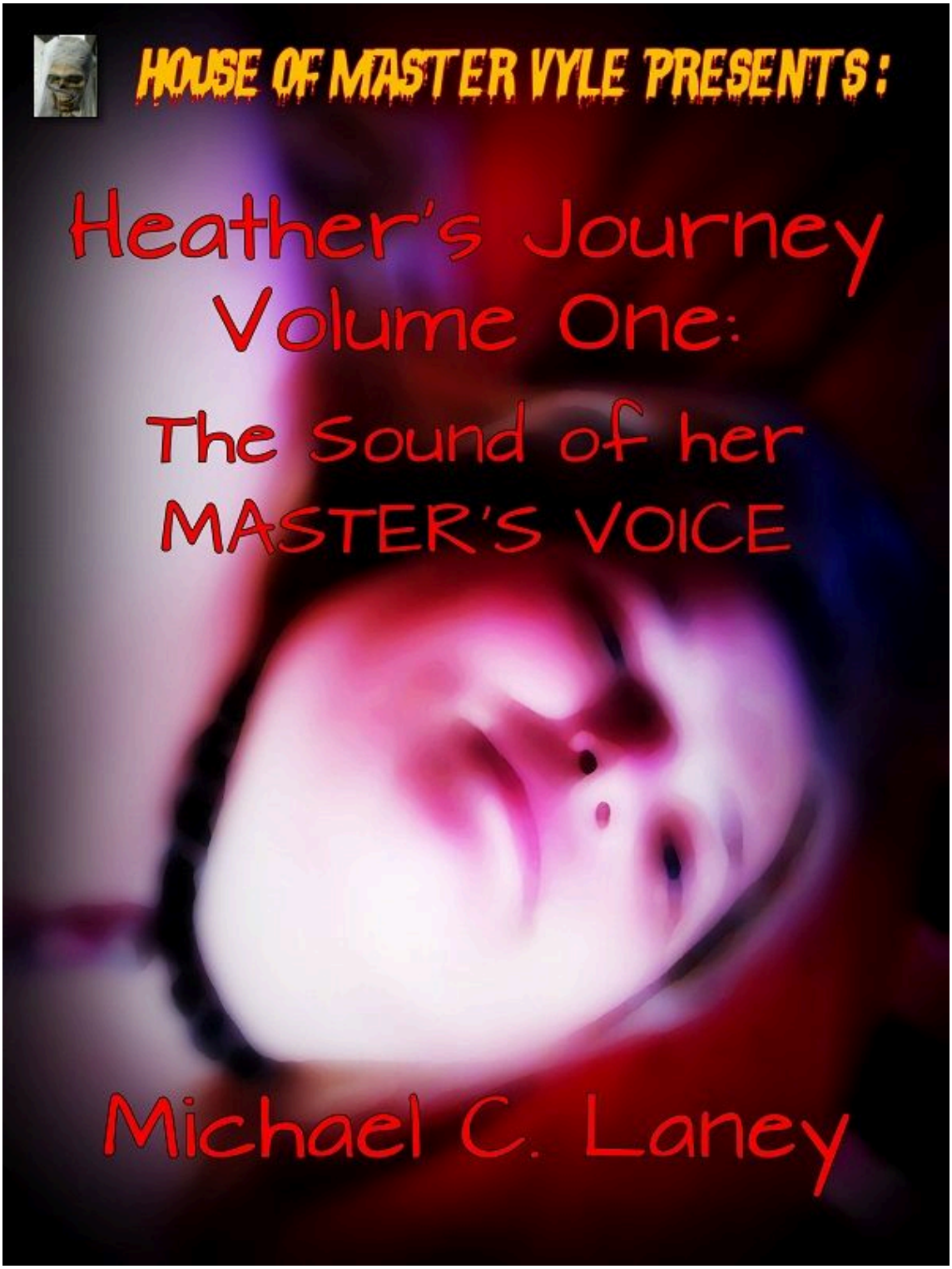
HOUSE OF MASTER VYLE PRESENTS:

Heather's Journey Volume One:

The Sound of her MASTER'S VOICE



Michael C. Laney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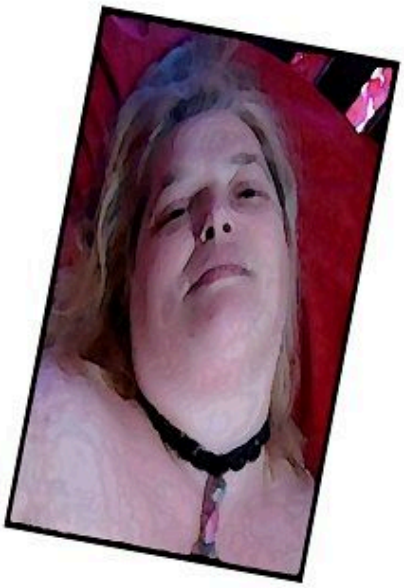

A Novel By
Michael C. Laney

Heather's Journey Volume One:
The Sound Of her MASTER'S VOICE
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Whips and Chains
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Sun Shiny Ray
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About The Author

Special Thanks To:

First and foremost to my wife, Betsy, who has put up with endless hours of frustration and anticipation as I worked to make this novel a reality, four times over. To my friends Katie Thurber and Pam Marler, who over the years kept me sane at work (Katie we miss you and hope that you're enjoying wherever you're working now).

Thank you to Marabelle Blue at Kink~E Magazine, ("It's Kink~E with an *"E"*. Get a pen and write it down"), who has been a great friend and source of support, and occasionally some much needed comic relief.

And of course thank you to the story's three biggest fans outside of my wife; Val Wynn here in the United States, Sarah Vernon in the United Kingdom and Azira Afoor in India. To those three submissives on three different continents a huge thank you for showing me that this story would have an appeal that crossed cultural, racial and international barriers beyond anything I ever imagined possible.

Author's Foreward: Heather's Journey, And Mine

There are so many trite ways to start talking about the beginning of a journey, but I am going to try and refrain from starting out with any of them. In a way it's best to say that this started with me experimenting with giving up writing on an archaic word processor with a green LCD screen and trying it out on a PC. I had actually begun working on a horror novel called *Dweller In Darkness* and had been writing it on a Bother Super Power Note Word Processor that I had gotten off of eBay. I had deliberately bought the Power Note because through the years between high school and the end of my first marriage I had always written on a Brother Word Processor, and due to the fact that I have a pretty bad case of OCD I did not feel very comfortable using anything more advanced. However, the thing about having OCD is you often trade one habit for another, which is what led me to upgrading to writing on a PC several years behind everyone else.

As I messed around for those first few days I got an idea in my head, the story of a woman who begins a journey into the world of D/s. It would be new territory for me, as a majority of my longer works were horror, and other than one other novel I had not really written an erotic story over 30 pages. But the idea was there and the more I thought about it the more I liked it, because my wife is this gentle soul who cannot bare violence and horror, so I knew this would be a long story that she could read.

Initially I had in mind 500 pages, but as often happens the story just grew and grew. I decided that the story would probably go on for about 1300 pages, which was a standard I had established with my first two, alas still unpublished,

horror novels *Whispers Of Darkness* and *The Echoes Of Yesterday*. However, as I began to push the 700 page mark I knew there was no way I was going to be able to tell the story that was unfolding in my head within 1300 pages or even 2000 pages. That was when I made the decision that the story would have to be split into three separate novels to really chronicle one woman's journey from being a vanilla housewife and mother and firmly into the world of Dominance and submission at an unhurried and logical pace.

I have done my best since day one to portray the BDSM lifestyle and the people involved in it in a true and realistic light. If you picked this story because you were expecting to see the same stuff shown *"in the movies"* then you're in for a surprise. This is not a story totally about kinky sex and perverts in leather, but a thoughtful examination of the life of someone who is a novice in the BDSM lifestyle through her eyes. It deals with the heart and the emotion of discovering something you never really knew existed and quickly begin to feel that it was something missing from your life, and it is also tempered with heartbreak and the mistakes of inexperience.

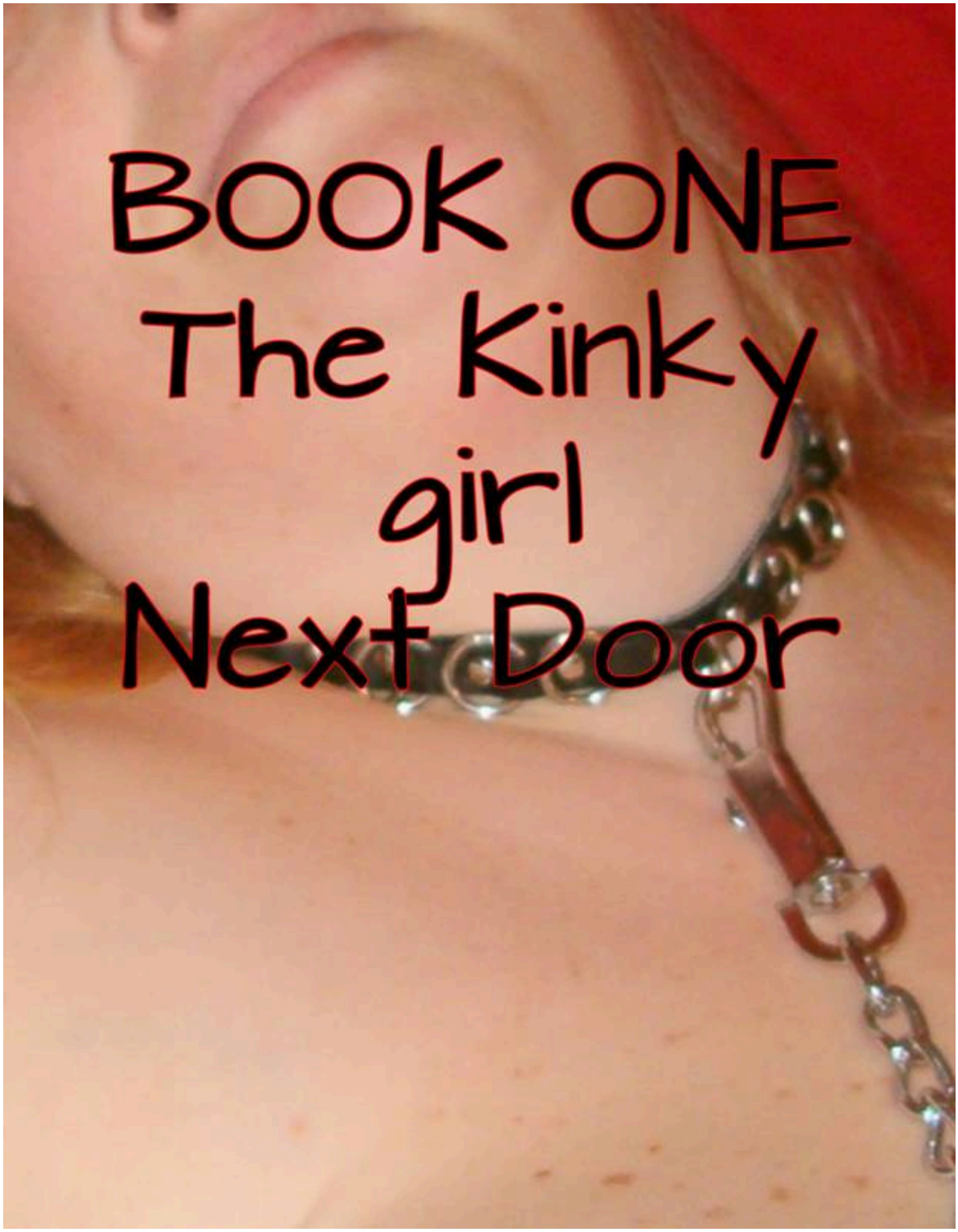
Heather Ford, the lead character in this series, is just like anyone else. She could be any woman in the world, both before and after she begins to learn about BDSM, and it seems to be this fact which has thus far resonated with her fans. I have been told by women from three different continents, cultural backgrounds and races, "*Thank you*", "*I feel like I know this story*", "*I know her, she's me*". And I'm smiling as I write this because it is exactly how I wanted the reader to feel and to hear it back from such a diverse group was definitely beyond my expectations. With Heather I did my best to create a character that was real and true, she's the typical, average person. She's not the wanton and foxy hot wife down the street, or a retired super-model with natural good looks and fake DD breasts living in suburbia, but a somewhat frumpy BBW housewife who has lived a "normal" and boring "vanilla" life until she begins to discover the BDSM lifestyle. Thus far readers have connected to her because they relate to the story of an average woman, with an average life and family, who suddenly finds herself craving something more.

From the day in 2006 when I wrote the first line until now I have been on a journey to bring this story out of my imagination and put it out there so it is available to a larger audience. For the moment, for me, the first journey, one that truly began in 1986 as I began working on my first short story *Bleeders*, comes to an end. For the first time, my first time, I am going to see *The Sound Of her*

MASTER'S VOICE presented as a complete novel and not broken down into various chapters for online publishing as it was under the unfortunately shortened title *her Master's Voice* on Literotica, nor is it edited down due to what some would consider an uncomfortable scene near the middle of the book on what is right or wrong under the concept of Safe, Sane and Consensual and not meant as a scene of titillation. Other than this there are few changes from the previous edition, but none which compromise the story of the journey, in fact they only serve to enhance it as it returns content I had to abandon for the sake of online posting. Today I end the journey to truly have my first novel published in its entirety, and so yet begins a new journey to create even more.

Michael C. Laney
Davenport, Florida
January 7, 2011

To My betsy-girl
With All My Love


BOOK ONE
The Kinky
girl
Next Door

CHAPTER ONE:
Do You Know What BDSM Is?

-1-

The tattoo on Kitty's left shoulder was something that Heather Ford had seen before, probably thousands of times over the past four years, but it was something that she had never really ventured to ask about. And of course human nature dictated that sometimes such things were not asked about, they just were, even when it was a thing which begged for questions to be asked of it. And of all things which appeared to be out there for no other reason than to be asked about this thing was most assuredly one of the most eye catching.

Now anyone could look at Kitty McClain and know that there was something a little wild about her, even without the tattoo. She was a granddame, at 58, in a neighborhood of newlyweds and younger couples, who always seemed to be dressed in two-pieces, halters and short-shorts and skirts, no matter what the weather.

To show off the tattoo about which no tongues ever seemed to wag?

Any person with the gift of sight would have to wonder. But none of those things made her a bad neighbor necessarily, nor was she a recluse. She walked in the evening and greeted her neighbors, invited them to her home for gatherings and was likewise invited to the homes of her neighbors. She was quiet and reserved it seemed at times, a contrast to the clothes and *"the tattoo",* which gave everyone the first impression she was a biker babe fresh off the bitch seat of her old man's chopper. And for the record there had never been any wild biker bashes at house Kitty lived with her long time boyfriend, Earl Graves, for the past four years, either before or after they had moved in. Of course even Earl seemed to be in sharp contrast with Kitty, but that was another subject.

The tattoo.

The tattoo was the thing that Heather kept finding her eyes drawn to as she sat in a lawn chair in Karen Anderson's backyard. The Fourth of July cookout at

the Andersons' was not the first place she had found herself fixated by Kitty's tattoo. In fact every time she had ever seen the older woman she had been fixated on it. In four years it should have become something she no longer noticed on another person, like a huge facial mole or a missing limb, but it hadn't. Although she knew exactly what the tattoo looked like, to the point that given pen and paper she could have probably reproduced it in her sleep, every time she saw Kitty it was like seeing it for the first time. It bothered her that it even bothered her. And of course the avoidance of breaking the rule about not asking about such things was there.

Heather had never really ventured to ask about the tattoo, this was true, but it didn't mean that she was not curious about it. She knew that today was the day she was going to ask, had somehow known she was before they had even arrived at the Andersons' that afternoon.

On that hot Independence Day Heather knew, *just knew*, she had to ask what it meant.

In doing so she would discover perhaps another kind of independence, one that she had never known existed. For the act of asking one simple question would set into motion a chain of events in Heather Ford's life that was not easily, or even likely, ever to be undone.

As she sat there sipping on her bottle of Corona, and thinking of just how to broach the subject with her older neighbor Kitty walked by her again with a plate of raw hamburgers for Dennis Anderson to put on the grill. She seemed to pass in slow motion, the mysterious tattoo somehow lingering in Heather's view.

The tattoo, which Heather and her other neighbors, and probably everyone else in Citrus Grove, had surely all seen but somehow never talked about, was a somewhat familiar image, one probably recognized all over the world in fact. It was in essence very similar to the old RCA-Victor logo, which Heather was certain had been around since before she was even born. On the lower part of Kitty's left shoulder, the archaic gramophone inked into her skin in exacting, and no doubt painstaking, detail. The machine, grafted into the other woman's skin by a gifted hand, was an elegant representation of something similar to the familiar object from that well known corporate logo.

That, however, was where the similarities appeared to end, and the design became, perhaps, a little more customized and personal. Nipper the dog, that cute cuddly fellow was not a part of Kitty McClain's tattoo. In fact instead of a dog at all there was a rotund little woman, not much unlike Kitty herself. The

woman was on her knees as she faced into the speaker horn of the gramophone, naked, save for what appeared to be a collar around her neck and a length of cord which bound her wrists behind her above her ample and upraised bottom. Below the image a three word legend had been skillfully inscribed:

-2-

Courage never comes easy to someone, even when their resolve is rock solid, and most especially when the surroundings are mundane. True courage is something that comes when a person is in the line of fire on some battlefield somewhere, and certainly not to someone attending a Fourth of July barbecue at Karen and Dennis Anderson's house on South Apollo Avenue, in Citrus Grove, Florida, right in the heart of Bennick County. It took until the early evening, about 30 minutes before the first bottle rockets were set off in the Andersons' backyard, before Heather's courage finally caught back up with her burning curiosity. Chance also had its own little part to play as well.

Bill, her husband, got up to round up the kids to get them ready for the fireworks, and as Heather sat there, rubbing her arms due to the slight evening chill, Kitty quickly came over and took his seat. Despite the coming chill, perpetual evidence there was a good 50% chance of thunderstorms on any given Central Florida summer evening, the other woman was still in a red bikini top and a pair of white shorts. She lit a cigarette, briefly illuminating her face as she took the first drag. Heather knew her face as surely as she knew her tattoo. There were a few lines on it, but they were soft, her cheeks round and babyish. Teal eyes gleamed in the flame of the lighter. In the quick glow the framing outline of her auburn hair could be made out, not a hint of the strands of white could be seen in the dusk, but Heather had known the other woman long enough to know they were there.

"What's shaking?" Kitty asked as she exhaled, her words accented with a sweet Georgia peach lilt. She had been busy most of the afternoon playing co-

hostess with Karen, who at 45 was perhaps the closest person to her age in the Tangelo Groves development. So it was really not too unexpected that when she finally had a free minute she would come and talk with Heather, as it was her habit of making small talk with everyone and anyone at any given time.

"Nothing really," Heather replied, already feeling she was doing her best to sound casual. "Bill went to get Melissa and Terry, to make sure they won't miss out on the fireworks."

Kitty let out a little laugh. "As if they would miss it," she said. "The first little pop and all the kids are going to come out of the woodwork to see."

"I know. But you know how men are."

"Yes," Kitty agreed. "I do."

Heather found there was something about her response, as if she knew a little better about men than she did. Maybe something that she didn't know. Of course Kitty had 24 years more experience, and no doubt did know more about men than she did, but it seemed like there was something else there. Was there a soft and knowing smile as she had taken another drag off her cigarette after she said it? In the gathering dusk Heather thought she could feel it, even if she couldn't see it.

For no apparent reason Heather found herself wondering about the other difference Kitty had with the rest of the majority of her neighbors. She had never been married, and claimed not to have any children, which seemed a little odd, even though it wasn't. Lots of people never married or had any kids. Though Kitty did appear to be the motherly type. Perhaps she knew a lot more about men and relationships than anyone could imagine, Heather found herself thinking.

"Are you going to one of the displays in town later on?" Kitty asked, bringing her out of her musings.

"Oh, no," she replied. "Not this year. You have to get there hours early to be able to get in to the stadium. This year we just wanted to relax with everyone. And of course you're stuck getting drowned if the bottom does decide to fall out with nothing to show for it."

"True," Kitty agreed. She took yet another drag from her cigarette. "Plus, either way it takes forever to get untangled from all the mess and get back home, especially if you go to one of the big displays in Lake Trinity. I think we'll settle in for the night too, after we leave."

Then the two neighbors fell into a couple of minutes of awkward silence, the exact type of silence meant for questions such as the one Heather had been thinking of asking all afternoon long. In the quickly gathering dusky dark Heather was sure that the other woman was aware that she had something on her mind. She could feel the invisible and unspoken tension radiating from the other woman, although she could truly have no idea that anything was going on in her neighbor's head.

"Kitty?"

"Yes?"

"Can I ask you something?"

Kitty took another drag off her cigarette and exhaled toward the darkening sky. "Sure," she replied. "I've always said you can ask me anything. Go ahead."

"It's about your tattoo-," Heather went on, now feeling a little uneasy.

"Which one?"

Heather was sure that the other woman was smiling now, a big and toothy Cheshire Cat grin. *Which one? Was there really more than one?* And where could other tattoos be on a woman she had often seen in so little it would have been impossible to have missed others?

The older woman let out a laugh, her reserved and always polite laugh, letting Heather know that her question had had the desired effect of making her squirm a little. "The tattoo on my shoulder?"

Heather nodded in the gathering dark, letting out an uneasy laugh of her own. "Yes, I'm a little curious about it." But she was still wondering if there were *"others"* and if so where were they? "I was wondering what it was about?"

"Well, you certainly asked the right question," Kitty replied. "*What is it about* and not *what does it mean*."

"I was wondering-," Heather found herself uneasy, embarrassed. *Was she embarrassing the other woman as well?*

Before she could say anything else Kitty leaned over and put a hand on top of hers. The palm on the back of her hand was freezing cold, but just for a moment, then it seemed nice and warm. Motherly warm. "It's okay," the older woman assured, "really." She took her hand back and took a final drag off her cigarette, dropping it on the grass and grinding it out with the toe of her flip-flop.

"Okay," Heather agreed.

"Do you know what BDSM is?"

BDSM?

Whips and chains. It was the first thing that came to Heather's mind. She had gone out with a guy during her sophomore year in high school that made up all sorts of little songs and poems. It seemed no matter where they were he would spout out with something off the wall, but at the moment she instantly remembered just a little piece of one about whips and chains.

Whips and chains,
They give me pains,
Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…..

There had been more, then, of course, but at the moment she couldn't remember. "S&M," she found herself saying instead, with no thought. "You mean tying women up and talking dirty to them?"

Kitty threw her head back and gave a hearty laugh. It was just above her normally reserved and polite laugh, but enough to show that it was meant goodheartedly. "Bondage, discipline, sadism and masochism," she corrected in her good natured, Georgia peachy, tone. Then she laughed to herself a little more.

"Oh." Heather found herself feeling a little dumb. *And why not feel dumb?* Even with the acronym spelled out it still didn't mean anything.

"Oh, Heather, you're so *vanilla*," Kitty went on.

"Vanilla?"

"Straight," Kitty said.

As opposed to what? Heather wondered. *Being kinky*?

And then it hit her.

The nice old lady that lived down the street was into kinky sex. Or at least had been into kinky sex. *Was she still-? Did she still do things?* Just because she was older didn't mean she was dead.

Heather closed her eyes trying not to over think anything. Well of course she probably still had an active sex life, but just not a kinky one.

Doh, she seemed to hear Homer Simpson say in her head just for thinking further.

"It's okay, really," Kitty said, obviously sensing her embarrassment. "I'm sure it's outside of your experience."

An understatement. What kind of can of worms had she just opened?

The back door of the Anderson house opened and several of the kids began coming out, Terry and Melissa, Heather's son and daughter, included. Bill was close behind them, making his way back to where the two women sat.

Kitty shifted in the lawn chair, and then began to rise. "I'm going to let Bill have his seat back. I'll come by your house one day this week when you're not busy."

"Thursday," Heather already found herself saying. "The kids are going to go camping with Bill's parents." Of course she had already decided she didn't want Terry or Melissa going in and out while sweet Kitty McClain talked to her about her kinky sexual past. If that was what they were going to be talking about.

"Okay," Kitty agreed. "We'll talk before then, yes."

"Sure."

Kitty then leaned down close just before she walked off. "By the way, there is another tattoo. Maybe I can show it to you if you want."

As the other woman walked off and her husband approached Heather found herself a little dumbfounded. *There really was another tattoo?* Despite being caught a little off guard by their brief exchange she found her curiosity already working on the problem of a second tattoo again. *What was it? More to the point where was it?* Heather was a little unsure if she really wanted to know the answers.

And yet…

And yet there was something about the whole mystery that, she couldn't deny, was a little exciting.

-3-

Heather looked at herself in her bathroom mirror that night as she got ready for bed. The sight was of course one she was quite used to seeing, curly brown hair framing a pasty white face. She had deep blue eyes, which she secretly considered her only good feature. Her nose was just a little too long, with a little bend at the end, above a slightly crooked smile. The lips were crooked, but the teeth hidden behind them were straight and white. Her chin bone was prominent, unfortunately complimenting, and drawing attention to, her

crooked and twisted lips. And the chin itself was framed by early laugh lines and the slightly meaty roll of a second chin.

She turned to the side and gave herself a glance, slightly pulling down on the front of her robe and then tightening it against her body to push her ample breasts up a little so that the cleavage showed in the mirror. *Nothing spectacular*, she thought. Kitty McClain, a woman almost twice her age, looked a lot sexier.

She let out a sigh and then grabbed her toothbrush. Kitty had of course been on her mind the rest of the evening. While everyone else enjoyed drinks and backyard fireworks Heather had turned the other woman and her tattoos, visible and otherwise, over in her mind.

It made a little more sense now, *her Master's Voice*, though she had little idea what BDSM meant. Weren't there masters and slaves or something like that in it?

Tying women up and talking dirty to them.

Now she decided that saying that make her look even more stupid than she felt she looked.

Whips and chains,
They give me pains,
Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

Now that probably really summed up all she knew about BDSM, and that wasn't much. Though they did show stuff on TV and in the movies, but never enough to tell what it was really about, other than tying women up and talking dirty to them, whips and chains and leather and lace.

Now Heather found herself unsure if it had been a good idea to ask about the tattoo, and she was not at the moment looking forward to having Kitty over for a visit in three days to explain further.

At least that was one part of her. There was another part that was a little more curious than she had been before. There was a part that now wanted to know more, that *had* to know more.

"You about ready for bed?" Bill's voice came.

"In a minute," she replied, her mouth still full of toothpaste and spit.

Sometime in the night the dream came. Heather stood in a world which was surely an early fall morning. It had the feel of a day where the sun had just come up. Everything was cool and gray, and there was a breeze that chilled her bare shoulders. She found herself walking barefoot along the cold and stony ground. She had a robe pulled loosely around her, enough to cover most of herself, though she was certain she wore a bra and panties underneath.

As she walked on Heather realized that the reason the path was so stony was because she was walking along a set of rail road tracks, the gravel and rails adding white and blue to the gray world. And there seemed to be little to the world at all, other than the chilly breeze and the endless parallel of the tracks. Had she went too much farther Heather would have believed that she was the only person who existed in this gray world, but then, before she had gone 20 more steps, she suddenly saw her, as if she had just magically appeared.

Kitty McClain lay across the tracks. She was naked, like the woman on her tattoo, save for a brown leather dog collar around her neck. And of course there was the rope. Kitty's wrists and ankles were wound tightly with intricately knotted rope. Each set of bindings was in turn tied around the rails, one at her head and the other at her feet so that she was lying diagonally on a bed of gravel and crossties.

Heather found her eyes drawn to Kitty's face. Her teal eyes looked up to her, not with a look of fear so much as a look of slight enjoyment. There was a splash of rogue on her full cheeks and her hair was elegantly and intricately braided, showing off the top of her head in a way Heather had never seen it before. Kitty only squirmed slightly, making an "ummmh" sound around a green apple jammed in her mouth instead of the traditional '*Perils of Pauline'* gag.

Of course even in this dream Heather rationalized that *"Pauline"* probably was never gagged. She was sure that she always screamed 'Help!' or 'Eeek!' whenever she was bound to the railroad tracks with the noon steamer bearing down on her. And of course Pauline would have been clothed all the way up to her neck instead of stark naked.

Whips and chains,
They give me pains…

"Ummmph," Kitty moaned around the apple.

Heather realized it was almost like something she had seen a long time ago. When she was in middle school, and she and her best friend, Betty Wallace, had often spent the weekends at Gail Brady's. Gail's parents had an old satellite dish, one of the big monsters from the decades before everyone had a little dish on their house, and in a time before the signals were being blocked, scrambled and regulated.

"One hundred channels of porn, when nothin's on!" Gail's brother, Robbie, always yelled before their parents' car was even out of sight.

It was something from one of those many movies she had been educated by at Gail Brady's house that she remembered. It had been a dinner scene, from some now nameless movie or another. Heather remembered that it would be a normal dinner scene between two couples one minute. Then one of the men would imagine the two women at dinner to be on the table, naked, collared and chained, with apples in their mouths.

Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

"Ummmph," Kitty moaned. She squirmed a little more, making her bare breasts quake back and forth.

Then it was all gone and Heather found herself taken out of the world of gray and into a world of blackness and starlight.

No, not starlight, she corrected herself. *Candlelight.*

She was naked now, hands bound behind her back and down on her knees. She let out a harsh breath through her nose. Her mouth felt full, jammed with fabric. Heather was unsure if her legs were bound, or if her hands were linked to something else to hold her down, she just knew that she couldn't rise.

Once her eyes adjusted to the dim candlelight she became aware that she was not alone. There was someone else in the room. At first it was a presence, and then a shape. A shirtless figure stepped into the slight illumination, his chest broad and muscular. He seemed to be wearing black pants and boots, as well as a black leather band around each wrist. The most daunting item he was wearing, however, was a leather mask which covered his entire face and head. There were two eye holes, from which a penetrating set of eyes that seemed to stare right through her looked out, and an open zipper which revealed the man's mouth. There was something in his hand, and it took Heather a moment to recognize

what it was. The long and slim object was a riding crop, a little something else she had seen in *"the movies"*.

Whips and chains,
They give me pains,
Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

"You like it, bitch?" the masked man demanded, in a raw and angry sounding voice.

The Crimson Executioner? Heather thought. It was an image from some poorly done foreign horror flick her brother, Gordon, and his friends had thought was one of the greatest things on earth. It was Saturday afternoon fodder from one of Count Shockula's *"shockingly horrible"* movies on *Creature Feature.*

No, he was in black.

"Umm," she pushed thought the gag.

The man hit the palm of his hand with the riding crop and the sound of it cracking against

his skin in place where she was bound. "I said, you like it!" the masked man yelled. "Show me you like it, you fucking cunt!"

Heather could feel her mouth quivering behind the gag. She nodded her head, slightly bobbing her body as she did so. Her eyes were wide open and they felt as if they were stretched to their limits, the unmoving air of the dream world seeming to suck away their moisture.

"Do you know what BDSM is?" Kitty's disembodied voice asked.

Tying women up and talking dirty to them.

"You like that, cunt," the man growled. "Don't you?"

Heather nodded again. She fought to keep back the tears she could feel starting to form in her wide, yet drying, eyes.

"You love it!"

Whips and chains,
They give me pains,
Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

She wasn't sure if her knees could hold out much longer in the position that she was in. But she wasn't sure if she had a choice. She didn't know what would happen to her in the strange bindings if she relaxed. She didn't know if she wanted to know what the masked man would do to her if she relaxed.

But in that same instant, even in that strange dream, she was also curious to know just what would happen.

Oh, Heather, you're so vanilla.

Straight.

"You like the gag, you bitch?" the masked man questioned.

Heather nodded, slightly bobbing her body once again. This time she was aware of the weight of her bare breasts as she moved. It made her keenly aware of something else too. Her nipples were stone hard.

"Want to try a different gag, cunt? A *better* gag?"

Again Heather nodded and rocked.

"Ummmph. Umm. Ahhhh!"

"Yeah, bitch, a better gag. One you love," he taunted.

Heather took another deep and sharp breath through her nose. She had to stay in this position somehow. It was important.

The man came closer, walking forward until he was only inches from Heather's face. She craned her head to look up, and could just see him looking down his nose at her. Then he took a step back and let the riding crop drop to the floor.

They were in eerie silence and stillness for a moment.

He reached out and stroked her cheek.

Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

Heather's eyes widened as the masked man opened his pants and reached inside. She tensed, breathing harshly in through her nose once again as he produced his cock. He just stood before her, his flaccid shaft coming to life and hardening in his hand as he stroked himself, jacking it just inches from her face.

"I'm going to gag you on this, *you fucking cunt*," he taunted.

Heather moaned around the cloth gag, and her legs felt weaker. From deep within she felt a part of her that just wanted to say, *'Please'.*

He reached forward and grabbed the back of her gag, forcing her head back. As he made her turn so he could extract it from her mouth she caught sight of something written across the wall in the flickering candlelight.

-5-

Heather awoke suddenly, sitting up and drawing a ragged breath. The sheet felt plastered to her legs and her nightgown clung to her chest as well, a sign she was dripping with sweat. *Pig sweat*, Bill always called it when they were working in the yard or messing around on an especially hot and sticky day. Putting a hand to her chest she could feel her heart pounding.

Heather realized she could feel something else too. Her nipples were hard; just as hard as they were in her dream. There was also a warm tingle from some place even lower.

"What was the hell was that?" she asked herself in a light whisper.

Beside her Bill snorted a half-snore and turned slightly, nearly causing her to jump off the bed.

Whips and chains,
They give me pains,
Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

Does it mean anything? she wondered.

The short answer to herself was no. It was the Fourth of July. You had too much to drink. Too much to think about. End of story.

Feel this vein,
As it drains,
Down your ass,
To your underthangs…

You're just getting yourself worked up over nothing, she thought. *Over some old lady's tattoo.*

No, over some old lady's kinky sex tattoo, she corrected.

Heather got out of bed and went to the kitchen to get a drink of water and cool off. She did her best to assure herself that cooling off did not mean cooling off sexually, but no matter how much she wanted to deny it, the fact was, it was right there, staring her in the face.

Like the masked man's cock. The *not quite* Crimson Executioner.

"Oh, fuck this," she said to herself once she finished a second glass of water. The linoleum was cool on her bare feet, and somewhere in the distance thunder rolled, the late boom of nature's fireworks.

With that she went back to bed with the intention to forget all about it until Thursday. It was a well intentioned idea. However, between that night and Thursday afternoon, when Kitty McClain came over, it would be almost the only thing that Heather found she could think about.

She wanted to know.

No. Now she had to know.

CHAPTER TWO:
I'm Different

-1-

Thursday had seemed to come a lot faster than Heather had thought it would. And when the day arrived she busied herself as soon as her feet hit the floor, in an effort to hide the slight, yet building, sense of excitement within her. Even though she had tried not to think of it her thoughts over the past couple of days had continued to go back to the dream she had on the Fourth of July. She found that the more she thought of it the more she wanted to say something to Kitty about the dream, in the hope that the other woman could maybe explain what it meant, or better still, what she had felt.

She had been up before the break of dawn, as was her usual routine, though her eyes had been open long before Bill's alarm had went off. As he got out of bed and showered she had gone to the kitchen and started a pot of coffee, then washed dishes before preparing his breakfast of scrambled eggs, ham and toast. They had breakfast as usual, silently eating, Heather looking across the table at her husband, feeling pleased with herself that he was satisfied with the meal and their static daily routine.

Once he was off to work Heather cleaned the kitchen, then went to work on the living room. It wasn't unusual that she cleaned before one of her neighbors came, but for some reason, she was unsure of why, she felt it was especially appropriate and necessary for today. Even the extra effort didn't take too much time, as Heather had always been an immaculate housekeeper to begin with. So with more time to kill she went on to the bedroom and both bathrooms, and would have probably cleaned the kids' rooms and Terry's bathroom had they still not been sleeping.

Heather did her best to watch some of the early morning news show on TV, but she felt anxious and restless. There was nothing else to clean and it would be another couple of hours before she needed to get the kids up and fed, and to finish the rest of their packing before Sammy and Meredith Ford, her in-laws, came to pick them up. Had it been light outside she knew she would have probably been out front pulling weeds, even moving the grass, anything to get rid of the bottled up energy and excitement she was feeling.

And it wasn't just normal excitement, Heather knew. Down, just below the surface, she knew there was a hint of sexual excitement. Part of her wished she had roused Bill a little early from his sleep for a quickie before his shower, to take the little edge she was feeling off. It all came from the dream she was sure, and in a way feeling so aroused made her feel as if she were being silly. Kitty was coming to talk, to give her some insight into something she didn't really know about. She wasn't coming over to teach her about hot, kinky, lesbian sex.

Although, Heather had to admit to herself, the more aroused and excited she became, the less inclined she would probably be to reject a proposition.

If there was a proposition.

But of course, there wouldn't be one. It was Kitty McClain, her neighbor from down the street; the sweet lady with the warm smile and the Georgia peachy accent. Who had been involved in kinky sex…

Was still involved in kinky sex?

Heather turned off the TV and warmed up the computer in the spare bedroom so she could play solitaire. It wasn't much, but it was just enough to occupy her mind for a little while and keep her from feeling as restless. She sat and played the cards, doing her best to pay attention to the game, and the little clock in the corner of her computer screen so she would know when to break off and start on the kids' breakfast.

When the time came Heather went to the kitchen and cleaned the dishes and pans from her breakfast with Bill so she could use them to fix something for the kids. She had gotten Terry out of bed first. Her 14 year old firstborn was the good child, always willing to wake up and get ready to face the day. A simple tap and a quiet, "Good morning," was always enough to get him out of bed and on his way to being dressed and at the table for breakfast.

Melissa, her eight year old, was her terror. Waking the girl was a problem, and once she was up she moved like a zombie down the hall and sat down at the table, her eyes barely opening, still dressed in a My Pretty Pony nightgown that

she was getting too big for, mentally and physically. Heather secretly pitied whoever her daughter was destined to marry a little more with each passing day.

After she finished making a batch of fresh pancakes, sausage and toast, Heather moved on to packing the kids' things for their trip as they ate breakfast. In doing so she once again noted that her two children were polar opposites. Terry had everything but the final necessities packed up and ready to go, and even the last things were organized and only in need of making it into his bag and backpack.

Melissa on the other hand-

Well, Heather at least gave her credit for having brought her suitcase from the garage without being told.

When she had finished packing the kids' things she moved on to cleaning up their bedrooms and Terry's bathroom. As she did so she did not think about the fact that once they were done there would be nothing else for her to really do, other than yard work, in the time between when the Fords came to pick the kids up at eight and when Kitty was supposed to arrive at ten. She was still feeling excited, and she knew she had to keep busy to keep her from thinking about anything.

Sammy and Meredith Ford came to the door just before eight as Terry was helping Heather move their luggage by the front door and Melissa was flipping between *Blue's Clues*, *Billy & Mandy* and *Kim Possible*, none of the shows holding enough interest for her to watch. Sometimes her daughter was so frustrating. It was as if she was the boy and Terry was the girl sometimes, so different was their temperament.

The visit with her in-laws as they came to pick the kids up was brief. Meredith was talkative as usual, but Sammy was ready to *go, go, go* so that they would not hit too much traffic on the Interstate before noon. "It's a day and a half to get to North Carolina and not kill yourself," he constantly reminded them as he and Terry loaded the back of her in-laws' station wagon. Heather decided that Sammy was Melissa and that Meredith was probably whoever her daughter would end up marrying. *Poor fool.*

"Are you feeling alright today, Heather?" Meredith Ford had asked before they said their final good-byes, and she got into the station wagon.

"Yes," she had replied. "I'm fine. Why do you ask?"

Her mother-in-law shrugged. "You just look a little flushed. Your cheeks are red."

“I’ve just got the cleaning bug,” Heather said, giving a slight shrug of her own. “I’ve been cleaning house and cooking since I woke up.”

To this Meredith gave a slightly knowing smile. “Getting everything squared away so you can enjoy your little vacation.”

Heather gave a slight laugh. “Yeah, I guess so.”

That being said Terry and his grandfather had finished the last of the packing and roof stacking on Fords’ station wagon. Heather hugged her kids and her in-laws good-bye and told them to have a fun and safe trip. Terry said they would call home when they stopped for the night, and Melissa hinted that maybe they would send her a text message instead if Grandma would let them use her new phone.

Heather waited at the end of the driveway as Sammy Ford backed out and headed to the end of the street. She stayed outside long enough to see the car take the corner and disappear from view behind the house at the end of Apollo Avenue, which incidentally happened to be the house that Kitty McClain shared with Earl Graves, leaving her alone for the next couple of hours with no company other than her own thoughts.

With Bill off to work, and the kids and her in-laws on the road to go camping three states away, Heather suddenly found herself feeling guilty, and she was not quite sure why she felt that way. Part of it was she was having a somewhat clandestine meeting with their neighbor, who was going to let her in on her *“secret life”,* or at least a kind of secret life. The other part of it, she was pretty sure, came from the slight sense of sexual arousal she had been feeling since the dream she had the night of the Fourth of July party.

Heather found herself of two minds on the subject. She tried to rationalize that she shouldn’t feel guilty at all. She had had sexy dreams before. They didn’t mean anything at all. They didn’t do anything at all, except to occasionally be hot enough to make her a little horny for her one guilty pleasure, a silvery little vibrator that Bill had given her on their second Christmas, which was safely tucked in the back of her panty drawer. (A place she knew Terry would never go into at any age and Melissa could care less about getting into because laundry was her least favorite chore.) The slim little sex toy was going to turn 13 that year, but amazingly still worked like brand new.

The other side of her mind, however, wanted her to feel ashamed of any sexy thoughts she was having at the moment, and it bothered her because she wasn't quite sure why she should feel that way. It could have been because in her fantasies the men she would end up making love to were either faceless strangers or movie and rock stars. The man in her dream, the *not quite* Crimson Executioner, his face was hidden by the mask, and yet there seemed to be something more vivid and personal about him. And it also might have come from the briefly fleeting thought that Kitty McClain might come over and offer to initiate her into the world of lesbian S&M. Which admittedly aroused her a little bit, but which now she vowed, because of that little ashamed part working on her, she would outright refuse.

If it happened.

But of course it wouldn't happen. Heather was sure such things were reserved for cheapie pornos and bad sex novels. Things like that didn't happen in real life.

Or did they?

Whips and chains,
They give me pains,
Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

Besides, Heather realized, keeping stark reality in mind, if she were ever going to have sex with another woman Kitty would not be her first choice. She did look fairly good for her age, but still, she looked old. The halters and bikinis, short-shorts and skirts revealed a little bit of loose skin, and Heather was sure the whole enchilada, the old full Monty, would probably be a lot less than desirable. She wouldn't look nearly as nice naked on the living room couch as she had tied to the railroad tracks in her dream.

The truth was Heather had really never fantasized very much about doing things with another woman, although she guessed that she was probably as curious as anyone else. She and Betty had talked about it, but it had always been more like joking about it. In high school her best friend had offered to *"pop her girl cherry"* and that she could pop hers, always in a four-way setting where guys would be involved, but it never happened. And despite Betty's vast experience she was still a *"girl virgin"* as well.

Heather found she needed something to comfort her. She went to the kitchen and into the cabinet over the stove and found a box of Warner's Market hot chocolate mix with mini marshmallows. She usually didn't indulge in hot chocolate until the fall and into the winter, but she found she craved it today. After bringing a pot of water to a boil she mixed a cup and went back to the spare bedroom and resumed playing her solitaire game to keep herself occupied.

As she sat, sipping her hot treat and playing her game, doubt once more crept into her mind. She had no idea of what she should expect to happen today. When she had spoken to Kitty on the phone their conversation had been casual, her neighbor sounding cheery and reserved as usual. In fact she sounded as if she were just coming over for another visit, just as with any visit she had ever paid on Heather and Heather on her. And that was all it was, Heather decided. It was just another visit between two friends, and that was all there really was to it.

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Heather managed to rationalize that it was just going to be another friendly visit between neighbors, and that worked. At least that was until she heard the knock at the front door. She had gotten so involved in playing solitaire that she had even stopped paying attention to the clock in the corner of the monitor. She found herself snapped awake, from what Terry referred to as "gamers' fog", getting up and grabbing her mug as she went to answer the front door. Rising she was ultra aware of three things:

One: *Her legs felt a little weak*.
Two: *There was a slightly electric buzz in her clit*.
Three: *Her nipples were hard and it tickled as they rubbed against the fabric of her bra.*

Heather realized that she felt the same way she usually felt right after having sex with Bill on Saturday mornings, and then got dressed to start breakfast.

Why was it that she felt this way now, when she had been doing her best, and succeeding, in not thinking about anything sexual? How could the knock she was hearing at the door suddenly do that to her?

It would be some time before Heather Ford understood the answers to those questions.

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After standing for a moment and getting herself together Heather went to answer the door, only pausing long enough to put her mug in the kitchen sink and run enough water to fill the bottom. The action only took a couple of extra seconds, but it felt as if it took much longer. It made her wonder about courage again. She had had enough courage to ask about the mysterious tattoo the other night. Did she have enough courage to answer the door now?

Taking a slight breath Heather put her hand on the knob and gave it a turn.

There's no turning back now, she thought, just like the Ghost Host proclaimed every year when they took the kids to Walt Disney World and rode the Haunted Mansion ride. At that moment she had no idea that, there's no turning back now, would become a mantra she would come to live by, and that she would say it over in her head many times in the months and years to come.

"Good morning," Kitty said. She was dressed in a black Star Wars t-shirt, that hugged her breasts a little, and a pair of khaki shorts that rode up to mid-thigh, just a little more conservative than usual. She had a coat of lipstick on her full lips, a shade that seemed to set off her auburn hair, and just a slight hint of rogue on her happy, baby cheeks. There was a pair of books under her arm.

"Good morning." Heather glanced from her teal eyes down to the swell of her breasts. If they were indeed getting saggy beyond the point that could be seen from within the halters and bikini tops she usually wore there was no sign looking at her now.

Would you have the courage to-, Heather asked herself.

Would you-?

Would you ever fuck her?

She opened the door wider and bade her guest to enter.

-5-

"The kids get off okay?" Kitty asked as she sat down on the couch, placing her two books down on the empty cushion beside her. She looked and sounded like the usual Kitty, no hint of hidden agendas or secret carnal thoughts of lust.

It almost seemed unfair for her to be so casual while Heather herself felt as if she were on pins and needles.

"Yes, they left right on time. Sammy likes to keep a schedule."

"Don't all men?" her guest asked.

Heather gave an uncertain nod. "Well, yeah." Instead of sitting she walked around the couch and Bill's recliner and moved toward the kitchen. "Can I get you something to drink?" she offered. "I have lemonade, or I can make you some tea if you don't want a soda."

"Lemonade is fine."

Looking back to her neighbor Heather felt her jaw twitch. The older woman, at that instant, seemed to scrutinize her, the first time she had ever felt that she was not being her reserved self. It wasn't as if she were sizing her up for something. It was more like she was looking for something else, and perhaps finding it. "How is Earl?" she decided to ask.

"Earl's fine, but as always he says he's restless with the world of finance."

Earl Graves was the chief loan officer at one of the banks in town. Heather knew he was 60, a couple of years older than Kitty. He was tall, lean and bald, and unless it was the weekend every time she saw him he was in a light colored suit and gold wire rimmed glasses. Even when he was not working he was always looked conservative, wearing polo shirts and shorts. He and Kitty did not look as if they belonged together at all.

"And how's the construction business?" Kitty asked, referring to Bill.

"You know Bill," Heather said, grabbing the pitcher of lemonade from the refrigerator. "He's all about working hard and long." She instantly wondered if her wording was being suggestive. She was sure if Bill were home she would have no problem with him being *hard* and *long* at that moment.

"Well be thankful he stays fit," Kitty said. "My man sits behind his desk all day and has big lunches, so he's getting a little bit of a belly."

Heather poured two glasses of lemonade and took them to the living room. She sat them down on the table long enough to grab a couple of coasters and sit one in front of Kitty and the other in front of where she would be sitting, in Bill's recliner, before putting the glasses on them. As she sat her guest's glass down she was very aware of the older woman's teal eyes on her hand. Once again, Heather realized she was looking for something. She took a swallow of her own drink before she sat down. She felt a sudden flash of heat and nervousness and wished she had something to fan herself with.

"You keep such a nice house," Kitty commented after thanking her for the drink.

"Well, you know, stay at home mom, there's not much else I like to do."

Heather realized that, *No*, Kitty probably didn't know because she didn't have any kids. And then again, she didn't work. She no doubt did nothing but keep house when she wasn't out visiting or shopping.

"You cleaned house this morning," Kitty stated, not a question.

"Well, yes."

"Why *is* that?"

Heather found herself unsure of how to answer. In a way it wasn't a matter of why. She just did. It was, after all, the right thing to do. She always did before she had company.

Then again, she usually did not clean as fully as she did before Kitty's visit.

But she had to do something to keep her mind occupied.

"It was the right thing to do," she finally said, her voice trailing off.

What's wrong with me?

Whips and chains,
They give me pains…

"Heather," Kitty said.

She felt herself coming to a new state of awareness, and knew that somehow in the space of a second that she had drifted off. *What's wrong with me?* she wondered a second time.

"How long have we been friends?" Kitty went on. "About four years or so?"

"Yes."

The older woman crossed her legs and shifted on the couch a little, leaning her upper body forward. "Then why is it, all the sudden, that you're so nervous around me?"

"I don't know," Heather replied, honestly.

"Does it have to do with the tattoo and the things you think it means now that you've asked about it?" the older woman questioned.

Heather took a sip of lemonade and shrugged. "I guess."

Kitty just gave her a warm and understanding smile, one that seemed out of place with the next thing she said. "Do you think I'm *kinky*?"

Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

"Well, I-," Heather sputtered. She didn't know what to say, didn't know what she should say. Part of her wanted to say, *Yes*. The part of her that had known Kitty McClain for the past four years wanted to say, *No*. She felt suddenly under pressure, and was sure if the feeling persisted much longer that she would more than likely start to cry. She was feeling grilled, frustrated and ashamed of herself all in the space of the same moment.

"Maybe I am kinky," Kitty said. "That's how most people would label it. I, on the other hand, like to think of myself as being different."

Different.

There was something about it, something about that word that made it feel better.

Different.

"Different," Heather said. It was as if in that one word she found relief. Just hearing it from Kitty made her feel a little more calm. It wasn't as unsettling as the rest of the morning, and her final arrival, had been. Different, for some reason, made everything seem as if it were alright, even if she still had no idea what exactly "different" was.

"I'm sure that you have some preconceived ideas of what BDSM is all about," Kitty went on. "Something about tying women up and talking dirty to them?"

Heather felt herself blush. Some of it came from embarrassment, and some of it came from thinking back to her dream. "Something like that," she agreed. "But I'm sure it's all wrong."

"You want to know what's right and what's wrong about it," Kitty said. "Sometimes it does have something to do with tying women up and talking dirty to them, and sometimes it doesn't have anything to do with anything like that at all." She picked up her glass and took a small sip. "Are you sure you want to know?"

Heather nodded. "Yes, I'm sure. We're friends, we should be able to talk about things and it won't mean you're any different than you were before you explained everything about it to me."

Kitty smiled. Yes, she was the same motherly seeming woman that she had always been before. She was different, and already Heather had resolved that

being different was okay and that it wasn't a bad thing. There was something about that thought that felt as if it made her feel better about herself as well.

"Where would you like me to start?"

"Tell me all about you," Heather said. Already she knew she was not ready for a lot of new terms and ideas. What she wanted was to know how Kitty McClain had become different. She wanted to know just how different that *different* really was.

Kitty started and Heather listened. In doing so a door was opened, and Heather would slowly come to realize, with the passage of time, that it was a door that in all likelihood she would never be able to close. She did however hear that old cliché in her head for the second time that day.

There's no turning back now.

-6-

"I am a submissive," Kitty began. "I have been a submissive since I was 19 years old, and I was collared by Master Chambers when I was 23 years old on October 10, 1974. I'm sure it doesn't make much sense, but I feel it's the way I have to begin."

"It's okay," Heather said. "I'll just listen."

Kitty smiled. She had a far away and somewhat dreamy look on her face. "Maybe it isn't accurate to say that I've been a submissive since I was 19. I became aware of the lifestyle when I was 19, but I am sure I was a submissive all my life.

"You see, my family was poor, and as long as I can remember I was working. Not physical labor or a job, but taking care of my parents' little house and my brothers and sisters. We lived just outside of Atlanta, and there were nine of us. I was the oldest." She paused and took a sip of her drink, her teal eyes looking over the rim of her glass and into Heather's. "My younger brothers and sisters, they all worked at a little something as soon as they were old enough, as well as my parents, but somehow I ended up at home filling in my mother's place when she was working. She was a cleaning lady at a hotel in the town we lived in, and later at the hospital when it was built. My father worked at textile mill, working on the floor."

Something changed in her face. For the first time there was a darkness there that Heather had never seen before. As Kitty went on she understood why.

“My father,” she said, for the first time in the four years they had known each other her voice faltered slightly, “was a very loving, yet very stern man. He was a hard worker, and that was his ethic, and he expected everyone around him to be hard workers as well. He wanted them to be productive. He wanted *discipline*.

“I want you to understand he loved us all, and I know, without question that I always adored him. But he was strict and he had a compulsion for order and perfection. As long as he was alive I felt it was my mission to please him. To please him was not something that could easily be done, because he always found something wrong, no matter how hard I tried. But whenever he was pleased with the job I did at taking care of the house, whenever he told me how proud he was of the way I took care of the house and my brothers and sisters, I think it felt 1,000 times better than it would have if he simply thanked me every day.

“I’m sure you understand that taking care of eight kids and keeping house is quite a task.”

Heather nodded. She could only imagine what it would be like to be a young girl having to take care of four times as many children as she had now. Hell, Melissa was more than enough. But listening to it was hard to believe. Kitty was older, but it didn’t seem as if she were old enough to have lived in a time when life was that hard.

“I was content with the life I had,” Kitty went on. “Of course it was all I knew. My parents were hardly home, but when they were they were happy and good to each other and all of the rest of us.

“Then, one day, my father didn’t come home from work.”

Instantly Heather felt her heart sink. The sudden change in her neighbor’s tone was enough to foreshadow what she would say next, because the outcome was almost the same in every story that went that way.

“My father had a heart attack and died at work. It was June 21, 1964. I can never forget the date. It was one month after my 16th birthday.”

“I’m so sorry,” Heather found herself saying.

Kitty gave her a slight smile as if to say, thank you, and then continued on. “My life changed after that day, in a lot more ways than one. My sister, Beth, she was 15, just 10 months younger than I was. My mother and I decided she was responsible enough to watch my other brothers and sisters, at least until she turned 16 the next year and was more eligible to find work, and I went out

looking for a job. I tried for a job with my mother cleaning at the hospital for a while. It was close enough to what I did at home, but it wasn't really what I wanted to do. I wanted to take care of a house, with people, or really work with people. Anyway after three months of cleaning there I got a job as a waitress at a lunch counter in a Wentworth department store, not too far from the hospital. It didn't pay as much as the hospital, but as long as I did a good job I got tips, which more than made up for the wage difference. It felt good to serve people. I felt appreciated, and it was the only other thing I really felt that I could do."

"You never went to school?" Heather found herself interrupting.

Kitty shook her head. Then she had the last sip of her lemonade. "No, I never went to school at all when I was a girl."

Heather had never had any clue about her neighbor's early life. She never imagined that she hadn't had an education, or had not even gone to school at all. All those years she realized, acting as a surrogate mother to her siblings, with no one but them to talk to, or to play with. She felt a sadness within, as she came to realize that Kitty had never had a childhood. At least not a childhood as she understood it.

"I went to adult school after I was collared by my master," she went on. "He wanted nothing but the best for me."

There were those words again. *Collared* and *master*. Heather had never had any idea that a collar was anything important. It had always seemed like just another piece of *"kinky"* leather. And master, the way Kitty said it, Heather could tell that it wasn't some casual term or just a title. When she said master, *'my master'*, it seemed to border somewhere on reverence.

This Master Chambers that Kitty spoke of when she began talking, was no doubt the master responsible for her education, she had said he had collared her. Or had she been *"collared"* over and over again by other masters each time there was a new one? Either way she felt she had the general idea of where the two of them had stood when they had been together, Chambers had been the master and Kitty had been the submissive.

"Over the next few years things got a little better for my family, financially," Kitty continued. "Beth and a couple of my other brothers and sisters got jobs, at the hospital and at the mill. The younger ones still had paper routes and odd jobs that they could find. And I healed from my father's passing, to an extent.

"At the lunch counter I was in my element. Everything I did was about serving and pleasing. And yet it was a little lacking. I used to think because I

wasn't at home, taking care of my family that was the problem. I didn't know anything of the world, had hardly been within ten miles of the house while my father was alive. So I didn't know what else it could be, I just knew there was something that was missing. The only thing I knew for certain was that something within me was restless. If I were educated beyond what my parents had taught me I would have probably begun to realize that it was my body trying to tell me something." She paused and looked to Heather. "But even if I had known about sexuality, been sexually active by that point, I think I would have still sensed that something was missing from my life."

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Kitty took a short break from her narrative to have a cigarette and for Heather to go into the kitchen and pour them each a fresh glass of lemonade. She realized that she had goose bumps on her arms as she poured the glasses, and that her heart was beating faster than usual. There was something chilling about Kitty's story. Perhaps because her early life was so different from anything she had ever expected it to be. She wondered, if it had been her, would she have turned out the same way. Kitty truly felt that she had had a happy childhood, but Heather wondered how it could have been. She had to have worked, as soon as she had a concept of understanding, to help her mother take care of an ever growing brood. *How hard of a worker had she been by the time she was Melissa's age?* she wondered.

The real answer could only be known to Kitty.

She took the glasses back to the living room and sat back down for several minutes before Kitty came back inside. Thus far the conversation had not been what Heather expected at all. It had, in fact, been different.

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"It was sometime in the late summer of 1967 when I first discovered the lifestyle, and by Christmas of that year I had come to embrace it, even without fully understanding it," Kitty continued, after describing a little bit about her first years at the Wentworth's lunch counter and how several of her other siblings had gone off to work.

Heather began to see a pattern to their lives. The younger McClain children, with the exception of the odd jobs they worked until they were of near legal age, all followed in their parents' footsteps. The girls worked as cleaning ladies in various hotels and motels in town, a couple for well-to-do families in the area, but all ended up eventually working at the hospital with their mother. The boys all began working at the same mill their father had worked at until the day he died.

The only exception to this pattern seemed to be Kitty herself. Not counting the years she worked at home and the three months she had worked at the hospital she had worked exclusively at the lunch counter as a waitress. Perhaps it was the first thing which had made her different from the other members of her family.

"I was 19," she went on, "and work was still my life. I woke up in the morning and made breakfast for my mother, and brothers and sisters. Then while they ate I packed most of their lunches. I usually did some laundry and made out a list of chores for the younger children to do throughout the day after Mother and the others left for work. At about nine I would walk into town, and then catch the bus to work. I worked from eleven in the morning to nine or ten at night by that time."

Heather had come to understand that the entire time Kitty had lived at home the McClains had only owned one car. Once the other girls had started working the ones who had begun at the hospital rode with their mother to work. Since there was no other means of transportation Kitty and her other siblings would walk to town in the mornings and catch whichever bus was headed closest to their work destination. This too was something that Heather found fascinating. It was hard to believe, that in the mid-60's, such a large family could make do with just one car.

"I had no social life outside the house and the lunch counter. By the time one of the other girls from the counter drove me home I would get there sometimes at eleven or twelve o'clock. I would go to bed a few hours and start the day all over."

It was the kind of life that Heather just could not relate to. No friends. No sleepovers or going out to eat. No dating. The other woman had never known freedom when she was young. Was that the key to her entrance into "*the lifestyle*"? she wondered. Did it help fill her need to serve someone, anyone,

once her father was no longer there for her to serve and be rewarded by his occasional, rare, words of praise?

"The end of that summer was when all of that changed," Kitty continued. "That was when I experienced, probably much belatedly, my first crush."

As she listened to Kitty talk Heather felt as if she were linked with her by some form of empathy. Whenever the narrative changed something within her seemed to follow the highs and lows of whatever emotion that Kitty was feeling at the time. *'First crush'* just brought back that feeling she had felt in middle school when she had seen the first boy she had ever really liked for the very first time. Never before had she felt so connected to the other woman.

Kitty took a swallow of her lemonade and smiled. It was a broad smile that made her laugh lines more pronounced and showed off her teeth ever so slightly. "His name was Elias Thurmond, but I would eventually come to know him as Master Elias." She sat her glass on its coaster and leaned back a little in the couch cushions. "He had bought a house in the area that year, one of the bigger houses on the other side of town, in a neighborhood where my sister, Sandy, worked as a cleaning woman for a time. Once he had settled in he developed a routine which involved coming to the lunch counter to have lunch in the afternoon and then he would come and have coffee a little while just after dinner.

"I'll never forget the first time I saw him. It was a crowded day, and he had come in and sat down at the only corner booth there was. Soon it became *his* table."

Heather seemed to sense the possessive there. It wasn't the way someone would usually describe a person sitting at what people would call their table, or their usual table. It wasn't just his table, but more like *"HIS"* table.

Later she would learn how correct her thinking was.

"He looked so handsome, it made something inside of me just switch on I think. I could tell at first sight he was older, and I was right, he was in his 40's, but that didn't matter to the part of my body sending out the signals. Under his clothes I could tell he was muscular, and I just knew that he was strong, both mentally and physically. I think that was really what made me attracted to him, the knowing that he had this strength.

"Of course for an older man he definitely looked good. He had a straight and beautiful smile, dimpled chin, blue eyes and blonde hair combed straight back. He was like a god come down from Mount Olympus to me."

She paused and smiled. "And I know from the first time he saw me something clicked too. He had already sized me up and saw whatever potential he was looking for within me. I think we both knew that we had to have each other, although I had no idea what that meant or where it might lead."

Kitty let out a sigh and slight laugh. "Things progressed normal at first, you know? He was serious and calculating, knowing all the right things to say and all the right things to ask me, and ask about me. I had an adult case of puppy love. I acted like the silly girl that, at that time, I still pretty much was, and he guided me like a puppet on invisible strings, I think to help assure me that our relationship, from the day we met to its conclusion, was my idea and that I was in control, which when you have an understanding of the way the world really works usually turns out to be the case."

As she listened Heather found that she couldn't suppress a smile of her own as she listened to the other woman reminisce. She was sure that were the roles reversed she would look back in the same way over her first crush. The big difference between them was that she knew, and had always known, that her first crush was nothing serious, just a fleeting moment in time. For Kitty though, it seemed that the first crush lead to something more life altering.

Heather felt a twinge deep within as she listened. She knew that something, some hint of what the BDSM "lifestyle" was, was about to come. And knowing that it was coming for some reason made her begin to feel aroused again.

"We talked of the mundane in those first few weeks," Kitty went on. "How are you? What about the weather? Would you like your usual?

"Then things progressed after a while. He asked questions about me and my life, how I had ended up working at Wentworth's. I, in turn, began to ask about him. Found out how old he was, where he had grown up, where he went to school and college, and learned that he ran a small shipping business."

"Once the basics were out of the way our discussions began to revolve around service, or more to the point, my need to serve." She paused and sighed once more. "I knew that I wanted something more than what I had. I wanted something that felt greater than what I was doing, and he knew this as well, if not better than I did. By the time he first began to skirt around the subject of the lifestyle I was so enamored by him that it didn't seem strange or unusual at all. In fact I am sure I would have felt the same way if I had been more experienced in the world."

“How did it happen?” Heather found herself interrupting. Her mouth was beginning to dry, and she was finding the vague story of her neighbor’s seduction by Elias Thurmond somewhat titillating.

To this Kitty responded with her polite laugh. Then she took another sip of lemonade.

“Sorry,” Heather apologized.

“It’s alright,” Kitty assured her. “I get a little long winded sometimes.”

“No. Not at all.”

Kitty just looked into her eyes and smiled an understanding smile before she continued. “There came a time, after we had talked a couple of months, that I resolved that I wanted to experience the things he was telling me about for myself. Once I knew I found that I really wanted to know what it was like and not just hear about them. He was reluctant to agree to it at first, because of my age, he said, but I think it was all calculated on his part. He was discouraging me I think, to help reel me in further to his world, or to make sure that I was serious. Once he was satisfied that I was really serious he finally agreed to begin to train me.

“It lead me to do the first dishonest thing I can ever remember doing. A week before Thanksgiving I arranged to have a day off from work, which my boss grudgingly granted due to the fact that I was his best waitress and that I was always there every day and on time, and had never stayed home sick or asked for any time off before. On that day I woke up and went about my usual morning routine, making breakfast, packing lunches, assigning chores. When it was time I dressed in my uniform and walked into town to catch the bus, which I did, just not to Wentworth’s.

“It was the first time that I had ever lied to my family about anything. I knew, whether she had any idea of what the lifestyle was or not, that my mother would not approve of me going to spend the day with a man. I know that she wouldn’t have understood anything about the lifestyle. I think it was beyond the understanding of her or my brothers and sisters. But for my part, though I didn’t fully understand what it was all about, I did know for certain that it was something I had to do. It was something I was always meant to do.”

"We had talked about what was going to happen for a couple of weeks before I ever went to his house," Kitty continued. "He was into rope bondage and he wanted someone service oriented to be his servant girl and take care of all of his needs. He told me that when I came to him I would have to be bare for him to see, and that he would probably bind me so that I could not move, and maybe be blindfolded. He said we would talk and get to know each other more, and that having intercourse could wait if I wanted since I was a virgin." Kitty stopped herself and laughed. "I was young and horny, though I had no idea what horny was. I had already decided that if I was going so far on that day, as to be a liar, then I was not going to leave his house without truly becoming a woman."

Heather found herself giving a mindless nod as she listened. She certainly found herself empathizing with the frame of mind that Kitty had been in. When she had been a teenager she had almost thought that it was never going to happen. She had gone out on several dates and to parties and sleepovers with the intention of not returning home as a virgin. The difference between herself and the older woman, she was about to learn, was that Kitty would have success the first time out.

"He told me of how we would address each other away from the lunch counter," Kitty explained. "I was girl, and I could only speak about myself in the third person. To do otherwise would mean some form of punishment, small for the first time, but larger whenever the offenses continued. And this girl was to call him Master Elias, or master, or sir, when we were together."

Once again there were vocal cues coming from Kitty as she spoke. They were all clues to the etiquette involved, at least in the instance the other woman was describing. Later she would understand that what she was thinking to be right was indeed correct. In her head she could hear Kitty saying things as, *this girl* and *Master Elias*, *Master* and *Sir.* Reverence to the master and something a little less dignified reserved for those who submitted to them. She came to realize that perhaps that was the reason the 'her' in the inscription on Kitty's tattoo was written small while 'MASTER'S VOICE' was written in all capitals.

"I got off at the bus stop that he had instructed me to," Kitty went on. "It was about three blocks from his house and I followed the directions that he had given me, as well as all of his instructions. I knew that the front door was to be unlocked and that I was to go inside. He said there would be no lights on inside, and that I was not allowed to turn any on. If I did I would be turned away, and

he leveled the threat that he would not visit me at the lunch counter for two weeks if I disobeyed. And the curtains would also be drawn so that the inside of the house was dark. He told me to open the door and step inside, closing it behind me. There would be a bench to my left as I came in, and I was allowed to place my coat and purse on it once I had come in. Then I was to stand quietly in the dark and wait for further instructions from him before I did anything else. Disobeying this would invoke the same punishment as turning on the lights."

Heather's attention to Kitty's words was rapt, and her whole body felt tense. There was something exciting about the older woman's story and the descriptions of instructions which were to be rewarded in some way for obedience or equally (or perhaps unequally) with a promise of punishment if they were not followed. She was not sure why she found the idea of such stringent obedience suddenly exciting, but she just knew that she did, as surely as Kitty had told her that even at the age of 19 she felt this was something she had been meant to do.

"Welcome, girl, he finally said to me after I had stood there for a while. I'm not sure how long I waited. I know it felt a lot longer than it really had to be, but if it had been 30 minutes or 30 seconds I think it would have felt like an eternity to me at that moment. While I waited I knew that my heart was pounding, and that my knees and legs were feeling rubbery and that between them it was moist. I didn't say anything back. I knew without him saying that if I did without first having him tell me to that I would be punished."

As she sat Heather raised her lower lip over her upper lip to wipe away a bead of sweat which she had felt form there as she listened. She was acutely aware of the pounding of her own heart, and that she too was feeling *a little moist* between her legs.

"Take off your clothes", he said. "Slowly." Kitty described, in detail, how she had gotten undressed in the dark. First her shoes and socks, which she placed under the bench. Then her blue waitress's uniform, which consisted of a blouse and long skirt, which she placed on the bench. Finally her bra and panties, which she let drop to the floor where she stood.

"Begin walking forward until you feel me take your hand, he told me. There are no obstacles in your path, and you will fall over nothing unless you come any direction but forward. You may answer me when I speak to you, and you may ask the questions that you feel are necessary, but do not attempt to engage me in conversation, unless I have said something to you to elicit a detailed

response or explanation. If for any reason you feel you need to end the scene, or if you feel you are in danger or afraid you will say the words ‘tape measure’ and the scene will be stopped with no fear of punishment.

“Do you understand?

“*Yes, Master*, this girl replied, for the first time.”

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“This girl walked forward until he took her hand, and she could feel that it was strong and big while she knew that hers was small and weak, and this girl could feel her hand trembling under his touch. One was excited and afraid, because she knew what was going to happen to her, and she also did not know at all what was going to happen to her.

“The room one was guided to felt darker than the room she was in when she entered the house. One was guided and directed to sit in a chair in the middle of the room. Later on one would learn that this was a bedroom which had been made into a playroom especially for her. When she was told this a girl had never felt more loved by anyone in the world.”

Heather had to take a drink of her lemonade, not stopping until she drained the half-glass which remained. It sounded hot, it made her feel hot, and watching her neighbor tell her story made her sure that she was feeling a little hot herself. Kitty’s eyes were closed as she began to tell of her first scene, and Heather could see that she had slipped back and slipped into the role of the servant girl she was supposed to have been. She had ceased using I and me and was talking about herself in the third person as she told of being lead to the playroom, and there was something about that Heather found suddenly and deeply erotic.

“Master Elias stood behind the chair and placed his hands on this girl’s shoulders. He felt down, rubbing the hollow of one’s neck and all the way down to her breasts. One’s nipples had never felt so electrified before his hands had touched them for the first time. They went further as one sat, being quiet, over her belly and further down to her secret spot.

“I feel a place that is soft and downy, he said. This is a virgin’s cunt.

“One trembled and was nervous when he said this to her. This girl had never heard the word *cunt* before, but one felt sure of what he was referring to and perhaps what he meant as well.

“Sir, one said, it is your cunt and you may do with it as so pleases you.”

Kitty sighed, her eyelids fluttering slightly. “One was afraid he might send her away for speaking so freely, but at the same time she was excited. There was a deep tingle from below, a feeling one had never felt before as he rubbed harder at the mound between her legs, one of his fingers traced her lips.

“A good girl must be shaven, he said.

“One was unsure what he really meant by this. She had a thought, which would be the correct one, but was too afraid to ask, even if it were an appropriate question to ask. There was also the idea that it would mean everything, that all of her hair on her head, her eyebrows and everything would have to be shaved clean. And had it come to that, at that moment, one would have done so. At that moment one would have done anything he asked to be his.

“Please, make me be a good girl, one pleaded. Even though one was unsure of what she was asking for, or what might really happen.”

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Heather sat, totally engrossed as Kitty continued to tell her about her first session with Master Elias Thurmond. In response to her request, (or was it in response to her complete submission), he had left the room and returned with scissors, shaving foam and a razor. For Heather it was almost painful to listen as the older woman described how Master Elias had clipped away at her pubic hair in the dark room. It was almost painful because she had become acutely aware that she had a longing for her little silver vibrator. She was also aware that if she had any less inhibitions she would probably run to her bedroom drawer and gotten it and used as she listened to Kitty go on. There was even a part of her which urged her to go on and do it, or to slip her shorts down and just start playing with herself, because Kitty had her eyes closed and was in such a state that she probably would not notice, or maybe even not care if she did notice.

Kitty was different after all. Something like that would probably not phase her at all.

Whips and chains,
They give me pains…

Heather decided to listen to the sensible part of her instead, as well as her neighbor's story.

"He took this girl's hand and made her touch her bare pussy," Kitty said. "Then he pulled her from her seat and guided her to another place in the room. There he turned on a light, and one found herself looking into a full-length mirror. A girl had never seen one before, had never seen her whole body all at the same time, and had never imagined seeing every inch of herself naked with a man standing behind her.

"You see that beautiful girl there? he asked.

"One only sees a girl, one replied, praying that her response was correct.

"You are a simple servant girl, he said. You are ignorant and uneducated, and you will have to learn to appreciate true beauty, and your gift.

"One didn't understand the last part, so she asked, Master, what do you mean?

"The gift of your submission, he replied. Your training has just begun. It will be a slow and gradual process. One that begins now."

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"After he sat this girl back in the chair he began, slowly and simply. One was blindfolded, and the dark room was made even darker. Then he began to tie this girl to the chair. He said that he was using a French bowline, which one did not know what he meant by this, but she would later learn it was a form of rope bondage. The ropes made three loops around each wrist and ankle as he tied them. Each time this girl felt the cord loop and tighten she felt her freshly bare pussy become a little more wet. The more wet it became the more itchy it felt, which only made all the new feelings she was having that much more intense.

"He tied this girl to the chair once he had her wrists and ankles tied securely to each other. He bound one's arms to the left side of the back of the chair, and her legs to the right leg of the chair."

Hearing this made Heather remember a slight snatch of her dream. In it, when she had been bound to the railroad tracks Kitty had been tied diagonally between them. The position she was describing, her first time being tied to a chair, was a roughly diagonal position.

"Then he took another length of rope and began to tie this girl to the chair by winding it around her waist. Once he was satisfied that one was secure he began

to speak of things. He said that he would speak to this girl for a long time because there were many hours before her shift at the lunch counter was supposed to be over, and that she was an ignorant and uneducated servant, and that there were things that she needed to know. He was to speak, and this girl was to listen and only interrupt if she had a really important question to ask, or to say tape measure."

"What did he say to you?" Heather found herself interrupting, shocked when she heard her own voice and realizing that she sounded a little breathless.

"He told this girl everything," Kitty replied. "Everything that he expected from a good servant girl. Everything that he wanted to do to this girl. Everything he was going to do to this girl."

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Kitty went on describing what Master Elias wanted and expected from her. In between he had spoken of his life and of how he had become part of the lifestyle. As promised, she said, the conversation had lasted for a couple of hours, and that being bound to the chair in the same position for so long was both exciting and frustrating to her. She admitted that Elias had later told her that had she been older he would never have kept her bound for so long during the first training session, but since she was so young he had known that she would be able to take it all at once instead of being conditioned as most submissives had to be.

She also revealed that some of the times when she felt the most excited were the times when he had left her all alone in the darkness. He had left a few moments to make himself something to drink. Then he had left her for two hours so that he could go and have his lunch. This time had been the most frustrating, since Kitty knew that he would be at his table and that for the first time someone else would be taking care of him and serving him other than herself.

"I am going to open the curtains and then I am going to take off your blind, he finally said. The sun is nearly down.

"Yes, sir, one agreed.

"One felt as if she had been in the darkness for days on end. Inside her body felt as if it were exhausted. To see the a little bit of light would be good, though one was sure that she would remain bound to the chair.

“When he took off the blindfold this girl’s eyes still hurt a little, even though the light in the room was muted and dusky. Once they started to focus from the sting one was shocked when she realized that her master was standing close by, and that he was naked. Until that moment this girl had only seen her brothers naked, and only when they were children. This was a grown man she saw now, and his cock seemed so much bigger than they had been, and it was standing up between his thighs. One was fascinated with it and afraid of it all in the same moment. For an instant she wondered if perhaps she was going to have to say tape measure before the day was through.

“The idea of having to say tape measure was probably as scary as thinking how much it might hurt to have his cock put inside. One knew the session would be over and there would be no punishment because of it, but what would happen? Would he allow this girl to stay in his presence until her day was over? Or would he force her to leave and wander for the rest of the evening until it was time for her to show up at home that night? The idea of it being the second one was scarier, and one believes, would have felt more humiliating, than any punishment.

“Does your master’s cock scare you, uneducated servant girl? he asked. It was almost a whisper.

“Yes, sir, one replied. A little bit.

“You have never seen a man naked before?

“No, sir, only my brothers.

“*You would like to touch it*. It was a statement and not a question from him.

“Yes, sir, Master Elias, if it would please you.

“He gave a kind of understanding smile and started walking around the chair as he spoke. Why does it scare you?

“Be an honest girl.

“Be honest,” Kitty laughed slightly. “This girl had been dishonest to even be there, and that was making one feel a little guilty as soon as he mentioned honesty. But one also felt sure that she could lie more easily to her family than she could him.

“It is so big, Master, one replied. A girl is afraid it is too big to go inside her and that it will hurt her.

“And? he pressed.

“A girl is also afraid that it may make her pregnant.

“And that was true,” Kitty said. “Even with what little this girl knew about sex, one did know what would happen as an end result. The idea of suddenly being made to carry a child was a terrifying one, and it was something this girl knew she could never explain to her family.

“I will keep that from happening, he assured. And if it were to happen I promise to take care of it.

“One is still not sure what he meant by that, in the time we were together he never explained fully and one never asked for an explanation. Even at that moment a girl hoped he meant marriage, but was deeply afraid that he meant something else, perhaps something more sinister. Even now one finds herself glad that she never found out.”

“Do you still want it? he asked.

“Yes, sir, if it will please you.

“He put his hands on this girl’s shoulders and gave them a hard squeeze. One could feel his cock pressing against her. It was stiff and burning hot on one’s bare skin. It was the first time that he had ever handled this girl roughly, and that was both very scary and exciting at the same time.

“Tell me that you want it girl.

“Yes, sir, one gasped. This girl’s legs felt even more rubbery and she was so wet that she believed she had peed herself because of his words and touch, but one is sure that you know that the wetness was something else.”

Heather nodded, not saying a word despite the fact that Kitty’s eyes were still closed and that she had no way of knowing what she was doing. However she was sure that the older woman knew what her response was. Heather truly knew what the wetness Kitty was telling her was. She was feeling it right at that very moment.

“He stepped around the chair and took this girl by the hair and turned her head, bending her down as far to the side as the restraints he had put her in would allow. He said, Open your mouth, and this girl did. One gagged a little as he pushed his cock in her open mouth. One did not know what to do at first. He jammed himself in her mouth several times, making one gag each time.

“Suck on it, he demanded.

“This girl did as she was told, but it was wrong at first. One closed her mouth around him and sucked in deep. He grunted a little and thrust into her mouth and this girl gagged again as she felt his balls mashed against her lips.

One was afraid of passing out or throwing up, or even both, and one knew if she did any of this she would be punished, or even worse, dismissed.

"Move your head on it and suck it, he instructed. Stop being an ignorant and uneducated girl and learn to do as you are told."

Heather had unconsciously made her hands into fist. Her knuckles were white as she listened to Kitty go on.

"One did as she was told. She listened to Master Elias and learned how to suck a man's cock the right way. One felt euphoric as it happened and as she began to realize that she was doing a good job and that Master was pleased. All the while he held her by the hair and refused to let go, his body becoming something new to bind her to the chair.

"I'm wet enough, girl, he announced. Now I am going to fuck you.

"He drew his cock out of one's mouth, and she remembers she begged him *Please* as soon as she could gasp for a breath.

"What he did next excited and terrified this girl all at the same time", Kitty breathed. "He bent down and grabbed one's legs and the other front leg of the chair, jerking it off the floor. He was so strong that he kept the back of the chair and this girl's head from slamming into the floor, somehow easing it down in a quick motion. Master had something with him that he used to cut the ropes that bound his girl's legs. They were free from being tied, and no longer bound to the chair."

Heather fanned herself. Again there was a part of her that came out, nearly unable to believe that this story was coming from sweet and motherly Kitty McClain who had lived down the street for the past four years.

"One's back was against the floor and the chair was mashing her arms, but only for a moment. Master grabbed the chair and began to pull it across the room. Once he reached the wall he raised it up in an upside down position, until one could only feel her hair brushing against the floor. He had built a sort of peg rack into the wall and he had put some kind of hooks or holes into the back part of the chair to suspend the chair from it. This girl was still bound to the chair by her waist and arms, but the rack was far enough from the wall that one could not feel it. Blood was rushing to one's head and her legs dangled down a little as she was held upside down in the chair.

"Master Elias stepped between those dangling legs and grabbed them. He hooked his arms around this girl's knees and forced her legs open. Then he moved himself closer and in this awkward position cut the rope around this

girl's waist. One could feel it loosen, and he held on so one would not slip down as he let go of his cutting tool. This girl was still upside down, her arms bound to the back of the chair, with nothing but her master holding her in this position.

"He made this girl bend toward him by pulling her legs forward and opening them widely. He let go of one leg, and this girl could do nothing but watch as he guided his hard cock with one hand to her shaved and virgin pussy.

"One cried. It hurt, the pain and discomfort of the position and the ripping of her maidenhood so he could fill, what was his, virgin cunt. Through the tears and the gasping and crying out one could see her waist over her face and Master thrusting his cock deeply inside of her. It was hard, and fast and rough, almost violent.

"At the point when one almost thought she could no longer take it, an instant before the words tape measure were nearly on her lips, Master Elias made a loud groan, and there was instant relief for one knew he was happy.

"One felt him draw his cock from her, and she could feel something hot and sticky land between her breasts. One was unsure of what it was, but you know what it was. She was in such a state of euphoria that it did not matter what it was.

"There was an instant this girl must have blacked out, because the next thing she was aware was that she had been eased into a laying position while still being bound by her arms to the hanging chair. Master was standing over her, milking his cock, dripping his seed onto her face and her breasts.

"When he had finished he stood over this girl in the dusky dark for several minutes, breathing heavily. Then finally he said, It's time for me to go and get my evening coffee. Do not move from where you are until I return. When I get back I will allow you to clean up this mess like a good servant girl."

Heather opened her hands, aware that her fingers were tingling. Kitty's story was the most erotic thing that she felt she had ever heard. She knew at that moment all she would have to do would be to run one finger over her pussy and she would have an orgasm sitting there.

"He went to get cleaned up and dressed and he left. This girl lay there in the dark for almost two hours awaiting his return, and the reward of being a good servant girl. One lay there, bleeding from the loss of her innocence, feeling his cum begin to grow ever colder and congealing all over the upper half of her body, crying tears of pain and euphoric happiness."

CHAPTER THREE:
Property of J.J. Chambers

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Kitty took a break to have another cigarette once she had finished describing her first scene and this time Heather asked to go out with her and if she minded giving her one. She hadn't smoked any since she had become pregnant with Terry, but today she felt like she needed a little something to take the edge off. It was either going to be that or get caught playing with herself if the steamy stories continued. Once they were outside her neighbor continued talking about her past, and what was just going to be one cigarette turned into two, then three, and finally four before they went back inside.

Heather had taken her first drag, sputtering and coughing a little as the older woman went on. She told her of the rest of her relationship with Master Elias. Through the course of the year that she saw him she had come up with as many excuses as she could to her family to find ways to go into town for further training. Much of what she had shared had been about her role as his servant girl. Kitty had worked in many of her spare moments at his house, cleaning the rooms, starting his dinner and doing his laundry, as well as occasional errands he needed her to run for him in town. Serving in this capacity made Kitty very happy as it was something that she felt that she had been truly lacking since her father's death, the chance to keep house for a dominant and demanding man.

The other times Kitty went to him, the days she was off from work and she could come up with an excuse to keep her away from home for several hours, she would serve his other needs. As the weeks and months since the first scene had passed the bondage had been more complex and intricate, pushing her limits. She had initially thought that he would use her for sex on each of these occasions, but she came to find he usually preferred to make her suck him off

and swallow his cum if they did anything at all. It was usually on days where she could fully escape for the day that he would bind her for hours on end and penetrate deep into her vagina with a pent up, almost animalistic, fury at the very end. As spring began to come to an end Kitty said she had started to realize that sex was only a part of what they were doing, and it seemed often times it was the smallest part.

"I could get by the without the sex after a couple of months," she admitted. "I may have been able to live without doing the bondage scenes as well."

To Heather's slight relief she had come out of the place she had been as she related her first scene and back out of referring to herself in the third person. It was a relief, not because it was strange to hear someone speak like that, but because there was something about it which had added to her sense of sexual arousal as she had listened to an already erotic tale.

"Being *his* servant girl," Kitty continued. "That's what I couldn't live without." She lit another cigarette and took a deep drag, exhaling with a sigh. "But I found that eventually I would have to."

Heather picked up Kitty's pack of Camel and took another of the powerful little cigarettes out for herself. The other woman assured her it was okay to help herself to as many as she liked after she had asked for a second one. She lit up and took a drag, feeling a little more comfortable with having a smoke despite the strong taste of Kitty's brand of choice. Her hand, she realized, engulfed the little pack of filterless cigarettes, which although it had been almost 15 years seemed so much smaller than the Marlboro packs she and Bill used to buy.

"One day he came in to the lunch counter," Kitty explained. "After I brought his lunch to the table he requested I sit down for a moment. I did, and when I did he told me that it was time to move on.

"I wasn't sure what he meant, but I think I already knew that it didn't mean that our relationship or my training was about to go to a new level.

"Master, what are you talking about? I asked. It was the only time I ever called him Master in public, and I think it was a sure sign for both of us that I already realized that I was in a desperate situation.

"Be a good girl and go back to your work, he told me.

"Yes, sir."

Heather frowned. Even after so many years she could hear the disappointment in Kitty's voice. She had, no doubt, been utterly heartbroken.

“He never came back to the lunch counter after that, but I waited because he had trained me that that was what a good girl always did. But after a couple of weeks I couldn’t take it anymore. I tried to call his house from a pay phone outside of Wentworth’s one day while I was on lunch. He had given me the number to his house with the express instructions to only call if it were an emergency. When I called the operator told me the number was disconnected.

“So I went there a few days later. He was gone. I looked through the windows to see that the rooms were all empty. The grass was tall. I think he had left town as soon as he told me that it was time to move on.”

Heather reached out with her free hand and took Kitty’s free hand and gave it a squeeze.

The older woman just looked to her and gave her a smile. “It’s okay. That was a long time ago, and so many better things happened to me after that.”

-2-

After they had finally gone back inside Kitty told Heather that starting over for the first time had not been easy at all. She had not had any kind of a relationship with a man other than with Master Elias. “I had no idea of how to be vanilla,” she said. “And at that time I had never heard the term vanilla either. But I was from a small town where the lifestyle was something that was unknown, except to myself. And it makes for a difficult situation to find someone to dominate you and make you into a servant girl in a town full of vanilla good old boys and rednecks.

“It didn’t keep me from trying, and the boys that I began to date had no problem with me trying to fulfill their every whim. It was the tying up part and me trying to call them sir which disturbed them.

“After a few months I finally gave up trying to find a true dominant to serve. I fell back on the one thing I knew I could rely on men to want no matter what, and soon, though thankfully it didn’t get back to my family, I was beginning to get a the reputation of being a slut from the people who knew me from the lunch counter.

“Even that wasn’t enough to make me feel happy. I felt a lot worse because the only thing I wanted in the world was to find a master to serve and please.

“So in August of 1969 I decided that I wanted to leave home and move to Atlanta. My family was doing fine, and Beth, I knew, could run the house

whenever my mother was not at home. I had money I had been able to save back we were doing so well. They didn't understand why I would want to leave home, leave my job and our little town and move into the big city, and they never would, even if they tried.

"I knew though. I knew that I would never find what I needed as long as I lived there. But in the city-. In the city I knew I would be able to find a master, and I knew, was sure, I would find other people who were different like me."

-3-

Heather had poured them each another glass of lemonade as the older woman talked about moving to Atlanta and struggling to find an affordable place to live and a job at a department store lunch counter similar to the one she had left in the small town she came from. Those things she knew, as sure as Kitty had when she had made the choice, had been much easier for her to find than it had been for her to find a master. Mainly because she hadn't had any idea of where to start looking, or even of the possibility that there might have been some form of community in the area she was in.

Finding masters was something she would do accidentally the first few times, Kitty revealed. The first had been Master Thomas, who she had picked up at the new lunch counter she worked at. Then another called Master Holmwood. Both relationships had been brief and intensely sexual, as she had actually been looking for sex and not a master at the time she had met them. Then there was the third master she met in Atlanta, Master Ryan.

"Master Ryan sought me out," Kitty explained. "Master Thomas had suggested me to him, and because he described me based on the slight relationship we had so Master Ryan thought that I was what he was looking for, a purely sexual submissive.

"He introduced himself to me and told me that we had to speak on my lunch break. I was so excited to have a master come to me that I was more than happy, and very willing, to talk with him.

"When he told me of his situation I was a little unsure, a little voice in the back of my head told me not to do it, but I wanted to truly serve and ended up jumping right in with very little thought as to what it would mean.

"He was an attorney and he kept an apartment above his office, that everyone believed him to be renting out to boarders. The fact was that he wasn't

renting the apartment at all, he was keeping it for himself, and it was where he took his submissives to use them. He was married, as well as many of his submissives had been, and recently his latest submissive's husband began to suspect that she was having an affair, so he had agreed to dismiss her.

"So what he wanted was a submissive who could live in the apartment full time and keep house for him there. I would be able to live there for no rent, groceries and all other expenses paid for, and be able to keep my job and the money I made if I agreed to take care of the apartment and his needs. He told me I would be given a new schedule of times he would need me every two weeks, and that any other time would be free time for me, unless we were to share an occasional '*spontaneous'* moment.

"As I said, I agreed without giving it any thought. To be a married man's submissive was not what I wanted, but it was the closest that I had come so far to what I had with Master Elias, and I was being offered, what felt like, more than what he had given me. I would have an apartment that was not my own to be responsible to take care of whenever I was not at work.

"He picked me up after I got off work that day and showed me the apartment. It only had five rooms: living area, kitchen, two bedrooms and a small bathroom, but I knew it would be the perfect thing for me to take care of, because I could already see there was much to be cleaned.

"As soon as I had been given a tour Master Ryan took me back to the living area and made me undress. He took down his pants and fucked me from behind while I was bent over the coffee table. He came before I knew it, and that scared me to death because he was the first man to ever come inside me. Everyone else I had been with had always pulled out or used a rubber. I didn't come with him right then, but it didn't matter because the fact that I was going to be able to serve a master was the main thing on my mind.

"He ordered me to get on my hands and knees on top of the coffee table. Then he spanked me. He hit me maybe a dozen times, and even though it was scary because no one had ever spanked me before, it did make me excited enough to have one little orgasm.

"His cum dripped out of me and made a small puddle on the table top. He ordered me to lick it clean, which I gladly did.

"After that he took me to my apartment and told me to have my things packed by the next Friday and that he would send someone to pick them up and

move them to the apartment over his office when I called to tell him it was ready.

"And that was how I went from being a lost servant girl to a kept woman."

-4-

Kitty explained that at first, once she had moved into the apartment over Master Ryan's office, she had felt like she had found what she wanted despite the doubting voice in the back of her head the day they met. During the first months his visits had been frequent, and he had even visited her at work each day for the first month and a half she lived in the apartment. He had taken an interest in her work life and her health, sending her to a doctor to have a check up and to get her first prescription of birth control pills once he realized that she didn't take them.

However, as time went on, he would spend less time scheduling her days to serve him. The visits at work stopped, unless he was feeling a *spontaneous moment* coming on that he had to see her after she was done at work. Taking care of the apartment was too easy the more time he was away, and she came to realize that even though she had done an immaculate job in the beginning it was never anything he really noticed. Plus he was not into bondage at all, which, since it was going on two years since Master Elias had abandoned her, was something she was beginning to find that she missed more and more.

Master Ryan's main interest was in using Kitty for sex and spanking her. After four months of living in the apartment he occasionally began to bring others by. Sometimes he would bring another man, another dominant or sometimes an important client, with him. If the man were a client she would usually suck him off, *'for relief'* or *'to seal the deal'* as he put it. If the other man were another dominant he would let them use Kitty as they pleased, occasionally joining in. Sometimes he would bring one of his former submissives by, and when he did sometimes she participated, and sometimes she was required to take care of their personal needs and whims.

"I think those were the times I liked best when I was with Master Ryan," Kitty said, "whenever he would bring one of his other submissives there and they would both treat me like a servant. There was that and when he let another master have me and that master wanted to bind me. Probably the most exciting thing was being with another master when he was not going to be there at all.

He would put a master's name down on my schedule from time to time, and I would serve him without Master Ryan in attendance.

"That should have been what told me that the arrangement I had with Master Ryan was all wrong. It wasn't the part about being expected to be with other men that bothered me. That excited me, and it was good to feel used by a master. And that was the real problem. I felt the happiest serving other masters, some who I would see sometimes only once or twice. I looked forward to serving other men more than I did serving Master Ryan, and a girl should feel of the most use and importance when serving her own master.

"I knew it was wrong, but I didn't have anywhere else I could go." Kitty stopped and shook her head. "That's really not right either. I had almost all the money I had made in an account, and I could have gotten my own apartment at any time. Part of me didn't want to leave because, even when Master Ryan was absent, I was learning more about the lifestyle and how to be a good submissive. I also became friends with a couple of his former submissives. It was the first time I had been involved in the BDSM community in any way. And Catherine, one of his old submissives, began to teach me how to read beyond the basics and enjoy it, after she realized that I had never been to school. After a year I was reading the newspaper every night before I went to bed.

"So I stayed on as Master Ryan's submissive. And it was during that time that I would first meet Master Chambers."

Finally, Heather thought. *She's going to talk about the master she mentioned when she first began to relate her tale. She was finally getting to the one that she said "collared" her.*

-5-

"I first met Master Chambers six months after I had begun to serve Master Ryan. The very first time that we met I did not know that he was a master, and I am not quite sure that he knew I was a submissive. Our initial introduction was on the street in front of the office/apartment as he coming out the door with Master Ryan and I was about to head to the outside flight of stairs which lead to the apartment. Master Ryan had introduced him as J. J. Chambers, saying he was a well known photographer, and he had simply introduced me as Miss McClain, the border who rented the apartment upstairs.

“Our second meeting would be about two months later, not too long after Master Ryan began using me as a communal sex slave. It had come unexpectedly, and on a day that I had been used earlier for play.

“I was off work that day and he called me to tell me he had a client downstairs that needed some help,” Kitty recalled. “He was scheduled to come up and spend time with me after work, but he said that he needed me earlier because his client was recently divorced and nervous about meeting new people, and that I would have to help him get off to help calm his nerves.

“So Master Ryan brought him to the apartment and had me perform on him. The way things went when I helped his clients, was that he would bring the man in and have him sit on the couch with his pants around his ankles, and I would undress from the waist up. I would use my breasts on his cock and suck it until the man would come. Master Ryan would usually make me lick him after he came until the man begged for me to stop because he couldn’t take it anymore.

“Sometimes after it was over they would both leave, and other times Master Ryan would have his client go back to his office and wait while he fucked me and gave me a spanking. He made the client go and wait that day. I hadn’t really expected him to since he was coming back later. He was feeling particularly assertive that day because after he spanked me he grabbed me by the hair and rubbed my face in the spot where his cum had dripped out of me on the mattress until it was smeared all in my face and hair.

“That really excited me,” Kitty related with a smile. “But I became even more excited when he told me that another master would be coming up when he returned that evening as well.

“Even then I was already looking forward more to him bringing other masters to be with me than I was serving him.”

-6-

“It was getting dusky when they came up to the apartment, and when I saw the master he had brought with him I vaguely remembered him as the man I had been introduced to as a *well known photographer* a couple of months earlier.”

Opening her eyes Kitty smiled, twisting and squirming in her seat. “I think I knew as soon as I saw him that evening that he was something special. I don’t know how I missed it that first time on the street, maybe because our

introduction was so fleeting and brief, but I sure felt it when he walked through the door behind Master Ryan that night.

“He had a bag with him, and I hoped against hope that it was filled with rope.”

“Was it?” Heather interrupted, again feeling a little breathless.

“Yes, it was,” Kitty replied, a huge smile on her face.

-7-

“I brought glasses of red wine to them as they sat on the living room couch, and as I sat his down in front of him I took a good look at Master Chambers for the first time. I could tell he was just in his 40’s and he was so handsome. It was like he was Superman or some other superhero. He had this strong and square jaw. The bluest eyes. Dark, dark black hair, that was combed back to reveal the cutest pair of ears. And under his shirt I could tell that he had muscles that just rippled. I just knew he was a strong master, definitely stronger than Master Ryan, maybe even stronger then Master Elias.

“His eyes caught mine, and I was sure that he saw a little something then. He probably thought at that moment I was a lusty and wanton slut, which is I am sure how Master Ryan described me to every man he brought to use me.

“As I have told you I wasn’t lusty or sexual unless I had to be, but I knew at that moment I could be for him. That if he wanted, and Master Ryan was going to allow it, I would have let him use my body any way he wanted to.

“You have something in common with Master Chambers, Kitty, Master Ryan said.

“What is that, sir? I asked, being a good and polite girl.

“Master Chambers enjoys rope bondage.

“That was all it took,” Kitty said. “I creamed myself, getting sloppy wet standing there. Just to hear that was all I needed to really get me started, and at that moment I was unsure of what I wanted the most, the sex or the bondage, for the first time since my first scene with Master Elias.”

-8-

“It felt like an eternity while they had their wine and talked. Master Ryan told me to undress and bring them fresh glasses. When I came back in he was

undressed and Master Chambers as peeling his shirt off to reveal his heavily muscular chest. I served them their wine as he took off his pants and boxers," Kitty closed her eyes, squirming on the couch and sighing a little once more. "He had such a gorgeous cock. Even though he wasn't very hard as he sat down I could see he was long, with a nice, fat head. He was not as large as Master Holmwood who had the biggest cock I had seen, or even Master Elias, but it was just formed so perfectly. If I had not learned restraint I would have thrown myself on the floor and begged him to let me suck it.

"However, Master Elias had taught me to always be a good girl, and Master Ryan ordered me to come to him and to suck his cock as they had their wine and talked more. He always had me suck him first when he brought another master and stayed. It was his way, I know, of showing that I was his and that he was the one in control of what happened under his roof.

"He never broke off on his conversation as I sucked him, and I've always given him credit for that kind of control. It was never until he was ready to come that he would excuse himself and groan as he filled my mouth with it. He would grab my hair and make me lick him clean as the last of his cum oozed from his cock.

"Kitty really is a great cock sucker, he would say. And I was expected to smile and look to him lovingly before he would offer for me to suck his guest's cock.

"You want to try her? he had asked Master Chambers that night.

"Of course, Master Chambers had said."

Kitty slowly moved her head back and forth as if she were trying to get more comfortable, or make her neck pop.

"Getting a blow job until he came was not what Master Chambers had in mind, because he pulled me off before too long. He had other things in mind, because he had no doubt come to see me for the same reason I wanted him to be there right then.

"Master Ryan gave him his blessing and Master Chambers grabbed me by the hair and lead me to the larger bedroom."

Heather's hands were trembling as she listened. She knew that what was coming next would be intense.

"He tied me, using one of the Japanese styles to make intricate patterns over my belly and up around my shoulders.

"Have you ever had your breasts tied before? he asked me.

“No, sir, I replied. Never. I am sure I sounded breathless.”
To Heather she sounded breathless right at that moment.
“Shall we begin? He asked.
“Yes, sir, one replied. If it will please you.”

-9-

Once again Kitty lapsed back into referring to herself in the third person as she described her first scene with Master Chambers. And once again Heather found herself more highly aroused as the older woman started speaking that way. She could immediately sense more of a state of passion and tension which must have existed between her neighbor and Master Chambers, because now as she told her story she was squirming a little more in her seat from a heightened state of sexual arousal. It was apparently a contagious state, because after a little while Heather found that she could not keep still either.

“Master Chambers took the cord and began looping it around this girl’s breasts. He made several loops around each one, making the binding just tight enough. They tingled, and it made a girl excited to have such a strong and experienced hand working them over. One felt ready to cum, and when He took his fingers and twisted her tingling nipples she did.

“It was pure ecstasy. The kind this girl had craved since Master Elias had left her alone. One loved it and wished for more, and this girl had no idea at that moment she was being handled and dominated by *the One* who was to be her soul mate.”

Heather’s eyes widened as Kitty brushed her hands down her stomach and to her crotch, continuing on and not stopping until she reached her knees. She bit her lip, and seeing this made Heather sure that her neighbor truly wished she were masturbating as she told her story.

“He went back to work with the cord, winding it around the bottom of a girl’s breasts for two loops, and then higher for several loops over the top of them, just below the shoulders. Then He wound the rope down and around one’s body in the other direction, running it down this girl’s back, between her buttocks and around the other side to part one’s pussy lips. He took it up all the way between the breasts, pulling it over and around each shoulder and back down the back. Letting go He went into his bag and produced another length of rope.

“Put your arms behind your back, He directed.

“Yes, Sir, and one complied.

“He bound a girl’s wrist together behind her back, and she could tell He was using the old French bowline that Master Elias had first bound her with. Once the wrists were together He returned to the other rope, which He began to wind over the wrist bindings. Again, when He had it tight, He pulled the rope through the crack of one’s ass and then between the lips of her pussy, then again over and under the breasts and shoulders until He could finally tie off the bindings.

“Then Master Chambers grabbed a girl by the hair and an arm and guided her to the bed. He pushed forward, and a girl knew that He meant her to kneel on the bed. This girl got into position with her head on the mattress and her ass raised high in the air.

“One buried her face and bit the covers, letting out a little squeal as He reached between the ropes and buried two of his fingers deeply in her pussy.

“You are very wet, He said.

“A girl is sorry, Sir. She finds being tied very exciting.

“He spanked me. It was a firm open hand on the ass, and it was so loud in one’s ears that she almost thought it to be thunder. One’s legs felt rubbery, and is sure she wobbled on her knees. A shock went through her body from the nipples all the way down to her clit. She came around His fingers when He jammed them back inside, there was no way for a girl to control herself.

“I didn’t ask for an apology, girl, He told one in a stern voice.

“This girl is sorry, Sir, one replied.

“A girl apologized on purpose. She knew He would spank her more. He did, and she loved it. It was ecstasy.”

“He spanked a girl so many times on each cheek that she had to have cried out. As one reeled, doing her best not to come off her knees, Master Chambers took out another length of cord and wrapped it around the back of her head and between her teeth as a gag, so she wouldn’t disturb her Master in the other room.

“I don’t want him coming in here until I am finished using you.

“When He was satisfied a girl would make no further unnecessary noise He resumed with the spanking. Every inch of this girl’s body, every place that sensed sexual pleasure was alive and full of electricity, her nipples, pussy and ass. Every time He touched her body she came a little bit, and every time He would falter for a moment this girl’s body cried out for more.

“Finally, He did stop. By then we were both covered in sweat. He undid the rope gag and one listened as He walked around the room and sat down in a chair. One could hear Him light a cigarette somewhere behind her. A girl didn’t look to see where He was, and she didn’t let herself relax, even though her legs were beginning to tremble violently, for she had not been given leave to relax or get off her knees.

“Goldfish, one heard Him say after a while. It had been several minutes because she had been listening, and she knew He was having His third cigarette.

“What was that, Sir? one’s voice was dry and hoarse.

“If you say *goldfish* then it will all stop, He replied.

“No, Sir, a girl does not want it to stop.

“He was silent again for many minutes. One knows He was watching to see how much this girl could take. He had two more cigarettes before He spoke again.

“Do you not have a safe word from Master Ryan?”

Of course He knew Master Ryan well enough to know the games He played were ones where safe words were really not required.

“No, Sir. Only this girl’s first master gave her such a word.

“Who was he?

“Master Elias.

“I don’t know of him.

“One met him in Ariton, the town she was born in. It is a little place several miles from the south side of the city.

“I see. How old are you, Kitty?

“A girl is 21, Sir.

“A girl really is a girl, He observed. How old were you when Master Elias began to train you?

“A girl was 19, sir.

“Much too young, He observed.

“A girl was a virgin, one offered.

“Did he give you a collar?

“At that time a girl had only recently learned about submissives being collared, but her understanding of the meaning was a little vague. She did realize thought that being collared would perhaps make her complete as a submissive.

“No, Sir.

“Then he did have some sense. How long were you with him?

“Almost a year. Then he moved away.

“How long before you had another master?

“Over a year, Sir?

“Were you chaste between masters?

“One had heard the word chaste before, but she didn’t know what it meant. A girl said, One does not know what chaste means, Sir.

“That you kept yourself pure.

One was still unsure of what He meant. He replied after she took too long to answer.

“Did you let other men fuck you before you found a new master?

“Yes, Sir. There was fresh sweat on this girl’s forehead. The way He said it made her feel a little ashamed.

“How many?

“One does not remember, Sir, one replied after a few moments of what seemed tense silence. Her voice was small, and there were tears in her eyes. Her body began to sway a little more. It was getting harder to stay on her knees.

“Did you find a new master in the town you came from?

“No, Sir. A girl had to come to the city in search of a master.

“How many masters have you been with since you came to Atlanta?

“Six, excluding yourself and Master Ryan, Sir.

“Who were the masters before Ryan?

“Master Thomas and Master Holmwood, Sir.

“I know them. You didn’t serve either of them long term, you have not been here long enough.

“No, Sir. It was just for play.

“Were you with other men in Atlanta before you met your first master?

“Yes, Sir.

“How many?

“Three, sir. And there was an uneasy pause. It was uneasy because this girl had just told a lie, and already she knew that she should not lie to Master Chambers. One drew a deep breath and sobbed loudly. Ten, Sir. A girl had never felt so ashamed of herself, or so utterly humiliated, not even when Master Elias abandoned her.

“You’re a slut. His voice had the slightest hint of disappointment and disgust in it.

“I don’t want to be, Sir. One was sobbing loudly, but her voice was tiny. I only do what my master requires of me now.

“Do you consider yourself a sexual submissive?”

“No, Sir, not really.”

“What is it you think you are?”

“I am a servant girl, Sir. It was hard to speak clearly. *I wish to be a servant girl.*

“Then why are you with Master Ryan?

This girl cried and blubbered. “Because this girl had nowhere else to go. He was the only master to take me in. And then a girl realized that she was not speaking as she had been told to. I’m sorry, Master. *This girl* is sorry for speaking above her station, Sir.

“Speak freely with me if you need to, Kitty. His voice was soothing now instead of sounding critical.

“Thank you, Sir, one cried. One could hear Him rise from the chair and come toward the bed. He placed a hand on this girl’s back and rubbed it gently. At that moment one was already sure that she wished she were His and not Master Ryan’s.

“Perhaps Master Ryan is not the One for you, He suggested, as if reading one’s thoughts. I think that you should be cautious and establish a safe word with him, whether you think you need one or not. You should also inform any master he brings to use you that you have a safe word. Just because you’re a submissive does not mean that you don’t have certain rights to be safe or feel safe. Were I him I would have come to see why you cried out and then were suddenly silent. A good master would make sure that his girl was never in any danger.

“Thank you for caring, Sir.

“I am going to gag you again and take you. Unless you would like to end the scene.

“No, Sir. One will not say goldfish to You.”

This girl did feel warm and safe with Him at that moment.

“Master Chambers?

“Yes, Kitty?

“One is curious. Why did You choose the word goldfish?

“He laughed. It was the first time a girl had ever heard His laugh, and it was kind and full of warm humor. Because you are a Kitty, and every kitty should

have a goldfish.

"One laughed, even if she were not meant to. It felt good. His joke made her feel better, and it was as if the shame and tears of a few minutes before had never happened.

"I am going to put the gag back on, He said. Shall we continue?

"Yes, Sir."

-10-

Heather was fanning herself again as Kitty described the rest of that first scene in which she had served Master Chambers. She told of how he had once again put the rope gag around her head and climbed into the bed. He had put an arm around her, supporting her weak and trembling legs as he had coupled with her. She said he eventually laid her down on her side and placed one leg on his shoulder as he thrust his *"gorgeous"* cock into her. He had come with a loud yell and pumped her harder, driving a flood of sticky seed deep within her.

"When He was finished He undid all of the ropes He had used to bind me," Kitty continued. She had slipped out of third person and was sounding like the Kitty she had known for four years again. "Instead of telling Master Ryan that He was finished with me He got into bed beside me and we smoked a couple of cigarettes together."

"I will want to use you again, He said.

"A girl would like that, one agreed.

"Then He kissed me. It wasn't like the kisses I had had from any of the masters before. It was soft and deep, and it seemed to last for a very long time. And I was primed, Heather. I wished He would roll on top of me and fuck me again, but it didn't happen.

"He got out of bed and dressed, giving me another long kiss farewell.

"Be well, Kitty, He told me.

"You be well too, *Master Chambers*.

"I lay in the bed, sprawled out, naked and sweaty, partly in a world of my own as I half listened to Him and Master Ryan exchanging pleasantries. I was smiling, feeling like a well satisfied girl. I heard the door open and close, and I knew that He was gone. I got to lay there a few more minutes before Master Ryan poked his head into the room.

“Get up and take a shower, he said. I want you cleaned up before I fuck you.”

-11-

“I saw Master Chambers with Master Ryan there only one more time,” Kitty said. “After that He began to appear on the schedule of masters I was expected to entertain on my own. It was always an all day thing with Him, on my days off so He could do everything that He wanted to do with me. I am sure He had arranged this with Master Ryan to be that way, because on His days we were never disturbed. Over the next few months I saw Him over a dozen times, and I looked forward to Him coming to use me more than I did any of the others.

“Oh, I was pretty well smitten, wishing only to be His.

“He didn’t have sex with me every time, but as with Master Elias I knew it was something that went deeper than sex. We were more personal with one another than I was when I was with the other masters.

“I was in love with Him, and I am sure that He knew it.”

-12-

“Oh, my, it’s getting late,” Kitty suddenly said.

Heather looked over her shoulder and saw that it was 2:57 according to the clock on the microwave. It was hard to believe that Kitty had been there for nearly five hours.

“Would you mind if I stopped?” the other woman asked. “I’m only just about to get to how I became Master Chambers submissive, and I don’t want to have to stop halfway. I need to get back to the house in about an hour.”

“However you want to do it,” Heather replied. So far she had told her a little about her sessions with him and a couple of the other masters and submissives she had seen as part of Master Ryan’s schedule. They seemed to be at a fairly tame spot in Kitty’s narrative, which was good, because Heather was unsure of how much more she could stand to hear before Bill got home and she could focus her sexual frustration on him.

“Well and I wanted to get to these,” Kitty said, indicating the two books she had brought with her. She picked up the first book and passed it to her Heather. “This is a really good book. It just came out only about ten years ago, if that,

but I think it helped me understand myself a little better, even after being in the lifestyle for so long."

Heather looked at the glossy dust jacket on the cover, and on it there was a picture of a woman in long, high heeled, boots. The shot covered from only the top of the boots down, and there were the coils of a whip beside the boots as well. *Another Kind Of Loving:*, she read, *My World of Sexual Dominance and Submission*. At the bottom of the cover was the name D.M. Weane.

"That should help explain some things about the lifestyle a little more in depth," Kitty said.

"Thank you."

Then her neighbor picked up the second book and placed it on her lap. She patted the empty cushion on the couch beside her. There was a big smile on her face. "This is one of the picture books of my Master and me. Would you like to see?"

It wasn't just something that Heather would have liked to see. She felt like it was something she had to see.

-13-

The picture book Kitty had brought, like everything else, was not quite what Heather had imagined it would be. Most of the pictures, she assumed, had been taken by Master Chambers himself, because they had a professional quality to them. And the images themselves were a mix of the mundane domestic photos couples took and others of women bound, and sometimes suspended, in elaborate bondage.

Looking at pictures that Kitty had taken of him Heather had to agree that he was quite a handsome man. He did look the part of the square jawed hero who made women swoon back in the 40's and 50's. The only things lacking were pictures of him "in action", as all the pictures showed him in domestic life, at parties, on vacation, at the beach with the surf pounding behind him. All pictures of him loving taken, no doubt, by Kitty herself. And Heather silently admitted to herself that she had been somewhat curious and hoping to see a photo of the *"gorgeous"* cock that her neighbor described, and she found herself somewhat disappointed to find there was not a single one in the book.

Of Kitty herself there were several nudes. Many of them showed her in bondage, sometimes tied on, or to, a bed, or chairs and others showing her

suspended from several elaborate devices. It was hard to tell whether these images were part of scenes, or if they had only been set up so Master Chambers could photograph them, without the other woman to tell her which were which. It was in one of these suspension pictures of her in the nude that Heather noticed a mark over her bare Mons Venus, which she assumed could only be the second tattoo, though she could not make out what it was since it appeared only as an out of focus blur.

In addition to the rope bondage scenes there were pictures of Kitty having other things done to her, things which she had not described in any of her narrative. There were pictures of her with her nipples or pussy, clipped with clamps or clothes pins. There were also pictures of what she said was hot wax that had been poured over her breasts, stomach and private areas.

There were also pictures of other women in the book, other submissives that Master Chambers had taken on from time to time. Some of them, Kitty explained, were only with them for a few months, and some of them stayed for years. "They all knew that I was *number one*," Kitty said, pride evident in her voice.

"That's Elaine," she said, pointing out a slender, dark haired girl sitting with her at a table with a birthday cake. "She was with us for 11 years."

Kitty described the other girls as her sisters, and Heather came to understand it was a term of endearment commonly used between female submissives. "At one time you really only used it if you were close," she had said. "But since Internet chat came along it's used a lot more openly, without as much thought."

On another page was a picture of Kitty dressed in a blue teddy, overlaid with black lace. Around her neck was a black collar with a large blue stone set into it, centered over her throat. There was a broad smile on her face, and she seemed to be absolutely radiant.

"That's the night I was truly collared," she said, the afterglow still evident after 33 years. "It was that happiest night of my life."

She pointed to the collar, and the stone set into it. "He said the blue topaz suited me, and he wanted to have it as part of my collar so he could always see it on me."

Heather found herself feeling happy for the other woman. Though the first part of her journey into *"the lifestyle"* had been rocky, it seemed to have a happy ending. She observed once again that it was okay for Kitty to be different, as opposed to feeling weirded out for the past few days about it as she had been.

The other woman found something that had filled her life and made her feel more complete. And she wondered what it was in her own life that she found herself suddenly lacking.

-14-

Four o'clock came suddenly, and Kitty closed her picture book. She needed to get home and start dinner for Earl, which Heather felt sure at the moment the reason she had an urgent need to do so and have everything ready before his arrival had more to do with than keeping a casual routine. She had shopping to do the next day, and there was the rest of the weekend, so they agreed to meet on Monday so Kitty could finish her story of how she had finally become Master Chambers' submissive and was collared.

"Can I see it?" Heather found herself asking, as the older woman rose to leave.

Kitty looked to Heather with a grin on her face. "My other tattoo?" she asked.

"I could see where it was in the pictures, but I couldn't tell what it was."

Sitting the picture book on the coffee table, Kitty nodded. "Okay."

She stood before Heather on the other side of the table, a prideful, yet somewhat mischievous smile on her face. Then she hooked the thumb of each hand into the top of her shorts and pulled them down to her knees.

Heather knew she was blushing as she looked down to Kitty's crotch. She had not seen another woman's private parts, in the flesh, since high school gym, and the only time she had seen an older woman's private parts they had been her mother's when she was a little girl. Moistening her lips a little she looked down at the area between the slight paunch of her stomach and to the swell of her Mons. There were four words there above her cleanly shaven pussy, written in the same stylized scrawl that captioned the tattoo on her shoulder.

As she read it Heather got the feeling that Kitty was perhaps one of the luckiest women on earth, though she was unsure why she would feel this. She also knew that seeing it made her start to feel hot once again.

-15-

Kitty had been barely out the door, and was probably not even halfway to her house, four houses away, before Heather made a beeline to her bedroom. She shucked her shorts and sopping panties and opened her panty drawer, reaching into the back and quickly finding her little silver toy.

She slid herself onto the bed and got on her back, raising her legs and opening her knees. She twisted the dial on the end of the little dildo and it hummed to life. There was just no getting by without something before Bill got home. With a sigh she placed the buzzing toy between her wet pussy lips. Her head was full of snatches of Kitty's narrative and her imaginings of the past few days.

Whips and chains,
They give me pains…

He had a bag with him, and I hoped against hope that it was full of rope.

Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

Maybe I am kinky, but I prefer to think that I am different.

Feel this vein,
As it drains…

her MASTER'S VOICE

Down your ass…

He pulled the rope between the crack of one's ass and then between the lips of her pussy.

To your underthangs.

Property of
J.J. Chambers

You want a better gag, cunt? Do you?

Property of
William Ford

Rope bondage.

BDSM.

You want a better gag, cunt?

Tying women up and talking dirty to them.

I am a servant girl. I wish to be a servant girl.

One was hanging upside down in the chair.

You want a better gag, cunt? Do you?

This is the domain of the Crimson Executioner.

I became aware of the lifestyle when I was 19, but I am sure that I was a submissive all of my life.

Have you ever had your breasts tied?

He had such a gorgeous cock!

"Uhmmmmm," Heather suddenly sighed. "Ohhh, mmmmm, aha, yeah. God, yes!" She moaned loudly, squirming with her orgasm, holding her little dildo between her pussy lips and against her clit for as long as she felt she could take it. When she finally let go she twisted on top of the sheets, her heart pounding, gasping for breath.

CHAPTER FOUR:
Bored Like Hell

-1-

"You've been smoking," Bill noted when he kissed her as he came in from work.

Heather felt her cheeks burning red. She hadn't thought of brushing her teeth before he got home. She had done everything else: washed the sheets and her clothes, cleaned the dishes, taken a shower, but somehow she had forgotten all about brushing her teeth. "Kitty stopped by and I asked if I could have one," she found herself saying. "I wanted to see what it was like, if it was the same after all these years."

"Oh," Bill said. There was a curious look in his eyes. "Was it?"

"No, not really," she replied. She realized that she was acting like a little girl who had done something wrong, perhaps even a teenager who had just had her first puff off a cigarette, and was trying to lie about it. Heather was finding it a little hard to concentrate on it though. Bill was standing there, fresh out of work, his blonde curls plastered to his head by sweat and his shoulders bulging beneath his dirty shirt. She wanted him, had been wanting him since Kitty had walked out the door, and now that he was there she knew she couldn't wait any longer for what she had been wanting.

"What's for dinner?" he asked as he always did, stepping through the kitchen.

"I did something else too," she said, ignoring his question.

Bill stopped and looked back to her, peering over his shoulder, before he continued through to the living room. "What did you do?"

"I played with myself," Heather confessed. "I've been *very* naughty."

She had Bill's full attention. He turned to face her, not saying anything immediately, waiting for her to go on. When she didn't after a minute he said, "You must be horny."

"I am *very* horny, *sir*," Heather replied. She did her best to emphasize the last word, letting it hang on her tongue.

"Mmmm, then we should do something about that after my shower." If he had heard the last word she said he did not give any indication that he thought it was unusual.

Heather closed the short distance between them and put her arms around him, kissing his neck. He was damp with sweat and smelled of it and mortar. "I can't wait that long, Bill. I need it *right now*."

Bill gave her a wink and a smile. "Oh, you need it hot and dirty, huh?" His smile broadened as he watched her nod to him. "And what about dinner?" He was, of course, now teasing her on purpose.

"Let's go out somewhere after we have a shower," she suggested.

"Ummm-hummm," he purred.

They had gone down the hall, both of them breaking into a slight run to get to the bed. Heather got him out of his sweaty clothes, and then she peeled out of her own, kissing his chest and climbing on top of him as she slid into bed. She took his cock in her hand and gently stroked it hard as she leaned down and kissed him. Bill groped at her breasts and thrust himself up in her hand as they kissed.

Once Bill was good and hard Heather rose over him and guided his cock into her hungry pussy. She moaned, riding him up and down, as he closed his eyes and threw his head back. After several minutes of this he put his arms around her waist and rolled them over planting Heather firmly on her back and thrusting into her with the same rhythm that she had been riding him with.

From there their coupling was hot and fevered. Sweat, her pig sweat, rolled off Heather's forehead. She imagined her husband doing the same things that Kitty had described Master Elias and Master Chambers doing to her. She imagined him, pounding her pussy as hard as he could with her arms tied over her head and a sour apple jammed in her mouth. She imagined that Bill's chest was rippled and oiled as he ground himself into her, and that he was wearing an old-style robber's mask over is eyes.

Imagining these things were enough to drive her over the edge quickly. She came two times before Bill even got close, which was a rarity. When he groaned

and grunted, that sure sign he was about to come, she came a third time as he emptied his balls deep inside her pussy.

They lay together in the bed, panting and sweaty. The only light in the room was from the outside, dusky twilight filtering through the slats of the shades. After their breathing returned to normal they both fell into a light doze.

"Let's do fast food for dinner," Bill suggested after they woke up. "Get something quick," he rubbed the back of his hand down her bare side and thigh, "and get back for some more of this."

Heather found herself still drifting in a dreamy place as they lay naked together in the bed. Even now her mind was filled with a steady parade of new ideas and images. "Sounds perfect," she agreed.

He sat up and threw his legs over his side of the bed. "But first I'm going to take a shower."

Heather smiled and sat up, watching Bill as he slipped out of bed and stood erect, stretching. Her eyes traveled up and down his well muscled body, work kept him fit, settling on his firm butt. "I've got an idea," she found herself saying, her voice dreamy, equal to the place where her mind was flying.

"What is it?" Bill asked.

Heather looked to his backside and smiled. "Wouldn't it be fun if we got some rope out of your truck after we get back and you can tie me up to the bed?"

Bill's reaction was not quite the one that Heather had hoped for, though she knew that she should have expected it.

He threw his head back and laughed. Then he turned back to the bed, smiling. Bill leaned down and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "God, baby, you're so funny."

Heather laughed with him, just a little uneasily, as he kissed her on the neck. "Yeah, it's silly," she found herself saying.

Heather, you're so vanilla, she heard Kitty's voice saying in her head as Bill broke off his kissing and headed to the bathroom for his shower.

-2-

The next morning after Bill left for work Heather went on another cleaning spree, futilely working on a house that was already spotless. Several times she had considered picking up the book that Kitty had left, which she had tucked in the bottom drawer of her computer desk, but she had resisted the urge. Before

she did anything else, looked deeper into anything that had to do with BDSM, she wanted to speak to the older woman once again for herself.

She waited until after eight before she finally broke down and called. Kitty sounded surprised, yet delighted, to hear her.

"I know you're coming by on Monday, but I needed to talk to you before then," she explained.

"Okay," Kitty's voice came from the other end of the connection. "What can I help you with?"

"Am I a submissive?" Heather questioned. "Do you think I'm one?"

"Well, Heather, why do you ask that?" the other woman questioned in response.

"Yesterday, when you asked me about the house-. You really were studying me, to figure out if I was. Right? That's why you told me about when you were young and kept your parents' house." And she had been turning this thought over in her head all night long. It was true, she had what she considered an average childhood, and she had never *"kept house"* until the first apartment she and Bill had had together, but since then it had been a constant in her life.

"It's not a question that I can answer," Kitty told her. "It's something in yourself that you realize. It would be something in you that you know."

"But do you think I'm a submissive?" Heather asked.

On the other end of the connection Kitty let out a polite sounding sigh. "Well, I've always felt you had submissive tendencies. But that doesn't mean that you're really a submissive."

Thank you, Heather said in her head.

"What about Bill?" Kitty asked. "He's a strong man. Do you think that he would have what it takes, based on what you heard me say yesterday, to totally dominate you?"

No, Heather knew in her head already that was the answer. Bill would probably not truly understand what it was to be a dominant or even *different* as Kitty defined it. *Kinky*. He might understand kinky, but she knew the limits of kinkiness would probably only extend to a threesome, with another woman.

"I'm not sure."

"Heather, discovering if you're a submissive isn't something that's going to come to you in a day," Kitty said, her voice full of metered and motherly understanding. "I did not know I was from my first conversation with Master

Elias, and I still did not fully understand what it truly meant to be a submissive at the time he abandoned me."

"What should I do?" Heather asked, her voice sounding small, even to herself.

"Start reading the book," Kitty replied. "Let me tell you more about my experience. And you can get to know other people in the community."

"There are others here?"

Kitty let out her polite, Georgia peachy, laugh. "Well none here in the neighborhood that I know of, but I mean it is a lot easier to meet people in the lifestyle than it was when I was younger. You can find other people to chat with on the Internet, and there are thousands of websites dedicated to the lifestyle now."

"I see."

"Do you have a Peeplchat account?" Kitty asked. "There are several chat rooms devoted to the lifestyle there."

"Yes," Heather said. "I've been on there since we got online."

"Good. My ID is topazblue48. All together. You can add me on as a friend and you can follow me around chat if we're ever on at the same time."

"Okay. Mine is fields of heather. All separated, with an underscore mark between each word. You can add me too."

They talked for a few minutes more, until Heather felt that Kitty thought she was going to be fine looking and exploring a little on her own. She agreed to learn more and to read a chapter or two of the book before they saw each other on Monday.

"I know this is all something new, and that it probably has you curious and maybe a little excited," Kitty explained in understanding tones, "but it's called *the lifestyle* for a reason, Heather. It isn't *all* about sex. I've already told you that it can be an important part, but it's not always a necessary one. I just want you to remember that it's a way of life and not a way of having sex. If you talk online there will be a lot of people there who are not what they claim to be, or want to be. There will also be a lot of things you might find strange.

"The best rule to know is to have mutual respect for anyone you chat with. If someone doesn't respect you the chances are that they are not the right people you should be talking with if you seriously want to learn more about the lifestyle."

"I understand," Heather said. It did make sense.

"I need to get ready to go to town," Kitty told her. "Call me later if you need to. Maybe we'll run into each other online later on."

"Okay," Heather agreed. "We'll talk later on. Bye, Kitty."

"Be well, Heather," the other woman responded.

-3-

It wasn't long after she had gotten off the phone with Kitty that Heather made a second phone call, this one to her best friend, Betty Wallace. They had known each other since the first grade, and there was not too much that one did that they did not run by the other first. If there were anyone she could depend on Heather knew it was Betty. She might not understand but she wouldn't tell anyone else about her curiosity.

As best friends for nearly 30 years they had a long history of covering for each other and keeping each others' secrets. It covered everything from the average, saying each was staying with the other to hide clandestine dates when they were younger, to keeping secrets about what they were getting other people as Christmas gifts, to Betty's affair with a coworker (Heather had known from the very beginning, for nearly two years before anyone else found out). There was no one she could trust more, and she knew she had to talk to someone other than Kitty or some faceless person online.

"S&M?" Betty laughed. "No, I have no idea what it's about. Just a lot of people and leather and kinky sex I guess."

In response Heather related everything she could remember Kitty telling her about from the previous afternoon. She told her about her neighbor's life as a young woman and how she had come to enter into the lifestyle, and how she felt that it was just something that she felt she had been born to do. She also added in the dream that she had had on the Fourth of July, as well as her suggestion that Bill tie her up the night before.

"That all sounds pretty hot," Betty said, as if what she was hearing were giving her some naughty thoughts of her own. If anything Betty Wallace-Whitman was incorrigible. "But let me get this straight, good old Kitty has property of some guy's name tattooed over her pussy?"

"Yes."

"And you saw it?"

"Yes."

There was silence on Betty's end of the line, as if she were taking in what her friend was saying. Then she asked, "Does the old girl *shave it*?"

Heather burst out laughing, her cheeks turning red. She should have known that Betty would eventually end up asking this question.

"Come on," her best friend pushed. "You said you looked at it, and I know you didn't look at some old lady with her pants around her ankles without checking to see if it was there or not." She paused, no doubt listening to Heather laugh. "So, does she still trim the hedge?"

"Yes," Heather burst, still laughing, her cheeks and the tops of her ear were so hot they felt like they were on fire. "She shaves it bare."

"Hummm, so she cuts the lawn every day, just like me."

"Damn it, Betty, be serious."

"I am," Betty said. "You gonna try? You know go bald like me and Kitty, join the *Bare Club* for Women."

"Betty!" Heather laughed.

"Guys love it you know," Betty went on. "They love to eat you out if you ain't got no hair down there."

Heather stopped laughing, realizing that she had never really thought of it before. Betty had been trying to convince her to shave her pussy for years, just to give it a try and to give Bill a little thrill, but so far it had never been anything that she had ever seriously considered. But now that Kitty had talked about it she found herself wondering.

"What should I do?"

"*Beats me*," Betty said with a snicker. At least she was honest. "Maybe you and Bill should give it a try. You could change the message on your answering machine to, I can't come to phone right now *because I'm all tied up*."

"Betty!" Heather started laughing again. She laughed until there were tears in her eyes.

"Look, I won't think you're weird or anything if you want to give it a try," her best friend told her. "If you want to check into it I think you should really go for it and see what it's all about."

"Thanks." Heather had to admit to herself that it felt good to hear her say that. "But what do you think about it? Do you think I'm submissive?"

"I don't know about all of that shit," Betty told her. "You like a strong guy to take care of you and lead you around a little, but I don't see you in a leather

teddy being lead around on a leash and dog collar serving cocktail weenies and dusting fine china."

Jeez, Heather thought, rolling her eyes a little. That sounded fair enough from Betty. And she was right, it couldn't hurt to check into it and learn really what the lifestyle was about. She had nothing to lose by educating herself, no doubt more than Kitty could have ever done when she had been younger. Anyway, she just had to know.

There's no turning back now, she thought.

-4-

Heather didn't exactly jump in with both feet first after she had gotten off the phone with Betty. She instead decided to practice a little self-restraint, which self-restraint and self-control seemed to be hallmarks of a good submissive from what she understood from Kitty. So before she had done anything she had made herself mug of hot chocolate as she had the day before and sat down at her computer to play solitaire for a couple of hands. After she finished her warm treat she unlocked the modem and went online.

She went to her homepage at Peeplchat and clicked onto the search box. Then she typed in two words, Crimson Executioner, and hit the search button. Her eyes widened as she looked at the page of links which came up.

-Crimson Executioner/Bloody Pit of Horror DVD
-Crimson Executioner Italian Horror DVD
-Crimson Executioner: The Bloody Pit of Horror
-Cult Classic: Bloody Pit of Horror
-The Bloody Pit of Horror: de Sade Fan Page
-My Vengeance Needs Blood: Crimson Executioner Fan Page
-Mickey Hargitay Crimson Executioner Fan Page
-Bloody Pit of Horror: Mickey Hargitay/Jayne Mansfield
-The Crimson Executioner (Il Boia Scarlatto) Italian DVD Page

The listings went on for several pages.

Heather picked a link for a blog titled Sex Crime of the Century and clicked on it to see what it would open up. It immediately brought up the image of a movie poster where a shirtless and well muscled man, wearing the black

robber's mask she had imagined on Bill the previous night, and a red skull cap, was stretching some helpless damsel on the rack. She was sure she was in the right place because she was certain that this was the movie her brother, Gordon, and his friends had thought was so cool when they had been in middle school.

She looked over the picture gallery of stills which showed Mickey Hargitay, whose other claim to fame was apparently that he was once married to Jayne Mansfield, as the Crimson Executioner, doing his thing. There was really nothing there she found all that titillating, or stimulating in them though. The synopsis of the movie called it *"a bottom of the barrel Italian stinker"*, that lacked atmosphere and production values, which featured gratuitous "near" nudity and poorly done "torture" scenes. According to the reviewer the soundtrack during a "modeling" scene that went on forever, *"...was torture in itself for the viewer"*. One set of stills even detailed how one of the characters died at the hands of a device so dumb it wouldn't have even made it into an episode of *Scooby Doo Where Are You?*

The reviewer categorized it as being one of those so bad it had to be seen to be appreciated movies. But still Heather found her curiosity piqued enough to want to see it again to find out why it may have made such a lasting impression as to resurface in her memories. She clicked a link at the bottom of the page marked 'WHERE TO BUY'.

She then found a copy of *Bloody Pit of Horror* on DVD for the low price of $5.99, plus $3.00 shipping and handling. She filled out her information and entered in her credit card number to buy it, knowing if she were lucky it would make it to the house before the kids got back at the end of the week.

Heather was about to pick up her mug and take it to the kitchen to wash it out when a chime rang and an instant message popped up in the corner of the screen. Her lips curled into a smile as she looked at the message in the box.

fancy_freddy: long time no see mommy

Heather sat the mug back down and typed in her response. She hadn't been on Peeplchat as often as she used to be, not since she became disenchanted with the chat circle she had been into when she had first discovered online chatting. It had been about three years since she had gone online just to chat, though every so often someone would pop up to say, Hi. It had been a while since she had seen anything from Freddy.

fields_of _heather: yeah. how you been?

fancy_freddy: doing ok. how's the hubby and kids?

fields_of_heather: they're all fine. bill's working, kids are camping.

fancy_freddy: oh the cats are all away mommy

Heather laughed a little to herself.

fields_of_heather: lol

She had almost forgotten how funny he could be. Which reminded her. She moved her mouse to the 'VIEW PROFILE' box and clicked enter. Heather smiled to herself as the Crimson Executioner page she had been looking at disappeared and was replaced with his "personal" information. She laughed out loud again as she looked at the picture in the corner of his profile page. As she expected he hadn't changed it.

When they had first met in 30's Chat fancy_freddy had said that people said that he looked kind of like Prince in *Purple Rain*, and Heather had to admit there was a superficial resemblance to the Prince of the mid-1980's. There was just a little bit in the face, and perhaps even that was a stretch.

The picture, now at least six years old in Heather's estimation, revealed a lanky Puerto Rican in his early to mid-30's. He was wearing a cream colored suit, just a tad shy of being as big as the one the lead singer of Talking Heads wore in the old *'Once In A Lifetime'* video, a little something else from the same era. A tuft of curly/wavy black hair poked out from beneath the rounded brim of a hat which matched the suit's cream color. His face was thin, cheeks pockmarked by acne scars, a thin black mustache above a pair of slightly oversized lips which parted to reveal bucked teeth. He looked goofy, but it was just enough to make him a little cute as well.

fancy_freddy: so when do you want me there? i still live about an hour away

Heather laughed again. Not only was he still funny, but he was still flirty and suggestive as well.

fields_of_heather: won't celia be jealous?

fancy_freddy: no, mommy. we broke up a looooong time ago. i got lots more gfs now. wanna be one?

fields_of_heather: lol. no

fancy_freddy: you know how to hurt a guy mommy

fields_of _heather: you haven't changed a bit

fancy_freddy: i know. anyways i have to go to work in a few. what are you doing on here

fields_of _heather: just looking for some stuff

fancy_freddy: well stuff you found mommy

Heather threw her head back and laughed. He was just as incorrigible as Betty. They would probably make a good couple, she noted, for the first time in a while.

fields_of_heather: you're bad

fancy_freddy: you have no idea mommy. anyway i got to get going. you gonna be on later?

fields_of_heather: maybe

fancy_freddy: ok, i'll try to catch you then. bye mommy

fields_of_heather: bye freddy

She closed out the IM window, still smiling to herself a little. He had always been the crazy-funny one in their little 30's Chat group. There always had to be at least one person like him in every group, and somehow, whether it was online or in real life, that kind of person always ended up buddied up with Heather.

Oh, well.

Heather picked up her mug and got up from the desk. After she cleaned it out she decided that she would go into chat and see what other people she could find in the "BDSM community".

-5-

Heather began her afternoon in BDSM chat a little confused and unsure of where to begin. She scrolled down the 'CHAT TOPICS LIST' until she got to 'ADULT CHAT', and then checked those subcategories until she found one headed 'BDSM LIFESTYLE CHAT'. She clicked into that and felt a little daunted when the rooms list came up.

<u>BDSM LIFESTYLE CHAT ROOMS</u>

-MAIN DUNGEON
-LIFESTYLE DUNGEON
-BONDAGE CHAT
-MASTERS SEEKING subs
-MISTRESSES SEEKING subs
-subs SEEKING MASTERS
-subs SEEKING MISTRESSES
-24/7 LIFESTYLE CHAT
-SLUTS CRAVING HUMILIATION
-GOREAN CASTLE
-WIITWD
-PAIN SLUTZ
-DUNGEON OF BASS
-MASTERS FOR MALES
-FORCED FEMINIZATION
-GOREAN TAVERN

-LONDON DUNGEON
-MASTERS AND subs
-LIFESTYLE FORUM

The list just went on. Everything from foot worship to cock and ball torture to smoking were covered in the list of rooms for BDSM. It took Heather several minutes of scrolling up and down the list to try and decide a good place to start. Eventually she settled on a room called THE sub ZONE.

Once she logged into the room Heather felt herself in new, though somewhat familiar territory. It had been a while since she had actually been into chat, but she saw, other than some cosmetic work as to the way the screen was set up, not too much had changed. Almost immediately she was besieged by advertisements, automated bot IM's and a slew of unwanted a/s/l requests. Once she had closed out everything she did not want to see and ignored a chunk of persistent messages seeking *cyber fun* and *cam 2 cam action* she decided to start simply, the way she knew from years of chatting in 20's and 30's rooms.

fields_of_heather: hello room

She sat back and watched as the chatter in the room scrolled across her screen. There was no sign of a response before her greeting had scrolled off the top of the screen. Whatever conversations had been going on when she arrived in the room continued as if she had not been there at all.

Well, that was okay. It wasn't an uncommon occurrence in a chat room. Especially if you were the newcomer into a room with a well established chat circle.

fields_of_heather: hello room

Once again Heather watched as her greeting sailed past on a sea of words and disappeared off the top of the screen. Still it was not an unusual occurrence.

fields_of_heather: hello room

This time there was a response, though it wasn't quite the one that Heather had expected.

mifflin_pa_sub: eeeeeew! smell that?

1hotslut4u_05: uh-hu, newbie

DJs_bratty_one: gets the newbie spray
DJs_ bratty_one: sprayzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz
DJs_bratty_one: lol

1hotslut4u_05: lol

mifflin_pa_sub: roflmfao

Heather watched the chat thread on the screen and frowned. Were they talking about her?

naughty_goop_gobbler: hey what smells like an unshaved pussy?

mifflin_pa_sub: newbie

Heather jumped as the chime for the instant message went off. Looking to the box which suddenly appeared on the screen she read,

mifflin_pa_sub: yep, that would be you, NEWBIE

She typed her response into the room.

fields_of_heather: what's your problem? i haven't done anything to any of you

1hotslut4u_05: she doesn't even know how to come into a room

DJs_bratty_one: eh, hey, what's your problem?

mifflin_pa_sub: this room is for advanced learners dearie

naughty_goop_gobbler: no newbies. we don't need you here trying to steal Masters from ones that know what they're doing

1hotslut: you need to head back to remedial chat for newbies, newbie

mifflin_pa_sub: * *mifflin_pa_sub* grabs *fields_of_heather* by its scrawny neck. **Kicks it hard out the door.** You've just been given a swift kick in the ass courtesy of *mifflin_pa_sub*! :) *

Heather felt her blood pressure rise as she watched the LOLs roll across the screen. Kitty had been right. There were obviously a lot of people in chat who probably were not what they seemed. She just hadn't expected to wind up in a room full of them first thing off. It wasn't the way she had wanted to start her introduction to other people in the *"BDSM community"*.

She pulled up the list of BDSM chat rooms and searched for another one that looked promising enough to try. She ignored the little group of "subs" acting worse than a bunch of teenagers and taunting her. Lesson number one learned: Don't go into a BDSM room and try to get everyone's attention.

-6-

Heather's failure in THE sub ZONE was followed by a string of failures, in various other chat rooms, throughout the afternoon. Of course she had changed her tactics. She had sat and "listened", occasionally trying to break into conversations to meet with either hostility or downright indifference. She had changed her font color to one other than the bland black it was defaulted to so she wouldn't be marked as someone with, *"A brand new Dell, fresh off the UPS truck"*.

After a couple of hours she decided on a new tactic, one of just simply observing. She had spent so much time being frustrated and trying to break into conversation and begin chatting that she had not really taken the time to see what was going on in the rooms. Once she did it only took a few minutes for her to get a basic idea of the conduct that was expected in the rooms, no doubt a way of chat that had evolved around the ideals and needs of people involved in the BDSM lifestyle.

One of the first things she really noticed were that the chat names of the dominants and submissives made it fairly easy to distinguish them from each other without it being explicitly spelled out in their screen names. Nearly all of the proper dominants had capitol letters in their names, while the submissives' names were all in lower case, just the same way *her* and *Master's* appeared on Kitty's tattoo.

Single submissives or new submissives, Heather began to gather, often requested permission to enter a room. Once at least one of the dominants in the room gave the okay that submissive would thank them, many staying in the room quietly until addressed, though others would begin to chat on their own. Regular, "known", submissives just seemed to simply enter and were greeted by dominants and submissives who knew them.

Although, as she watched, the behavior of the dominants were fairly consistent, there seemed to be two types, ones that chatted like average chatters and ones who chatted with stringent seeming and metered phrases.

The behavior of the submissives seemed widely varied. Heather began to note several distinct types. There were ones who chatted normally, with the exception of the respect and deference they showed to the dominants in the room. There were ones who spoke as Kitty had in her narratives, referring to themselves in third person as much as possible. There were *"bratty subs"* and many of them had the words brat or bratty in their IDs, who acted like a bunch of unruly teenagers, like the group in THE sub ZONE. And there were submissives who seemed to chat with a wise, yet respectful, view of the lifestyle, who Heather took to be mature, older, submissives.

Many of the submissives' IDs also tended to show a hint of their status. Many of them had a dominant's name within it, to show they were either in the process of being trained or owned. Several of them chatted of being under the *"protection"* of a particular dominant, though it didn't necessarily seem to mean that they were *"owned"* or otherwise involved exclusively with that particular dominant.

Heather would spend the next several hours jumping from room to room and observing the chat that was taking place. She visited several rooms which were devoted to different fetishes, that she either found appealing or was just plain curious about. Of course going into those rooms did not do too much to explain about the particular fetishes the rooms were named for, because, like in all chat,

the group in each room was made up of like minded people and was usually not some big discussion on the subject.

After a while of hopping from room to room and watching other people chat without being involved she eventually became bored. The room hopping became a little pointless. She would go to a room, sit in it for a little while, see and hear nothing new or interesting, and then move on to another room.

It was while she was scrolling down the list of rooms, looking for somewhere else to go, that she finally hit the very bottom of the list. Heather's eyes narrowed a little as she looked at the name of the room. BORED LIKE HELL. Well, that certainly described the way she was beginning to feel. She had not been into chat where she really hadn't been doing any of the chatting since the first few nights she had went into chat rooms.

What do I have to lose? she thought.

Heather clicked into the room, and upon entering found herself totally surprised.

sweetandshaven_mo: greetings heather

Master_Vyper2000: greetings fields_of_heather

sassyone67: greetings heather

tmc31: greetings heather

Heather blinked as she looked at the screen. All day long drifting from room to room and this was the first one where anyone had actually welcomed her. And now not only had one person welcomed her into a room, but four people had. Snapping out of the slight daze she found herself in she typed in her response.

fields_of_heather: greetings room

sweetandshaven_mo: welcome to Bored Like Hell

fields_of_heather: thank you

She could hardly believe that after wasting a whole day she was finally, actually, chatting with someone. It brought her back to the way she had felt the night she had met Freddy and they had begun to pal around in 30's Chat.

fields_of_heather: is this your room?

Heather figured it couldn't hurt to ask. She had gathered from her observations that a majority of the rooms in BDSM Lifestyle Chat area were created by users and not by Peeplchat itself.

sweetandshaven_mo: sure is
sweetandshaven_mo: i made it all by myself
sweetandshaven_mo: grinsssss :D

fields_of_heather: great

sweetandshaven_mo: it sure is

fields_of_heather: you're the first people who have talked decently to me all day
fields_of_heather: i'm kind of new to the lifestyle

Heather felt a smile of relief and perhaps a little triumph as she added the last line.

sassyone67: :(some P/people can be very rude on here
sassyone67: T/they all should know better
sassyone67: dignity and mutual respect should always be part of the way W/we live, online and in r/t

Master_Vyper2000: well said sassy

sweetandshaven_mo: that's why i invented this place

fields_of_heather: cool
fields_of_heather: so how long have you been doing this?

sweetandshaven_mo: oh, i started the room up just about an hour ago
sweetandshaven_mo: it's for anyone wanting a good place to chat and have fun
sweetandshaven_mo: the only requirement is you be bored like hell

Master_Vyper2000: lol

tmc31: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lol

sassyone67: lol

fields_of_heather: lol
fields_of_heather: ok
fields_of_heather: count me in too

She wasn't quite sure why, but it felt good and comforting to be accepted into the room. There were about six other people in the room when she entered, and most of the others eventually said hello, but it seemed that sweetandshaven, Vyper, tmc and sassy were the main chatters. Of course Heather soon included herself among their number, and was helping to greet anyone who entered the room after a few minutes.

The chat within the room itself, as in most all of the others, didn't revolve around the nuts and bolts of the lifestyle. There was a lot of joking around and polite chat, which had been a couple of the things that had gotten Heather hooked on chat several years before. People who came in just trolling for sex or otherwise being rude or ignorant were soon chased off by sweetandshaven and Vyper, or were group ignored by everyone else in the room.

After a couple of hours Heather had some of the basics on the chatters in the room. Vyper was from North Carolina, in his mid 30's, and had been in the

lifestyle for several years. He was married with two girls, one three year old and the youngest two weeks old. He was a former professional skateboarder and he owned a skate shop in the town that he lived in. He also, Heather soon learned, kept another submissive in addition to his wife. The two women knew of each other and about each other, but he never used both of them at the same time.

Sassy was from West Virginia, where she worked for an online insurance company. She had just turned 39 the week before and had been in the lifestyle for nearly 15 years. She revealed to Heather that people had always felt that she was sassy without being bratty. She had a picture on her profile, a headshot which revealed her to be a gorgeous and young looking black woman, with dark skin, round cheeks, big brown eyes and a long, elegant neck. She was currently unattached and had been on her own for a little over a year. She also revealed to the room that, though she casually dated men of her own race, that she exclusively served white men, but was insistent that it had nothing to do with wanting to be owned or considered to be *"a slave"* for a white man.

The other chatter who first welcomed her, tmc31, was a 33 year old woman from Minnesota currently looking for, as she put it, an extra master. She had been in the lifestyle for five years and was a self confessed pain and gang bang slut, who admitted she enjoyed hot wax poured on her genitals, as well as receiving mild electric shocks to her clit and nipples. She also revealed she loved to be shared, and that the next to last master she had been with would take her to fancy restaurants to meet with his friends. There she would slip under the tablecloth in the middle of dinner and suck her master and his guest off, sometimes downing loads of cum from up to five or six men. Heather found the thought of being excited by this revelation a little strange, though a little stimulating at the same time.

The person in the room that Heather found herself the most interested in was sweetandshaven herself. At 36 she was just a couple of years older than Heather. As the afternoon progressed into evening she began to learn more about her room hostess, and most of it not from the conversation in the room. As the rest of group chatted the other woman began to send her IMs, asking her questions, offering guidance, revealing things about herself here and there. She found herself telling the other woman about her conversation with Kitty and the dream she had had, and even of her request to Bill of being tied up the night before.

The other woman listened and returned her polite observations. She offered many suggestions on how to survive in the other BDSM chat rooms. One of her suggestions was, if she decided to get serious about exploring the lifestyle, that she create a lifestyle oriented chat ID to use when she went into the other rooms.

sweetandshaven_mo: you should probably pick something near the middle of the alphabet

sweetandshaven_mo: if you're at the top of the list you'll be the first one every perv that comes into the room is going to hit on

sweetandshaven_mo: if you're at the bottom of the list no one will ever see you

sweetandshaven_mo: but toward the middle, that's where you get to be a conversational sub

It all made perfect sense to Heather. She found herself surprised that she had never figured that out about chat rooms before. The ID she had used for years, she realized, was in the middle. Maybe that was why she had always been able to find people to chat with once she had really gotten started.

sweetandshaven_mo: and don't worry too much about proper conduct and etiquette at first

sweetandshaven_mo: you'll develop a chat style you feel comfortable with really soon

sweetandshaven_mo: you don't even have to worry about that at all if you don't want to

fields_of_heather: thanks

As they chatted Heather pulled up sweetandshaven's profile and read over her contact information, most of which were answered as jokes. There were four pictures on the other woman's profile, the main one by her contact info and three thumbnails at the bottom of the profile screen. The one by her contact information was a shot of the other woman's public mound, of course shaved to the milky white of her skin, and captioned, *sweetandshaven_mo good girl*.

Heather moved her mouse down to the other thumbnail pictures and clicked on each one. The first was of her lying on her stomach on a four poster bed.

She was naked, her limbs stretching to each corner of the mattress, a padded cuff attached to both wrists and ankles and in turn attached to each bed post. Her face was down on the mattress but the back of her head was visible and she was revealed to have shoulder length blonde hair. This picture was captioned, *For His pleasure!*

The second thumbnail was a frontal shot of the other woman. She was dressed only in a white half-shirt, or rather a shirt which had been raggedly cut and ripped in half, which just managed to cover the top of her nipples. The initials L.S.M.F.T. were boldly printed over a pair of what Heather estimated to be DD breasts. The other woman had a thin and angelic face, big blue eyes with long lashes that looked toward the photographer with an almost pleading look, the face itself framed by her beautiful blonde hair. She was in a squatting position, and her hands were behind her back, bound together and just showing between her open legs. There seemed to be a pipe or bar of some sort, holding her ankles apart, to which the ropes around her bound wrist were attached. The caption under this picture read, *Bound to be abused for His amusement.*

The final thumbnail, although it did not have a picture of sweetandshaven in it, was the one which Heather really found herself drawn to. In the picture was a black paddle, a pair of handcuffs and a coil of rope. The caption beneath this picture read, *A girl's best friends!* :) :) :) :) :) :)

-9-

Around 5:00 Heather excused herself from chat to go and fix dinner for Bill. She opted for something a little simple, meatball subs and spaghetti, which were ready and steaming hot by the time he got home at six. They sat down and ate after he took a quick shower, and Heather found herself rushing through their small meal.

It had been the last picture in sweetandshaven's profile, she knew, that was making her feel excited again. Bill always had rope in the toolbox of his truck. And as she used her last bit of bread to soak up some pasta sauce which had dripped onto her plate she found herself fixated on the idea of him taking the rope and tying her down to the bed, her limbs splayed, face down as sweetandshaven had been in the first thumbnail picture, ready for him to be amused by being able to abuse her anyway he wanted to as she was tied and helpless.

She had other thoughts of being tied and used as she sat and watched Bill finish off the last of his dinner. She imagined being tied, naked, to the chair she was in, and being made to sit and watch him finish his dinner until he was ready to do something with her. Then she imagined being tied in the chair backwards, with her knees on the seat, hands tied through the back of the chair, as he fucked her hard from behind and called her a hot slutty bitch.

Then she imagined she had her arms tied behind her back and that she was kneeling on the living room floor in front of the couch. Bill was sitting there, forcing her head down and making her suck his cock. It was a hot thought that made her squirm in her seat a little, although she had never liked performing oral sex. It was something she had done a handful of times since she had become sexually active, and she had told several boyfriends, including Bill, that it was strictly off limits when they had begun to date, so it was something that they had never done together.

"I'm horny," she finally said.

"Again?" Bill asked, looking to her from over the top of his glass.

Heather nodded and added, "I'm *very* horny."

Bill sat his glass down and took another bite of his sub before he went further. "Can't it wait?"

To Heather he was making it sound like a suddenly unwelcome chore.

"Friday's a long day. I just want to relax in front of the TV for a little while before we go to bed."

Heather frowned, immediately finding herself thinking that it any of the guys on the crew he worked with were there to hear him say that they would probably call him a pussy. Relaxing in front of the TV for a little while actually translated into, I want to spend the last two hours before I go to bed watching *SmackDown*, she knew.

"We've got all weekend. What about tomorrow?"

"Okay," Heather nodded, doing nothing to hide the disappointment in her voice. *Is that what I sound like when I'm not in the mood?* she found herself wondering.

"Tomorrow," he said. "All day long."

Heather allowed herself a slight smile. "All day long?"

"All day long," he agreed.

All day long turned out to be a quickie after breakfast and an average length session after dinner. Of course Heather had to admit it had been fun. The first time he had taken her at the breakfast table, just after she had cleared the dishes. She had been a little sweaty from working in the kitchen, and it felt hot and raunchy as he pulled her nightgown up and fucked her from behind, bent over the kitchen table. Although it had been fairly brief it had been hot enough for her to get off a good orgasm before Bill emptied his sticky load into her.

Their second bout was a little less spontaneous, taking place a little over an hour after dinner, but she did find it to be equally enjoyable when she was in the moment. They went to the bedroom after watching a little TV, at Bill's suggestion, where he undressed her. She undressed him in turn and guided him to get into the bed with gentle tugs on his stiffening cock.

As he knelt between her legs Heather found that she once again had several thoughts going through her head. First and foremost was the idea of sucking on his cock. She closed her eyes as she stroked him, trying to imagine tugging it and urging him up to her face, and then she would open her mouth and slip it over the head, taking it in until she slowly swallowed his shaft. It all seemed so hot and good in her head, but she found, for some unknown reason, that she just couldn't consciously commit to the act. She felt sure that she wanted to. She just couldn't bring herself to actually do it.

Heather moaned a little as Bill moved himself closer to her and rubbed his stiff cock between the lips of her pussy, the head poking over as he thrust himself up on her and touching just beneath her belly button. It felt so good, and it was making her so hot, that she wished her pussy lips could just close up on their own and swallow his hard cock deep inside her. When he slightly repositioned himself over her and then pushed the fleshy head down between her wet lips she twisted and moaned a little louder.

She closed her eyes and gasped, bucking her hips up to meet him. As they ground together Heather slowly slid her hands higher, slipping them under her pillow. She imagined that Bill had tied her hands together over her head.

Rope.

It was rope on her wrists. Not pillows.

He had a bag with him, and I hoped against hope that it was full of rope.

"Yes," she cried. "Give it to me. Fuck me!"

"Oh, yeah baby!" he panted down to her.

Heather moaned and squirmed, still pretending that her hands were tied over her head. She wanted it. And she needed it.

Whips and chains…

"Fuck me harder," she gasped. "Please!"

"Yeeeeaaahhh," Bill groaned, the moment apparently already upon him.

Heather twisted, holding her arms firmly above her, willing herself to feel the itch of a braided rope biting into her skin. She thrust her hips upward a little faster to meet him as he thrust down into her. She yelled out again, coming to a fabulous orgasm seconds before she felt the slight inner lurch of Bill emptying his balls into her wet pussy.

She wanted it.

She needed it.

She wanted more.

Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

-11-

Heather had lain awake in bed for quite some time. She was fairly sure that she hadn't even fallen to sleep at all. She had been content after she and Bill had had sex, but as the night wore on she found herself becoming restless. Peering over her husband she looked at the clock to see that it was almost 1:00 AM.

Knowing she wasn't about to get any more sleep Heather slipped out of bed. She went to the kitchen and made herself a cup of hot chocolate. *Three times in a week and it wasn't even fall,* she again noted to herself. In the light above the stove she considered the store brand, Warner's Market, box of hot chocolate with its picture of "Fair Deal Harvey" on the side of the sky blue and white box. Fair Deal Harvey was a cartoonishly gorgeous character, square jawed and somewhat heroic looking with muscles under his dress shirt, steely eyes and wavy black hair. Kitty's type, she realized. She put the box back in the cabinet then she headed to the spare bedroom and turned on the computer.

While she waited for the system to boot up she opened the bottom drawer of the desk and pulled out the book that Kitty had left.

Another Kind Of Loving, she considered in her mind, reading the title once again. Then she slipped it back in the drawer and closed it. Kitty had suggested that she read a little of it before Monday, but she didn't feel like starting it now, despite the fact that reading this late at night would have surely made her drowsy.

She turned her attention back to the computer as it finished booting up. After giving it a few minutes to creak and groan she headed right to Peeplchat and into the list of rooms. She went to BDSM Lifestyle Chat and scrolled all the way down, pleased and mildly surprised to see the Bored Like Hell was still listed as an active room.

Heather logged into the room to find that it was empty with the exception of sweetandshaven. She could feel the smile on her face. She had been hoping that if no one else were there that she would be in the room.

sweetandshaven_mo: why hello there
sweetandshaven_mo: you're up late

Heather felt her smile stretch a little wider.

fields_of_heather: can't sleep

sweetandshaven_mo: me either
sweetandshaven_mo: i've been up and down all night
sweetandshaven_mo: so i decided to come back and start the room up and see who would drop by
sweetandshaven_mo: how late is it there anyway?

As she yawned Heather typed in her response.

fields_of_heather: 1:00 AM

sweetandshaven_mo: wowie
sweetandshaven_mo: 12:00 AM here
sweetandshaven_mo: here's Missouri

sweetandshaven_mo: where's there by the way?

fields_of_heather: fla

sweetandshaven_mo: kewl
sweetandshaven_mo: so do you live close to mickey mouse?

fields_of_heather: little less than an hour away depending on traffic

sweetandshaven_mo: and what are you doing up at this hour?

fields_of_heather: drinking hot chocolate
fields_of_heather: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lol

They began chatting casually and joking around. Talking about the differences in their winters, and what the weather had been like in their respective areas that afternoon. Then the chat progressed on to their everyday lives and families. With no one else in the room to distract them Heather was learning more and more about sweetandshaven.

The other woman worked from home, designing web pages for small businesses. She was the mother of four girls who ranged in age from 6 to 19. She had gotten married just shy of her 17th birthday, after discovering she was pregnant with her oldest daughter. Life with her husband had never been what she hoped for, or thought it could be, and they had both tried to fill the void with more children. It of course hadn't worked, and they had been separated for almost two years.

Heather decided once she knew more about sweetandshaven's personal background it was now a good time to ask how she had come to be where she was now.

fields_of_heather: do you mind if I ask how you got into the lifestyle?

sweetandshaven_mo: not at all

The other woman told her that she had only been with one other person before she had met her husband. Her knowledge of sex and men had pretty much been limited to him. But once they first began to bat around the idea of separation she had begun chatting a lot more online and visiting the more adult oriented chat rooms, just to see what people did and said there. It was, she revealed, a real eye opener, in quite a few ways.

sweetandshaven_mo: this probably will sound a little bad
sweetandshaven_mo: but my husband had only been out of the house a week before i let a total stranger convince me to meet him for sex

Heather assured her she wouldn't be judgmental, and she watched the screen as the other woman continued on.

The first time she had sex with a man after being with her husband for 17 years, she confessed, was fun, but yet not all that great. In fact she felt it was pretty much the same as being with her husband, except that it was happening with someone else.

sweetandshaven_mo: so about three weeks later i met a second anonymous chat stranger for sex
sweetandshaven_mo: he had a nice cock :)

But it turned out to be still pretty much the same as having sex with her husband. Just without it being with him.

So the next week she met yet another stranger from online for sex. Same result.

sweetandshaven_mo: with the fourth guy i decided to try something that would make my family and husband absolutely freak if they ever found out
sweetandshaven_mo: i met a black man from online for sex
sweetandshaven_mo: really nice cock, different color, but the sex was still about the same
sweetandshaven_mo: i started to wonder if there was something wrong with me
sweetandshaven_mo: i mean i didn't feel like a slut or anything, being with different guys only one time each in the span of just a couple of months

sweetandshaven_mo: in fact if i had felt like i was being a slut i think it would have felt like life made some kind of sense

sweetandshaven_mo: but i was wondering if maybe something was wrong with me because all of it pretty much felt exactly the same

sweetandshaven_mo: i just didn't find having sex with anyone all that thrilling

sweetandshaven_mo: and it bothered the fuck out of me

The next time she met someone was when she had her first brush with a little something from the lifestyle. The fifth man she met for a sexual rendezvous after her husband had moved out, *barely gone three months*, had been very demanding and aggressive in bed. This man had verbally abused sweetandshaven as he made her undress him, calling her *his little slut*. He had taken her roughly from behind, pulling her hair and spanking her hard as he came.

sweetandshaven_mo: that was like, wooohooo

sweetandshaven_mo: all the right bells and whistles were going off

sweetandshaven_mo: i came and came!!!!!!!

sweetandshaven_mo: and i knew i needed more of what he was giving me, so i was arranging to see him again before we got ready to leave the motel

But now she apparently had a new and different concern that something was wrong with her because she had liked the sex more than she imagined possible. So she began to ask some of her friends in chat if they thought it was strange that she had discovered she liked being spanked and verbally abused in bed. The people she had been chatting with, it seemed, were somewhat split as to whether or not it was weird. But she had one casual chat friend who turned out to be a submissive, and she had guided her to BDSM chat and talked with her about the lifestyle.

At first, sweetandshaven admitted, she was not too keen on the idea. *It was way out there*. But she found the more she chatted with this other submissive, and the more she learned about the lifestyle, the aspects of it which intrigued her, the more and more she began to feel there was something there for her.

She had seen guy number five for a few months before they both decided to move on. He found other women, but she had held out, looking out for a master

who would be interested in her. The wait would turn out to be longer than she thought it would be.

sweetandshaven_mo: i met my Master in chat about 8 months ago
sweetandshaven_mo: we chatted and talked on the phone for about a month before we decided we should meet
sweetandshaven_mo: he lives three hours away
sweetandshaven_mo: but he comes to be with me a couple of times a week
sweetandshaven_mo: and he always pops up online and we talk on the phone every night

To Heather it sounded charming. The other woman made it sound like they had a quaint little romance, although she knew from Kitty that it was probably that and a lot more.

She found herself asking if her husband or kids had any idea she was dating.

sweetandshaven_mo: he's clueless
sweetandshaven_mo: i think my oldest 2 know that something is going on
sweetandshaven_mo: but i really don't want to say too much before the divorce is final

Then she added:

sweetandshaven_mo: you know you're lucky
sweetandshaven_mo: you have a r/l mentor just down the street

Heather looked at the screen, considering what the other woman was saying to her. She hadn't really thought of Kitty as a mentor, or a guide. At least not until sweetandshaven posted it there. But that was the role she was taking on.

Wasn't it?

It had all started with the tattoo, but it had started to lead somewhere else in a very short span of time. Just a matter of a couple of days. What was it about the lifestyle that was speaking to her so deeply so fast?

I became aware of the lifestyle when I was 19, but I am sure I have been a submissive all my life.

Am I like that too? Have I always been a submissive and not known it because I didn't know what it was until now?

fields_of_heather: you're the lucky one
fields_of_heather: you have a Master

Heather immediately began to question herself as she looked at the screen. Did she really feel that way? Or had she posted it for the other woman because it seemed to be the appropriate thing to say?

She realized that she had spelled master with a capital M. Heather didn't know why but it made her feel-?

Good?
Different?
Am I really different?

Whips and chains,
They give me pains…

sweetandshaven_mo: is your hubby Master material?

Heather blinked.

fields_of_heather: lol
fields_of_heather: you're actually the third person to ask this week

And that was true, pretty much. Kitty had asked if she thought he had what it took to dominate her, and Betty had kind of wondered if he would go for it too.

What happened if he wouldn't, or couldn't? What if they never went to such a place together?

Why the hell are you even wondering these kinds of things?

fields_of_heather: he really did a number on me this morning on the kitchen table

sweetandshaven_mo: perks

sweetandshaven_mo: KITCHEN SEX!

fields_of_heather: lol

She allowed herself a laugh, but it was an uneasy one. She had asked Bill to tie her up, but he had thought she was joking. Kitty had said that she had tried to get some of the men she had seen after Master Elias had abandoned her to tie her up but they had not been into it.

What if he never wants to try tying me up?

Why in the hell are you worrying about this?, she wondered again.

All she was doing was learning about the lifestyle. It wasn't important if she never did any of those things.

Was it?

sweetandshaven_mo: soooooooo i'm guessing your kids are heavy sleepers or away from home this weekend

fields_of_heather: they're with Bill's parents camping in NC for 2 weeks

sweetandshaven_mo: perks
sweetandshaven_mo: NC
sweetandshaven_mo: that's where Vyper dwells
sweetandshaven_mo: next time your in-laws go do you think they would take me?

fields_of_heather: lol
fields_of_heather: don't you have a Master?

sweetandshaven_mo: wouldn't mind having Vyper for a Master
sweetandshaven_mo: have you seen his profile pic?
sweetandshaven_mo: he's so fuckin' cute

fields_of_heather: lol

Heather sat, now laughing to herself. It was like being a couple of teenagers, the way she had been with Betty before they had gotten married. One moment

the conversation would be deadly serious, and the next it would shift to cute boys, even if they had boyfriends at the time.

fields_of_heather: doesn't he have enough subs already?

sweetandshaven_mo: i really wouldn't take up too much space, don't let the size of my boobies fool you they're quite squeezable
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

fields_of_heather: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: btw you still haven't met fan yet have you?
sweetandshaven_mo: she's a real trip
sweetandshaven_mo: and mrs. Vyper is one of the bestest friends you can have too

Heather was still pondering over the comment she had just made about her breasts, and it made her think about the one picture on the other woman's profile.

fields_of_heather: hey, what does lsmft mean?

sweetandshaven_mo: huh?

fields_of_heather: the initials on the shirt you're wearing in one of your pics

sweetandshaven_mo: lol…..oh
sweetandshaven_mo: lucky strikes means fine tobacco
sweetandshaven_mo: (whispers) Vyper sent me that shirt, mrs. Vyper and fan don't smoke so they didn't want it

fields_of_heather: but you smoke?

sweetandshaven_mo: noooooooo
sweetandshaven_mo: but it was from Vyper :)

sweetandshaven_mo: lol

Heather sat back and laughed to herself. The other woman had a slight mischievous streak.

sweetandshaven_mo: i really am enjoying this chat
sweetandshaven_mo: it's like we've known each other for years

fields_of_heather: i know

Then the other woman did something unexpected. The IM chime went off and Heather was presented with a message from the other woman she probably didn't want to post in the empty room, just in case.

sweetandshaven_mo: i'm kristen

fields_of_heather: heather

sweetandshaven_mo: lol
sweetandshaven_mo: i kind of guessed

fields_of_heather: lol…is it that obvious

sweetandshaven_mo: well…..ummmh….yeah
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

fields_of_heather: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: nice to finally meet you sis

Heather looked at the last word in the box. She had a smile that she could feel on her face, and she could feel a tear in the corner of her left eye.

fields_of_heather: good to meet you too sis

And from that time on whenever Heather and Kristen talked to or referred to one another in chat they did it with the endearment of sis, which Heather already realized was short for sister submissive in the BDSM chat community.

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Heather never went back to bed. She had stayed awake for the rest of the night, chatting with Kristen and killing off the last two packets of hot chocolate. She had not pulled an all-nighter in chat for over two years, but it was probably a sign that the addictiveness of a chat room still held at least some sway in her life.

Around four in the morning others began to filter into the room. Vyper, sassy and tmc were there, as well as Vyper's other sub, fan. As the early hours progressed friends of the friends, doms and subs, were beginning to discover BORED LIKE HELL as a safe haven from the usual chat rooms. And the more people who joined, the more new and different topics came up, some about life and times and others concerning the lifestyle.

Betty had come online around five to check her e-mail before she went to work. Heather had been so wrapped up in the conversations going on in the room that she would have never noticed that her best friend was online had she not decided to send her an instant message.

fat_sweaty_betty: what are you doing up so early?

fields_of_heather: chatting

fat_sweaty_betty: still about s&m?

fields_of_heather: yes

fat_sweaty_betty: have you been on there since yesterday?

fields_of_heather: no…just since 1 am… lol

fat_sweaty_betty: lol…. ok

fields_of_heather: lol

fat_sweaty_betty: well call me later
fat_sweaty_betty: let me know if you found out anything juicy: P
fat_sweaty_betty: got to go, catch you then

fields_of_heather: okay, bye betty

fat_sweaty_betty: p.s. change your color to this one, yours is too light

Heather laughed to herself as she pulled up the color pallet in her chat options. Then she changed her font color to the purple one that Betty was using.

fields_of_heather: does this meet your approval?

fat_sweaty_betty: super: P

Around six Heather had stopped long enough to fix breakfast. She had everything done and ready for when Bill woke up. As they sat and ate he asked her if everything was okay.

"I got up earlier and saw the light on down the hall," he said. "You've been on the computer."

Heather nodded as she sipped along on her orange juice. "I couldn't sleep, so I decided to chat."

"Oh. I should have figured." He ate a few more bites of eggs before he continued. "Talking about anything interesting?"

"BDSM," Heather replied. Since she had the right opening she wanted to see if she could get any reaction from him.

"What's that?"

To this question Heather decided to reply with, what until a couple of days ago, would have been her standard answer. "Tying women up and talking dirty to them." Then just for good measure she decided to throw in, "And spanking them during sex."

"Uh-humm," Bill replied, nodding. "That sounds interesting."

Heather found herself frowning inwardly a little. It seemed to have gone totally over his head. He wasn't even cracking a joke about it. So she quickly

changed her tactic once again. “Wanna give it a try?”

Bill made, what she referred to as, his puzzled face. One side of his mouth went up in a sort of grin, and there was a gleam in his eyes as if he were trying hard to figure out what she was getting at. “Yeah,” he said, sounding really unsure. “We could try that sometime.”

Heather smiled to him from across the table, but she did it because she was doing her best to hide the fact she felt suddenly, *Melissaly*, angry. The hard thing to understand being she was not sure why she should feel angry at all, much less the screaming tantrum angry their baby girl got when she decided to freak out.

To further try and hide her displeasure she busied herself in the kitchen, cleaning the table and the dishes, as soon as she finished her last bites of sausage.

Then after the kitchen table was clear Bill went out to the garage to work on a bookcase he was making for Terry’s room, since he had an ever increasing collection of fantasy novels and movies that were getting stacked by his closet. After that he told her he was going over to the Andersons’ to hang out with Dennis for a while and help him change the oil in his car.

Once Bill was out the door and she determined the kitchen was clean enough Heather headed back to the spare bedroom and back to the computer. On the screen was an IM from Freddy.

fancy_freddy: hey mommy
fancy_freddy: mommy?
fancy_freddy: hola?
fancy_freddy: guess you’re really not on mommy
fancy_freddy: headed to work now, catch you later on
fancy_freddy: bye mommy :P

Heather typed in an apology for not being there when he came on and told him that she would look for him if he got on after work. (With the sudden and illogical anger she was feeling toward Bill she was fairly certain she would be on when her old friend returned from work). Then she closed the IM box and rejoined the conversation in BORED LIKE HELL.

fields_of_heather: is back

Master_Vyper2000: wb heather

fantasyland2000: wb heather

sassyone67: wb heather

sweetandshaven_mo: huggggggssss wb sis :)

sensualmaiden1999: wb heather

tmc31: wb heather

Mistress_Saybin: wb heather

iowa_sub: hello heather

grubgirlx6969: hey heather

MasterSkullhead: welcomes heather

A few more people had come in since she had left for breakfast, and the group she had already come to feel as the regulars for BORED LIKE HELL were all still there.

fields_of_heather: did I miss anything?

sweetandshaven_mo: nothing really sis

fantasyland2000: * *fantasyland2000* climbs into *Master_Vyper2000* 's lap ;) *

sassyone67: W/we were all looking for a good topic actually

Heather smiled. She determined that sassy had to be the most serious person in the room. She seemed proper about everything, and wise, reminding

everyone of where they were. She made her think just a little of Kitty.

sassyone67: would you have any ideas?

There is a little something that's been on my mind, she told the others in the room. One of the things that had kept her awake the night before was the idea of sucking Bill's cock. It bothered her because it was something she had found she wanted to try the night before, but she just couldn't bring herself to do it. Ironically she knew that if she suggested it to him he would more than likely break his fingers getting his zipper down, as opposed to her other suggestions and hints over the past two days.

fields_of_heather: what do you think about cock sucking?

As she sat back and looked at what she had written she was aware that her cheeks were red hot. She felt embarrassed to ask the rest of the room about it; sure they would say she was being silly.

sweetandshaven_mo: woohoo sis
sweetandshaven_mo: loves to suck her Master's cock

grubgirlx6969: bring em on

tmc31: me too gg
tmc31: likes em lined up

fantasyland2000: ack…..eeeeeew
fantasyland2000: * *fantasyland2000* holds her hand palm up and request, please boys only one at a time *
fanstayland2000: * *fantasyland2000* acks at *tmc31* *

sub4Jeff: agrees with fan
sub4Jeff: * *sub4Jeff* dives off the ropes and knocks *tmc31* down *
sub4Jeff: * *sub4Jeff* dives off the ropes and knocks *grubgirlx6969* down *

tmc31: lol @ fan & sub4

Master_Vyper2000: never sucks cock or swallows cum

fields_of_heather: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: roflmfao

sensualmaiden1999: lmfao

MasterSkullhead: always receives and never gives

submale4fun: loves sucking Master's cock

fantasyland2000: not mine…..eeeew
fantasyland2000: * *fantasyland2000* acks at *submale4fun* *

rose_tyler_uk_sub: lol @ fan

grubgrilx6969: lmfao

Heather watched the screen and laughed. At least everyone seemed to be having fun with it.

Mistress_Saybin: One is not opposed to a little cock sucking
Mistress_Saybin: and drinking it from a wine glass on special occasions

fantasyland2000: ack

Master_Vyper2000: cringes

submale4fun: :) :) :) :) :) :) Mistress

sweetandshaven_mo: ack
sweetandshaven_mo: eeeeeeeeeeeeeewwwww
sweetandshaven_mo: cold cum
sweetandshaven_mo: ruuuuuuunnnnnnsssssssssssss!!!!!!!!!

grubgirlx6969: sounds kewl M. Saybin

tmc31: yeah, you go girl

sweetandshaven_mo: eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeewwwwwwwwwwwww :(:(:(:(

fantasyland2000: * *fantasyland2000* acks at *Mistress_Saybin* *
fantasyland2000: * *fantasyland2000* acks at *tmc31* *
fantasyland2000: * *fantasyland2000* acks at *grubgirlx6969* *

Once again the room was filled with scrolls of lol's. After the online "laughter" died down Heather watched the voice of seriousness speak up.

sassyone67: all joking aside
sassyone67: sucking cock for one's Master can be very enjoyable
sassyone67: a girl always feels honored to be deemed worthy

sensualmaiden1999: agrees with sassy
sensualmaiden1999: it's a special time

MasterMind: agrees
MasterMind: it does make One feel closer to His girls

MasterSkullhead: it gives a big sense of control

rose_tyler_uk_sub: knows she is loved by her Master when she sucks His cock

sub4Jeff: one loves having a Master dominate her in the mouth
sub4Jeff: one on One of course

tmc31: rolls her eyes

grubgirlx6969: lol

iowa_sub: one loves to be on her knees sucking a man's cock
iowa_sub: it makes one feel good

sweetandshaven_mo: why the poll on head giving sis?

Heather looked at Kristen's question, pausing before she replied. She was unsure if she wanted to post it in the room, despite the fact that everyone there seemed to understand what she was thinking a little better than herself. So she decided to go ahead. *What could it hurt?*

She typed in the first line of her response and looked at it a moment before sending it.

There's no turning back now, she thought.

Heather pressed the ENTER key.

fields_of_heather: last night i wanted to suck my husband's cock

She paused for just a second, and then went on.

fields_of_heather: i think it was the first time i wanted to
fields_of_heather: i mean really wanted to
fields_of_heather: but i just couldn't make myself actually do it

When she finished she watched sympathetic responses and suggestion come back from the others in the room. The most understanding popped up in a pair of IM boxes from Kristen and sassy.

sassyone67: hey, you okay

fields_of_heather: yes

sassyone67: okay
sassyone67: just wanted you to know E/everyone has jitters about the first time with something new

She was grateful for sassy's concern, but it was Kristen's IM which struck a chord.

sweetandshaven_mo: you know you don't have to do this out here

fields_of_heather: i know
fields_of_heather: just wanted to see what everyone else thought

sweetandshaven_mo: okay
sweetandshaven_mo: you know you can talk to me about anything you need to sis

fields_of_heather: i know

There was a pause in the IM as they went back to chatting with the rest of the room. Then a few minutes later Kristen messaged her again.

sweetandshaven_mo: heather?

fields_of_heather: yes?

sweetandshaven_mo: i never sucked my husband's cock
sweetandshaven_mo: never once in the 17 years we were supposed to be happily married
sweetandshaven_mo: it was never something i even wanted to do
sweetandshaven_mo: nothing i thought about

fields_of_heather: you do now though
fields_of_heather: you like doing it i mean

In the room Kristen had admitted she loved sucking her master's cock.

sweetandshaven_mo: yes
sweetandshaven_mo: it was something i got hot for after i started chatting in adult chat

sweetandshaven_mo: the first guy i ended up meeting talked about oral sex to me a lot

sweetandshaven_mo: it was one of the things that made me interested in seeing him

sweetandshaven_mo: i've done it with every guy i met after my husband moved out

sweetandshaven_mo: started swallowing with the third man i met after he moved out

fields_of_heather: kristen why do you feel like you have to tell me about this?

sweetandshaven_mo: because i've never talked about it to anyone before

sweetandshaven_mo: i feel like i need to tell you for some reason

sweetandshaven_mo: i feel a little funny about it sis

fields_of_heather: why?

sweetandshaven_mo: because even though i love it now it's something i don't think i could do with my husband

sweetandshaven_mo: even if for some reason we got together and worked things out i don't think i could ever bring myself to suck him off or swallow him

sweetandshaven_mo: does it sound weird heather?

Heather was unsure of how to answer. She didn't know what it should mean to Kristen. She had even less of an idea of what it meant to her, wouldn't know until quite some time later.

In the room the others began to notice their absence from chatting.

sensualmaiden1999: where's sweet and heather?

Master_Vyper2000: One thinks they're up in the rafters

Heather had finally decided to call it a day around 8:30. She had chatted all of the night before and all day long, breaking only to make lunch and dinner, and it hadn't really raised an eyebrow from Bill. They hadn't really said too much to one another at either meal time.

People had gone in and out of BORED LIKE HELL all day. Everyone was having a lot of fun among the regulars, though it seemed funny that they all already thought of themselves as regulars in a room that was not even two days old yet. Once again Heather found that she could draw parallels to her first days as a "serious" chatter. It was like it was all brand new all over again.

Terry and Melissa had called after lunch. They were heading into town to hit the gift shops in the area with Sammy and Meredith, and since they had grandma's cell phone plugged into the dash they wanted to call home and check in. It was good to hear that they were having fun with their grandparents so far. It made Heather realize that she missed them, and it made her feel guilty for looking forward to Kitty's visit the day they had left.

It was sometime after six when Freddy popped up, home from work. He chatted with her through her instant messenger for an hour, but he wouldn't come into chat. He claimed everyone he wanted to talk to was on his list. Plus on top of that he was having a late dinner with one of his "lucky ladies" and didn't want to get caught up in chat.

After she shut the computer down she had gotten on the phone with Betty. Her best friend wanted to know all the juicy details about BDSM chat, but Heather told her there were really no juicy details to tell. She did tell her of what she was learning about the lifestyle from the others, and how much fun it was to chat in BORED LIKE HELL. She left out the part about her fast forming friendship with Kristen, fearing that it would make her old friend a little jealous. And knowing Betty it no doubt would.

It was just after ten when Heather finally got into bed. Bill had already been asleep for an hour, and he barely moved when she slid up next to him and put an arm over him. She found herself feeling a little silly for the way she had acted and felt toward him that day. How could she blame him for not getting it about something that he didn't really know anything about?

You're trying too hard, too fast, to get him to jump into something you've only known about for four days, she scolded herself.

Heather, you're so vanilla.

But she would learn more about it. Tomorrow.

That was right. Kitty was coming back over tomorrow to tell her about how she had finally become Master Chamber's submissive.

Property of
J.J. Chambers

Remembering Kitty standing on the other side of the coffee table with her shorts around her knees, baring her shaven pubic mound and the ownership tattoo, made Heather squirm a little under the covers. She was sure there was a big smile on her face.

You have to stop thinking about this stuff.

Property of
William Ford

Stop it, she warned herself.

Heather knew if she didn't stop thinking about it she wouldn't get any sleep, and since she hadn't slept the night before she needed it now.

But still her mind kept going back. It went back to Kitty's story. It went back to the things she had seen discussed in chat, and the stories she had learned so far about the people in BORED LIKE HELL. And it when back to what Kristen had told her about not being able to suck her husband's cock, and knowing even if they got back together that she knew she never would.

Why did she have to worry about that? she wanted to know. Everyone had their own issues to deal with, and they all dealt with them in their own ways. Every person involved in the BDSM lifestyle so far, from Kitty to the people she had chatted with online for the past couple of days, were different and the way they each lived in the lifestyle seemed to make the situation unique and different.

And anyway she wasn't a part of the lifestyle.

But she wanted to be.

Even after four days she felt certain that that was not going to change, not when four weeks or four years passed. It seemed to be calling to her, like something was missing from her life. Maybe she had always felt that something was indeed missing, but did not know what it was. And now that she knew what it was she just couldn't see living without it.

Stop this, she thought, rolling over. *This is just crazy. My life has always been fine the way it is.*

But she did want more, she knew, now that she knew something more existed.

Heather closed her eyes tightly, willing herself to go to sleep. She wouldn't think about it anymore, at least not tonight. Tomorrow she could think about it more. Tomorrow, when Kitty came over to tell her more of her story. She resolved not to think anymore about it until she talked to Kitty the next day.

CHAPTER FIVE:
one Will Never Say Goldfish To You

-1-

"It was in February of 1970, a few days after Valentine's Day, when Master Chambers came to claim me as His own," Kitty said, as they sat on the front steps, each smoking a cigarette.

Heather had gotten an early start on the day, following her usual weekday morning routine with the exception of not having to fix breakfast for the kids. She had made breakfast for herself and Bill, and then cleaned the kitchen once he had gone to work. Then she had tidied up the living room in the anticipation for her guest's arrival. The house ready she gathered what dirty clothes she and Bill had produced over the past few days and started the wash.

With a little over an hour before Kitty was supposed to arrive Heather had decided to go into chat for a little while. She went to Bored Like Hell and found sassy holding the room open. After a few minutes maiden and fan had come into the room and Kristen showed up about ten minutes before she was going to get off and wait for Kitty.

The conversation of the morning had been light, nothing too serious or thought provoking. She had mentioned that she was expecting Kitty to come to talk to her, and Kristen had informed the others that Kitty was her mentor. It made Heather feel a little giddy as she saw it spelled out in the room for everyone to see for the first time.

When she had left chat she had told the others in the room to be well. She had seen it in all the rooms she had observed, and several times a day as she chatted in Bored Like Hell. She also remembered that Master Chambers had told Kitty to be well after the first time they had parted, and she had told her the

same thing after the first time they had talked, so there was no doubt it was a lifestyle oriented farewell.

Kitty had shown up a few minutes later. She was dressed in a black, satiny looking top that had white spaghetti straps and stopped a little short of her belly button to reveal a tanned stomach that did not appear as loose as it should be for a woman her age. She was also wearing a pair of cottony white shorts. Under them was a pair of black panties, which stood out almost obscenely from under her shorts. Whether she dressed this way because it was the way she usually dressed or if she was trying to make Heather look at her Heather was unsure.

She had fresh glasses of lemonade sitting on the coffee table when the other woman got there, and they sat together for the first few minutes, talking about their weekends. Kitty was surprised that she hadn't read anything from the book yet, but Heather told her she was learning a lot from sitting in chat.

Although there were a lot of things she wanted to ask about Heather found herself refraining from asking them, at least right then. She left out her requests for Bill to tie her up and her desire to suck his cock that she couldn't bring herself to commit to. Since the previous night she had found she wanted to distance herself from getting too deep into her own sudden feelings that BDSM might be something that was missing from her life. She was sure that just as she wasn't going to learn the answers in the span of a few days that Kitty would not be able to answer and explain about everything that she wanted to know about either.

When she began talking Kitty told her a little more about her time in Atlanta, and serving under Master Ryan. She had said that even though she knew that he wasn't really the one for her, that she just could not leave because she was learning so much.

His former submissive, Catherine, she revealed, had made the transition from being a submissive to being a mistress, leaving her with more spare time than when they had first met. She used this time to visit Kitty on the days she was off from the lunch counter and was not serving for Master Ryan. During these visits Mistress Catherine worked with her on her reading comprehension and taught her how to write poems and small short stories to show her that there was enjoyment in being creative.

"We had a brief affair," Kitty said. "It was kind of an affair, but it kind of wasn't. She would teach me things as far a reading and writing, and she would also teach me things about being a woman and love making. It was naughty of

me, of course, because Master Ryan did not schedule sexual time for me with Mistress Catherine after she became a mistress.

"I appreciated everything that she was doing, and it was fun to be with her like that. But I think that she wanted more, that she was having feelings for me other than just motherly or sisterly ones. She offered to take me as a submissive, but as much as I liked her I knew I was in a situation I didn't want to be in, and I wanted to be in the situation I needed to be in instead of trading it for another one that I didn't really want to be in.

"Part of me still says I should have gone with her, even if it was for a little while. I felt a little stupid because I had no guarantees that the next master I would go on to serve would be the right one, but something told me that I should just stay where I was until then. So I did so, having faith that things would take the course they were supposed to."

She had paused and smiled at Heather. "Luckily for me it was the right thing to do."

Then she said that she wanted to have a cigarette before she went on. So they went out and sat on the steps, where Kitty lit two and passed one to Heather. They sat in silence, smoking their cigarettes half-way before Kitty seemingly felt herself compelled to go ahead and begin her story of how she had become Master Chambers' submissive.

"I was off of work that day, and my schedule from Master Ryan was clear," she said. "So I had gotten up that morning and cleaned the apartment, which as I have said, really wasn't that much of a chore. When I was done I laid down on the couch and started reading the newspaper. All I had to do that day was go grocery shopping, but I had plenty of time before that because it was early in the day and none of the stores were open yet.

"Then I heard a key in the door. I looked up as it opened and Master Ryan came in. He didn't look like himself. I could see that as soon as he stepped in. He didn't look really distressed, but he also didn't appear too happy either.

"Good morning, Master, I greeted him. I sat up and put my paper on the coffee table. One is happy to see you, Sir. A girl was not expecting you today.

"He just kind of stood there, just inside the door for a moment. I was about to rise from the couch to go to him when he spoke.

"You need to pack your things.

"As soon as he said it I froze. I had no idea why he was telling me that. He had never shown any dissatisfaction with my service. In fact, by now I'm sure

you know that, I felt he was pretty indifferent as to how well I actually served him.

"Master? I finally rose from the couch, waiting for a reply

"You need to pack your things and leave, Kitty, he said.

"As he said that someone else stepped in through the door behind him. I immediately recognized Master Chambers. As much as I had been thinking about Him, and as many times as He had used me, I couldn't help but recognize who He was. I just wasn't too sure why He was there, especially if Master Ryan had only come to throw me out.

"Master Chambers, I said, greeting Him as I had been taught to. I'm sure the confusion was evident in my voice. It must have sounded questioning because He answered me, and part of me was certain that He would respond.

"It's okay, Kitty. Do as Master Ryan says.

"Sir, what is happening here?, I asked. I was going to do whatever they told me to do, but I felt I had the right to know why it was being done to me, and what was going on. Master Chambers had expressed to me that as a submissive I still had rights from the first time we had been together, and it was something that Mistress Catherine had begun to impress upon me as well.

"It's time for you to leave, Master Ryan said. He reached into his coat and produced some papers. He stepped across the small room to me and pushed them into my hands. You're not mine anymore, he told me.

"What? I was shocked. I knew that Master Ryan was not the one for me, but he had always seemed so content to have me as a kept sub living above his legal office that I never believed that he would dismiss me. I always imagined that I would have to ask him to release me.

"It's all there, he said, meaning the papers he had given me. It's all legal.

"I glanced down, a little nervously, unsure. As I stood there the heading at the top of the first page was all that I read. In a way it was all I needed to know."

"What did it say?" Heather found herself interrupting. The cigarette she had had burnt to the filter. She dropped it to the grass and took another from Kitty's pack.

"*Certificate Of Ownership*," Kitty replied, her tone dreamy and breathless sounding.

Heather felt a shiver go through her. Of course she knew, no matter what Master Ryan said, that that wasn't legal, but there was something about it that

sounded hot. She tried to put herself in the other woman's place, tried to imagine everything that had gone through Kitty's mind as she had stood there and looked at that paper in her hand all those years ago.

"You need to pack your things and leave, Master Ryan told me again. J.J. Chambers is your Master now.

"I remember standing there in a daze. I looked at him, and then at Master Chambers. In my hands I was holding the physical representation of something that I had been dreaming and fantasizing about for months, and now that I had it I was unsure of what I should do. I felt a little nervous and uneasy, as if there were something that was not right about the situation. I was really unsure because I did not know any of the hows or whys of the situation. I was being taken, traded. Of course I was going to give myself to Master Chambers freely and with no resistance. I am sure that He had known that all along.

"Be a good girl and start getting your things together, Kitty, Master Chambers said. I will help you pack and then take your things down to my car.

"Yes, Master, I said. I knew I was smiling, glowing a little as I said it. It wasn't the first time I had said, *yes, Master* to Him, but it was, and I am sure all three of us knew it, the first time I had been able to say it with true meaning. I felt triumphant and nervous at the same time. I belonged to Master Chambers now, but as with Master Elias the first time, I was going to something which I truly had no idea of what to expect. Master Chambers had only visited me at the apartment. I had never seen His home, been anywhere in public with Him, or even seen Him outside of the apartment with the exception of the day Master Ryan had first introduced us in front of his office. So I quickly decided that I should not have any expectations. It turned out to be the best thing that I could have ever done, but it didn't mean that the beginning was going to be any easier."

Kitty paused and put her cigarette down under her foot where she rubbed it out with the toe of her flip-flop. She took another one out of its pack and lit it, exhaled and looked over to Heather with her teal eyes. "Over the course of the next few months I was about to learn of a completely different kind of *torture*."

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Kitty resumed her narrative once they had finished their cigarettes and gone back inside. Master Chambers, she revealed, drove a long, black Cadillac with a

trunk and backseat more than enough to hold her meager belongings. All she had were clothes and a few keepsakes from home. Seeing them in the back of his car made her laugh, because when she had first moved to the apartment Master Ryan had sent a moving van to pick them up, and the men who had put the things in the van looked a little dumbfounded to be putting four big boxes in the back of their really big moving truck. Master Chambers had asked her what she was laughing about as they pulled away and she had explained it to Him. He found it funny and laughed as well, which had made Kitty feel happy and a little more secure.

From the apartment they had gone directly to the diner where Kitty had been working since she had lived in Atlanta. Her second act as His submissive was to go and talk to her manager at the lunch counter and give him notice that she would not be coming back to work. Master Chambers made it clear that she would no longer need a job, and that she needed to tell them was she would be leaving town that day, face to face, because it was the proper thing for her to do. He told her she would have an allowance that was more than comparable to the wage she had been making as a waitress. It was all spelled out plainly in the Certificate of Ownership, He revealed. She needed to be unfettered by a job, He went on. For now it would only get in the way of her training if she had one.

Then they had driven out of the city, and Kitty had watched the scenery pass, pondering her new situation. She told Heather it was the first time that she had really been anywhere in the year that she had moved to Atlanta that she had not been in a bus or a taxi cab. To her the world had looked a lot different from the passenger seat of Master Chambers' car.

"As we drove I had at least a hundred questions spinning in my head. I kept wanting to ask, at least a little something. But He looked so serious as He guided the car. We drove for a while before I realized that He had to live pretty far from Atlanta. So when it started to get apparent that we weren't going to stop soon I finally did begin to ask questions. I hadn't thought we would be going so far.

"I started to wonder about my family, about when I was going to see them again, or what I was going to tell them about why I moved. I was also beginning to feel nervous. My mother, Beth and Dale had all visited me when I was living in the apartment. It was kind of my own place, and they had no need to know that my life was any different from any of theirs. But the home of Master Chambers was probably going to be different. I started to wonder if they

would be able to visit me at all because of where I was going and the distance it was to get there. I had never been so far away from home in my life, had never been on a trip that lasted so long.

"Master?, I finally had the courage to say.

"Yes, Kitty.

"One is sorry, but she forgot to ask you where you lived.

"Savannah.

"I had a vague idea of just where Savannah was, and knew that it was far away from Atlanta.

"A girl understands, Sir.

"I thought for several more miles before I spoke again.

"Master?

"Yes, Kitty?

"A girl wanted to know why? Why-?

"And I drew a blank. I had totally no idea of what it was I wanted to ask Him first.

"He looked at me as He drove, those blue eyes seeming to go right through me. You want to know why I did it?, He asked. Why I bought you from Master Ryan?

"My eyes must have been as big as saucers. It hadn't occurred to me, even when I had looked at the words Certificate of Ownership on the paper, that any money had really changed hands over me. I had just assumed that Master Chambers had pressured Master Ryan into releasing me to Him. I did think maybe He held something over him, blackmailed him perhaps, but the idea that I had actually been sold had never crossed my mind at all.

"Yes, Sir, I finally said. A girl would like to know why You bought her from Master Ryan.

"It sounded so alien, stating that I realized I had been bought. At that moment it seemed more alien than anything I had ever encountered in the lifestyle. But as strange as it sounded to me it was exciting too because it made this girl's pussy get wet and her nipples get hard.

"He owned me. He *'OWNED'* me.

"And I did feel like I really belonged to Him, that I was something that He could do with and enjoy in any way He wanted, and I wanted it to feel that way, even though it was so strange and new to think that way. I felt happy and excited at that moment.

“Of course I would go through an entire spectrum of emotions on that trip.

“He never deserved you, Master Chambers said. He was very careless with you. Ryan is my attorney and my friend, but He’s an opportunist. He took you in only as a sexual convenience, and so that his wife would believe that he had a legitimate tenant in the apartment over his office and that he wasn’t using it to conduct affairs with you or any other women. He was never really a good master to you. Am I wrong?

“I sat there, looking at Him, not sure of what to say.

“Well?

“A girl is unsure if it is proper to speak ill of a former master, Sir.

“He smiled to me. Then He laughed loudly. He laughed so hard that I thought he was going to have to pull over so we wouldn’t go off the road into the ditch.

“Truly he never deserved one as devoted as you, Kitty, He said once His laughing fit was over. Even though you are not fully or properly trained you show loyalty and devotion greater than any other submissive I have ever known.

“Thank you, Master.

“I was sure it was meant as a compliment.

“You only cost $100,000.

“My heart caught in my throat. *$100,000?* I had already assumed, when I accepted the fact that real money had changed hands over me, that it was not a great amount. I was thinking maybe $500 or $1,000 at the very most. I had been poor all my life, a poor but devoted daughter and a poor waitress at two lunch counters, and it was hard for me to conceive of anyone paying 100,000 dollars for anything. I didn’t know someone could make so much money from taking pictures. I didn’t even know if that was where all his money came from. Maybe He did something else too, or had an inheritance. Which in the end I found out it was actually both.

“I was still reeling from this revelation when He went on and said, I was prepared to pay one million dollars for you. Ryan set the price at $100,000 as soon as I told him I was interested. He sold you too cheap. Were you mine, *and now you are*, I would not have sold you to anyone, at any price.

“You wouldn’t?, I found myself asking. It was a knee-jerk question.

“No, He replied. The one thing you will never have to worry about is if I would ever sell you to another master or not. Others may be allowed to play with you, may even be allowed to borrow you, but the one thing I will not do is

sell you. You're a very special girl, and I have no intention of letting you go unless you should become unhappy and petition for your release.

"He shifted in the driver's seat and looked me in the eyes, locking his beautiful eyes on mine. And that is all you will have to do, Kitty. If you ever become unhappy with me, if you decide that this is not the life you want, all you have to do is tell me that it is time for you to go and just say the word after that and it will all stop.

"One will *never* say the word goldfish to You, Master.

"I felt so confident and sure. I had no idea that before the day was over my faith in that statement would be tested for the first of many times in the months to come.

"I was feeling so good. But I also realized that I actually knew very little about the man who I had looked forward to, and fantasized for so long about, being my Master. He Himself had talked to me in ways that made me open my eyes and examine things and think seriously over them in the times we had spent together before that day. So there was something I knew I would be wise to ask before I asked anything about his home or what he expected of me.

"Master?

"Yes, Kitty?

"Is this girl the only one? Or are there others?

"You have three sisters, He replied. Two of them live at home full-time, and the other is kept part-time and lives in Montgomery.

"It all hit me hard when He said, *You have three sisters*.

"My sisters. I did have three sisters. Three real sisters. Three real sisters, five real brothers and a mother, and they were all getting further and further away.

"Thinking about that I suddenly couldn't breathe. Within the space of a second I was heaving for breath in a panic, and then sobbing violently.

"I heard the tires squeal, and felt jerked around as Master Chambers pulled the car over onto the shoulder. He shifted close to me on the seat, concerned. I think I really scared Him. I don't know what He was thinking was happening.

"Kitty, what's the matter? What's wrong? Why are you crying?

"My sisters, I cried. Then, Momma. I know it came out in a blubber. *Momma, I want Momma.*

"I looked at Him with tear filled eyes and could see in His that all he wanted to do was fix everything, no matter what was wrong.

“I’m so sorry, Master, I cried. I’ve never been so far away from home. Nobody knows where I am.

“He let me calm down and then listened as I told Him about my family. Just as I really knew nothing about Him, so too did He really know nothing about me. Later He told me that He thought that I was on my own. He had no idea I had family, let alone such a large one.

“One’s family is a very important thing, He told me after I calmed down a little more, His voice full of understanding. It is not something that anyone should lose, and I want you to understand that you are free to contact your family whenever you want to, and you can visit them and they can visit you as often as you want, Kitty.

“Thank you, Master, I cried. It was just that we are getting so far away from home. I’ve never been this far away before. I started to cry a little more as I tried to finish. It just felt like I wasn’t going to ever see them again and that they wouldn’t know what happened to me.

“To try and make me feel better He said something to try and make me laugh. Little Kitty, lost in the bad old city.

“And I smiled and did manage to laugh over my tears.

“It isn’t like that at all, He assured. Then He stared the car and pulled back onto the road. As soon as we get into the next town we will find a phone so you can call your mother and tell her where you are going.

“And true to His word, just as we pulled in to the next town there was a bank of phone booths on the side of the road. You probably remember when there used to be real phone booths everywhere before everyone had cell phones. He stopped the car and we got out, and He stood behind me as I put change in and dialed the house. My mother was home, and I told her I had gotten a new job as a housekeeper, but it was in Savannah. I was lying to my family once again, but at least they would know where I was.

“Master Chambers stood behind me the whole time we talked, rubbing His hand down my back, making me feel safe and secure. He slipped me a piece of paper He had written His number down on so I could give it to my mother. I felt happy and proud as I told her that J.J. Chambers was *“the Master of the house”* where I would be working.

“For her part Momma took it all in without question. I think that she was always resolved to the fact I would someday move far away, and was ready for it. I had been the different one. I had not been a housekeeper in town like my

sisters, and moving into Atlanta must have been a sign that my destiny would never be close to home.

"When we had finished talking I stepped out of the phone booth and embraced Him. Thank you, Master. Thank you.

"He pulled me closer as another woman got out of her car and approached the phone booths. In public places you need to call me J.J., He said.

"Yes-. I was about to say Master when I noticed the other woman glancing our way. Yes, *J.J.*

"With the exception of when I was just getting to know Master Elias it was the first time I had ever called a dominant anything other than master or sir, mistress or ma'am."

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"Master Chambers lived in a huge house in an older and affluent part of Savannah. It was the biggest house I had ever been to, much bigger than the nicest houses in Ariton, the town I was from, and almost as big as the Wentworth's department store I had worked in. I had never seen so many big houses so close together before. Many of them, like my Master's, had tall brick walls and well groomed hedges around them to separate them from the next house.

"We went inside first. Master told me to leave my things in the car and that He would help me bring them in later on. I am sure that as we walked up to the house my eyes had never been so wide. I felt breathless and excited to be there, and found it hard to believe I would be living there. That morning I had been Master Ryan's submissive in a small apartment and now I was Master Chambers' submissive, about to be in this huge house. It was going to be the first house I had ever lived in with an upstairs and a downstairs. I found that to be a little exciting too. There was just something different about it, even though I had been living in an upstairs apartment for months, the idea of it being one house and connected-. I just don't know how to really explain how it felt.

"I suppose I would not have been as excited if I had known what was coming."

Kitty paused and looked to Heather with a thoughtful and musing look on her face. "Something that it takes a while for anyone to learn is that nothing comes easy. Even when it seems to come easy, Heather, it really doesn't.

Everything has a certain price. Life itself is a continual lesson. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes, I think so."

But Heather really didn't. She wouldn't understand the point the older woman was trying to make until quite some time later.

"When He opened the door I could hear someone in another room," Kitty continued. "I stepped in, feeling a little awestruck. There was no room directly above us, only a high ceiling. Ahead of us there was a double staircase which wound upward on each side to the second floor. There were three doors in the foyer, one on each side and one in between the staircases.

"Come this way to the common room, Master Chambers told me, guiding me by the arm to the room on the right.

"Master, welcome home, a voice called as we entered the room.

"I first caught sight of the speaker after looking around at the objects on the walls of the room. There were several paintings, one of a man who resembled my Master, his father I assumed, and an intricate tapestry of a soft blue, red and green pattern. There was furniture in the room, a small table, two sofas, a love seat and a lounger.

"The other woman had been lying on her stomach on one of the sofas as we entered, and apparently she had been napping before we arrived. She had dishwater blonde hair that curled away from her face just below the chin, light blue eyes, looking to me from behind a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. She was tall, 6'2, because she later said she was five inches taller than our Master and he was 5'9. Everything about her seemed elongated her arms and legs, her fingers, her nose and chin. She was fortyish, wearing a red, turtle neck shirt, with long sleeves, and a pair of black slacks. Her feet were bare, long toes. Her nails, finger and toenails, were painted a dark red, as well as her lips. She looked like a warm and inviting person, but there was something about her which made her look serious and stern as well.

"She approached us and bent down slightly to kiss Master Chambers on the cheek.

"Even though I had resolved myself to have no expectations as to what was going to happen, or what things were going to be like, I have to admit that I felt a slight twinge of jealousy when I watched her kiss Him on the cheek.

"It is good to be home, He said.

“This must be Kitty, the woman said. She looked me over, studying me from head to toe. I felt a little nervous. Embarrassed.

“Yes, this is, Master Chambers replied.

“I felt a little more embarrassed at that moment. Shy even.

“Kitty, this is Dinah Saunders, He said, but you will call her Number One. Number One, this is Kitty McClain.

“It is good to meet you, I said, extending my hand. I wasn’t even sure that I should be shaking hands.

“She took it. Her hand was soft. Her grip was firm. It’s nice to meet you, Kitty, she said. Welcome to our home.

“I found myself feeling so small at that moment. I was further away from home than I have ever been in my life. I was standing in the biggest house I had ever been in, and I was shaking hands with a woman, my Master’s other sub, who I suspected knew everything there was to know about me while I did not even know that she had existed until an hour before, did not even know her name until Master Chambers introduced us.

“You must be exhausted from your trip, she said. Perhaps you would like some tea.

“Once again I felt unsure of what to do. Protocol had not been discussed on the drive. I didn’t know if it was proper to accept. I had not been instructed how to respond to questions or directions. I looked to Master Chambers and He gave an understanding nod, meaning I should accept.

“Yes, thank you, I replied. One would like that very much.

“Dinah, Number One, turned and stooped toward the coffee table and picked up a small bell. She gave it a ring, and a minute later another girl entered from the other side of the common room. This woman was younger than Number One, 24, and she had curly red hair which came just past her shoulders. She was wearing a black teddy, Master Chambers liked for his submissives to be dressed in lingerie when they were not going to town or expecting guest, so she had the teddy, stockings, garters, the whole works. She had freckles all over, and they dotted an otherwise milky white complexion where her shoulders were bare. Her eyes were the deepest green, and they sparkled, and even in that first look she gave me I knew she was sizing me up. She was about half a foot shorter than me, very plump, she was round around the middle and had big, globe shaped breasts. My attention was really drawn to two things about her after her eyes. The first were her hands, they were small and big at the same time, her

fingers fat and round, and her hands always looked swollen to me. The other thing was a plain strip of leather around her neck, adorned with a simple D ring, her collar.

"It seemed like the silence in the room lasted a long time between the moment she stood in the doorframe and when Number One spoke to her. I was aware that I was envious. I wanted a collar too.

"Of course in a very short time I would come to understand that she was envious as well. She wanted to be like me. She was, what everyone now calls, a bratty sub. And she was to become the bane of my existence for the next couple of years.

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"Scarlett this is Kitty McClain, Number One said. She is the girl Master has told us to expect today. She has had a very long trip, and she is tired and needs to sit a while before dinner. In a moment you will be sent to fetch us all tea so we can sit together and get to know one another.

"Yes, Number One, Scarlett replied. Her voice was controlled, respectful.

"I was a little bewildered by the exchange. But I was coming to realize that there was a pecking order in Master's house. But even this left me curious as to why Dinah was called *Number One*, and why she was issuing orders instead of Master Chambers.

"Kitty, this is Scarlett Hannigan, your new sister. She looked back to the redhead.

"Greetings, Sister Kitty, one is pleased to meet you, Scarlett said, and gave a simple curtsey.

"Pleased to meet you, Scarlett, I said.

"Immediately Number One wrapped her fingers around my upper arm and pulled me closer to her. I was shocked, taken aback a little that she was grabbing me," Kitty paused, closing her eyes and smiling. "And one must admit that it made her a little excited as well. It reminded me of when I was a child of the way one of my parents would grab me, I'm sure you know how a parent will grab a small child by the arm and pull them away in a public place to scold them."

Heather nodded. "Yes." And she certainly did know that. She had done it with Terry infrequently. She still did it with Melissa all the time, and would

probably be doing it up to the girl's wedding day to the poor unfortunate fool who would feel his life incomplete without her.

"There are forms of address which must be followed in this house, Number One said, her tone understanding, yet still stern, matching her appearance. Openings are done with welcome or greetings. Never *hello*. And never *good-bye*. Always *be well.*

"Yes-, and I let it hang there. Already I was a fish out of water, nervous and already unsure of how to respond.

"*Ma'am,* Number One finished, aware of my sudden distress and still understanding. Yes, ma'am.

"Once again I was bewildered by how the exchange was going. I looked to Master Chambers, still feeling unsure. He said nothing, but His eyes seemed to say just go along and you will understand in good time.

"Responses addressed to me are to be closed with either, Ma'am or Number One when we are home and in the presence of others. When it is just the two of us you may refer to me as big sister. You may only use my Christian name in public places. Do you understand?

"I nodded, Yes, Ma'am. I changed my tone, doing my best to imitate Scarlett's. And out of the corner of my eye I saw that the redhead had a somewhat smug grin on her face. It was a covert action, the first of a great many. Like a bad and bratty child she had already learned how not to be caught doing anything wrong by Master and Number One unless she wanted to be.

"When you speak to, or refer to Scarlett you will call her Sister Scarlett and she will call you Sister Kitty. You may also refer to each other simply as sister. Only in public will you address her by Christian name only. Do you understand this?

"Yes, Ma'am.

"Her hand moved down my arm and her palm rested on top of my hand. It felt like a loving, motherly, gesture. I am sure that you have had a long and trying day, Kitty.

"Yes, Ma'am.

"I felt a little something there. Just a hint of seduction in her voice. I know it wasn't my imagination, because I could see the reaction on the other girl's face and it was one of displeasure, envy and great anger.

"Scarlett, the tea, if you please.

"I think Number One sensed her feelings as well.

“The redhead lowered her eyes and curtsied again in the doorway. By your command, Number One, she said. She stepped backward out of the common room, her eyes still cast to the floor.

“I felt very uncomfortable. I wished that Master Chambers would say something, anything. I think I would have felt better if I had had some preparation for what I was about to experience, but in time I would learn that this was all part of my training.

“One is sure that our ways will be strange to you in the beginning, Number One said. Our Master has told this one that you have very little formal training. It is His intention to change this.

“She took my hand and guided me to the sofa where she had been laying. Please, be seated. We shall discuss everything over our tea.

“I let her walk me to the sofa and sat down as she sat down. Master took a seat on the sofa across from us.

“In the beginning things will not be as strict, Number One went on. But after a couple of weeks you will know enough about the protocols, rules and customs of this house to be punished for infractions or open disobedience. Is that clear, Kitty?

“I nodded. Yes, Number One. Then I added, One is just an ignorant servant girl. It was how Master Elias had taught me to think of myself when I first began to train under him. It seemed to be the appropriate thing to say.

“To this Master responded. She is very knowledgeable, loyal and obedient. Not an entirely clean slate, but she is willing to learn, He said. This girl will be very easy to retrain, Dinah, but unlike with her former masters she will have to understand that true training will not come in a day or a few months.

“One agrees with Your assessment thus far, Sir, Number One replied.

“Of course you know I had a lot of questions now, with each passing minute more and more. But there was one that I needed to get out of the way before things went too far that day.

“Master, Number One, please excuse this ignorant servant girl for speaking out of turn, I said, but there is a matter about which one feels she must ask.

“Number One looked to Master Chambers and smiled. This one is most impressive, Sir. Did You not say that she has no formal education?

“That is correct, Number One, He replied.

“No schooling, she mused. Tell this one, girl, how did you come to speak so eloquently?

“It is the way one’s first master, Elias, taught her to speak, I replied. And one has since been taught more in the ways a proper girl should speak from Mistress Catherine, who has also taught a girl to read and write, and to enjoy those things not just as a tool to communicate but also as ways to enjoy oneself, be creative and broaden one’s mind.

“Number One picked up a pack of cigarettes from the table and slipped one out of the pack. I had never seen one like the one she had, the paper was brown and it was very long. She lit it, taking a deep drag and then exhaling. This would be Mistress Catherine Argot?

“Yes, ma’am. I was a little surprised, and perhaps not so surprised, that she knew who Catherine was. I didn’t know if she knew her personally, or if she knew of her from Master Chambers.

“She looked to Master. It would seem she has done well to educate this girl. Do you still feel she needs more, Sir?

“Master Chambers nodded. She needs a proper education. It would be a shame for someone of such intelligence not to be.

“As you wish, Sir. One will have Scarlett call the adult school in the morning to check into classes, and we can tutor her further in her spare time.

“She took another puff off her cigarette, and then shifted on the sofa to more fully face me. Now, you had a question Kitty?

“Yes, Ma’am, I said. A girl was wondering if she could call her family before it gets too late and she forgets. So much was happening that it seemed like days since I had called home to let my mother know where I was going instead of a couple of hours.

“She glanced to Master and He gave her a nod.

“Of course, Kitty, she said. You will be allowed to call after dinner, unless it is important for you to call earlier.

“No, Ma’am. After dinner will be just fine.

“Then you have two calls which you will need to make after dinner, she announced. First you may call home. Then one shall have you call your other sister, Sister Fiona, so that you may introduce yourself to her. She is very much looking forward to speaking to you.

“And when will one meet Sister Fiona?, I asked. I didn’t give myself time to think. I just blurted it out, speaking out of turn.

“Number One had a worried look on her face as I got the question out. She looked over to Master, who gave a slow and small shake of His head. She cast

her eyes down slightly and then looked back to me. One will not, she replied. At least not right away.

"I just sat there and said nothing more on the subject of the other sister. It was not hard to sense that for the time being it was inappropriate to ask about her.

"Then Scarlett appeared in the doorway with a silver tray and tea service in her hands. The tea is ready, Master, she announced.

"Come and serve us, He said. Then you may join us.

"The redhead curtsied, casting her eyes to the floor, all while holding her heavy burden in front of her. Not once did the tray dip the slightest degree. It remained perfectly level, as if it were floating on air. This time I was the one who was envious. I was envious of her acting in the role of servant. I was envious of the stringent discipline which made it possible for her to keep the tray perfectly balanced. Everything that I had wanted, everything which I had been promised by Master Elias and never given, was embodied in Scarlett Hannigan. Everything, except, perhaps, discipline over self.

"I remember opening and closing my legs, because I had thoughts that suddenly made me feel hot. I wondered, and imagined, if she were whipped or had her ass beaten red as the hair on her head, if she had failed to hold the tray so level and properly in her early training. I wished I could have seen it. No, *I wished it had been me.*

"I am sure that Number One noticed and knew why I did it and what I was thinking. My sexual experience would be a subject that she would bring up later in the evening.

"By your command, Master, Sister Scarlett said, then rose to bring the tray into the room.

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Heather found herself totally engrossed as she listened to Kitty tell her story. As with the first of her story, when she had began telling her a few days before, she felt emotionally connected to the ups and down the older woman felt as she told what she was feeling. As she paused for her to fix fresh glasses of lemonade she still had thoughts and ideas running around in her head. Some of those thoughts were making her feel very hot again.

Mainly the idea of Kitty being bought and sold. Had she heard the story in any other context, told by any other person, Heather was sure the idea would have been unappealing, even revolting. But hearing Kitty say it.

It just sounded *so fucking hot*.

Property of J.J. Chambers had been more literal than she had imagined.

She imagined, as she poured glasses, being in the same situation. What if Bill just suddenly came home with one of his coworkers and announced to her that he had sold her to him and that she was his to do with as he pleased.

Once again the thought was so fucking hot.

And in imagining it Heather found that she would have no problem in doing it at all. She would gladly let another man take her away and do whatever he wanted to, use her as a sex toy in any way possible, tie her up and beat her ass, if that was what he wanted. Heather knew that if Bill ever *sold her* to anyone else it would just be pretend, and that he would expect her back as soon as the buyer was through.

Of course it was another fleeting fantasy. Bill would never do it. It would never happen to her. At least she was sure then that nothing like that would ever happen to her.

Tying women up and talking dirty to them.

Being sold.

God, it's so fucking hot, she mused.

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"I hate to ask ahead," Heather said, once she sat back down and they had their glasses. "But I'm really curious about the other submissive."

And it was true, she was curious about the *'other sister'*.

"And about the way things revolve around this number one sister. If you don't mind explaining."

The truth was Heather needed her to say something that might get her mind off of sex for a minute or two. On the brief trip from the kitchen to the living room she had found herself wishing she had a tray with her. She wondered what it was like. Could she carry it straight and give a little bow like the way Kitty had described Sister Scarlett doing it?

There was something about that, that like Kitty, she found so fucking hot as well.

“Fiona Logan,” Kitty said. “Sister Fiona was a very sweet woman. She was older, her early 50’s when we first met, one of Master Chambers’ earliest submissives. Her service was complicated because she was married to a very wealthy man, much wealthier than Master Chambers. He was old money, and their marriage had been arranged by her parents, despite the age. It was all for money.”

She sighed and took a sip of her lemonade. “Master adored her. I think that she was probably the first woman He ever loved. If He were less of a gentleman and she less loyal to her duty to her family and as mother I believe that He would have taken her away and married her long before He ever met me.”

Then her lips suddenly quivered and large tears spilled from her eyes. Kitty put her hands over her face and gave a slight sob. “Fiona’s story is a very sad one. She told me she had been sick all of her life, and she was very sick at the time Master claimed me. She suffered from pleurisy, chronic bronchitis and emphysema, and every other respiratory ailment you can imagine, and she had just gotten out of the hospital after being there over a month after suffering with a bout of pneumonia when I came.” She moved her hands to reveal her face. On it was a look Heather had never seen before. She looked sad and haunted. “She was already dying before we ever met. I wish I had so much more time to get to know her, and to know all the beauty Master had seen in her and learned all the wisdom that she had to give me.”

Heather could feel tears beginning to spill from her own eyes. She had wanted to talk about something that would get her mind off of sex, but not something that would make Kitty upset. She realized right away that Fiona was probably the first person in the lifestyle that she had lost.

“I was with her when she died,” Kitty’s voice seemed to be coming from far away.

“Oh, Kitty, I’m so sorry.” Heather realized that her own voice was just a big sob. She rose from her chair and sat down on the couch and put her arms around her. As they sat, with Kitty rocking slightly in her embrace, Heather realized that it was the first time that she had ever hugged, or had any real close contact with the other woman in the four years they had known each other. And yet, despite this, she felt a close bond to the other woman. A kinship. Something she found she could only think of as being sisterly.

After taking a break to have a couple of cigarettes and compose herself Kitty resumed her story of her first day in the household of Master J.J. Chambers. Heather was almost certain that she wouldn't go on after breaking down over the memory of Fiona Logan, but the other woman told her it had been a long time ago, and that for so many years she had always been strong and never let any of it out.

"I did it for my Master," she revealed. "If He ever knew how much I hurt over Sister Fiona's loss I believe His grief would have been doubled. I kept it inside because if He knew how sad it made me that He would hurt for me, and it was much easier to keep the pain inside than to watch Him in pain for me.

"It's okay to let it out now, Heather," and as she said this fresh tears came again, but only for the briefest of moments. "J.J. has been gone for a long time too, and I know that it can't hurt Him anymore."

It may have made Kitty feel better, but Heather found that it made her want to cry more for the other woman. Over the past few days it had never occurred to her to ask what had become of J.J. Chambers, not to ask where he went or why they were no longer together. It had not occurred to her, not even once, that he was dead. And thinking this made Heather feel awful inside for both herself and for Kitty.

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"We all sat in the common room having tea," Kitty continued, once they had gone back to the living room. "I watched, fascinated, envious and jealous as Sister Scarlett poured the tea. She did it with such reverence and control, even though I already suspected that she was probably a very rebellious person, especially for a submissive. I couldn't help but want to be like her in the way she did things in the capacity of a servant. As I said earlier, in that respect she was everything that I had ever hoped that Master Elias would ever make me in to.

"When she finished pouring she sat on the loveseat, instead of taking the seat on the sofa next to Master." Kitty paused and smiled. "The jealous and envious part of me was relieved, maybe even a little pleased.

"I suppose that I truly fit the part of ignorant servant girl as I sat there, cautiously sipping the tea. When Number One had offered me tea I was

thinking iced tea. It never crossed my mind that it would be hot tea. I had never had anything but iced tea in my life. I knew that people drank hot tea, but in my little experience I thought that it was something that only people in England and the Orient did, and not other people in Georgia.

"I sat and listened as Number One began talking, explaining a little more about the order of things. It was through that part of the evening that I began to understand and learn a little more about our Master Himself.

"Master Chambers had been in the lifestyle for 20 years, since he had been 22 years old, just slightly older than I was then. He had begun to learn of the lifestyle from a friend He had first made in college, who had since became aware and involved with the lifestyle after living overseas. Master was an adept learner, and not long after He became involved in the BDSM community in southern Georgia others learned that He was the person to send submissives in need of training.

"Master kept several full and part-time submissives of His own, but he also took on submissives that other masters requested Him to train, as well as unattached and uncollared submissives who learned of Him and requested training. In addition he worked with switches, people who liked to switch roles between dominant and submissive, as well as training submissives who wished to make the cross-over to becoming dominants, women like Mistress Catherine, and Number One herself.

"I found myself still wondering why she was telling me all of this instead of my Master. I should have realized it then, but didn't, that her speaking for Him was a part of her training to eventually become a mistress. It also meant that she was someone who Master absolutely trusted. And later I learned that only someone with His complete trust ever became a number one. A number one was in charge of the other submissives, His personal submissives and the ones He trained, that she was in charge of the household, the finances, and conducting His affairs when he was out of town. And most importantly a number one was a mother figure to the other submissives, someone who had the potential to be loving and kind, strict and stern, and be able to offer wisdom and guidance."

Kitty cracked a slight smile. "Of course none of this was in my mind as she talked. I wasn't really listening as closely as I should have been. I was hearing the things she was saying, but not listening to them. I was still very fascinated by the fact that she was allowed to speak for Him. The amount of control and trust that my Master had over this other woman. There was something about it,

about being that in control of another human being that made me feel hot. I am sure I opened and closed my legs a couple of more times, the way I had once Sister Scarlett had come with the tea. And of course it was noticed, and I think because I kept doing it there reached the point that Number One was no longer willing to ignore it or pass it off."

Of course Heather found herself agreeing to the way Kitty must have felt back then. To know that she could and would be controlled that way, to know that he could control others that way. It was hot. It was *so fucking hot*.

"Are you having a problem with your legs, Kitty?, Number One asked.

"I jerked, jumping a little, knowing that I had been caught having naughty thoughts. There was something in her voice that left no doubt in my mind that she knew what I was thinking about. I think I must have felt like the proverbial teenage boy who just had his mother walk in on him while he was jacking off."

And out of the blue Heather found herself flashed back to a snippet of the dream she had had on the night of the Fourth of July. She was on her knees, bound and gagged, as the not quite Crimson Executioner stood over her, jacking his cock inches from her face.

You want a better gag, cunt?

"No, Ma'am, I replied

"Number One kind of smiled and sat her tea cup on its saucer and then sat it on the coffee table. She leaned back on the sofa, turning toward me a little more. The one thing you need to learn really fast here, girl, she began, is that there is no lie, no story, that you can tell me, that one has either not heard, said, or tried in her time. She picked up her cigarette pack and got another one out and lit it. This girl is 44 years old, Kitty. One has been in the lifestyle for 17 years, nine of those years this girl has been Master Chambers' submissive, for the past four she has served *Him* as *His* number one. So understand, if you lie to me after the first couple of weeks, you will learn what it's like to be chewed up like a dirty little cunt by this old girl, and spat back out like yesterday's garbage.

"Do you understand?

"I nodded. I think I was somewhere between wanting to cower and cry, cream my panties, and throwing myself at her feet and begging her to do whatever she wanted to do to me.

"With Mistress Catherine there had been a lot of sexual play, and with the other female submissives Master Ryan had had me cater to there had been sex play and acting like a servant, but I had never really, *seriously*, been dominated

by a woman before. And at that moment I was more than ready to give it a try, as long as Master Chambers was there to watch and guide me.

"If one asked you to remove your panties right now they would be moist, if not sopping wet, would they not?

"I lowered my eyes and my tone when I answered. Yes, Ma'am, they would be.

"As I looked back up I saw Sister Scarlett looking across to me from the loveseat with, what I already realized, a smug little look on her face. Unfortunately for her Number One saw it as well.

"Scarlett, wipe that smirk off your face before you get sent to bed with no dinner.

"The other girl lowered her eyes. Her lip quivered slightly, and even then I could tell that it was just for show. She was intentionally being a bad girl. It seemed to contradict the control that both my Master and Number One were trying to exert over her. I failed to understand why they would allow her to act in such a way, even subversively."

Kitty stopped and laughed. "No pun intended."

Heather smiled. *Subversively. Yes, she got that*.

"You enjoy sexual intercourse, Kitty?

"I lowered my eyes again before answering. I felt small and ashamed, but in a way being made to feel like that, put on the spot, was sexually exciting, because Master was watching and not saying anything.

"Yes, Ma'am.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of, Number One said. Sexuality is very enjoyable. One enjoys sex a great deal herself. She glanced to Sister Scarlett. She enjoys sex a great deal. Master enjoys sex. But there is a time and a place for everything.

"One understands, from our Master, that you have been sexually enjoyed by a great many men. So many in fact, that you are unsure of exactly how many.

"Now I really began to sweat under Number One's scrutiny. I had only assumed I was feeling small and ashamed a few moments before. Now I had hit rock bottom in that feeling.

"Scarlett snickered from her spot on the loveseat.

"Number One turned on the other woman quickly. That's enough out of you. Apologize to your sister.

“The redhead swallowed, turning those sparkling and mischievous green eyes on me. One is sorry, Sister Kitty. A girl has never met such an incredible slut before.

“And again, I was shocked. I couldn’t believe she would speak to anyone that way, especially in front of her Master. I was angry, and yet, I had been trained, at least well enough by Master Elias, to remain composed and a lady to the end. Instead of saying nothing I spoke up. This girl apologizes to you, Sister Scarlett, for being such an incredible slut, and for not being able to keep her urges under control, or her thoughts. I looked to Master Chambers and added, Master, this girl is sorry for not being in control of herself.

“I think both Sister Scarlett and Number One were just as shocked as I was when He said, Apology accepted, Kitty.

“Number One got over her shock quickly and turned her attention back to the other girl. One has had enough of your outburst and being snide for one day. You will be going to bed without dinner tonight.

“As *you* wish, Sister Scarlett spat back, her tone full of contempt for the other woman.

“Go to your room for the rest of the night, Master Chambers told her. Go to your room and shut the door. No lights. No television or radio. And you may only come out if you need to use the toilet.

“The other woman got to her feet, her face already flushed and red. “But, Master-

“Go to your room!, He told her. Right now!

Sister Scarlett lowered her head, but not before she began to shed a couple of forced and well staged tears. “By your command, Master, she said. She curtsied, and then began to step backwards out of the room.”

“I don’t understand,” Heather broke in. “If she was a submissive why did she act the way she did? I’m not sure I understand this whole bratty sub thing.”

“Well, one part of it was that it was part of her personality. It appeals to a lot of masters to have submissives they have to work hard to dominate and control, even to Master Chambers in her case.” She paused and took a sip of lemonade. “She was a stereotypical, willful and stubborn, redhead and she knew it. She was also well aware of what Master and Number One’s limits were. Sometimes a girl like that will push a dominant. They want to be punished.”

“On purpose?”

Kitty laughed. "Of course. All submissives want to be punished, for some reason or another, unique to each submissive. I love to be punished. Sometimes it's a big part of the thrill. There isn't a submissive who doesn't at one time or another push a Dominant to punish them because they enjoy it. I've done it. Sister Scarlett excelled at it. Even Number One, who was studying to become a mistress, did things on purpose from time to time so that Master would punish her.

"There is a saying among submissives, that punishment is its own reward."

Kitty stopped and smiled. "The trick is not to get caught at it. Because if you are, then you're denied the particular *'punishment'* you're craving, and that is the real punishment."

"Okay," Heather said. "I think I understand." She understood that there was *'punishment'*, and there was *punishment*.

"As time went on Number One explained their relationship dynamic, as it was prior to my arrival in Master's house," Kitty continued. "Scarlett had been with them for six years. The first two there had been another number one, but once she left Dinah had taken over the role because she had been with Master for so long. Once the previous number one had left, with the exception of girls he had taken on to train for others from time to time, it had just been the three of them in the house."

She took another sip of her lemonade. "So when I came into the picture, from the moment that I was first mentioned, I became a threat to her. Scarlett knew that Dinah would eventually be leaving Master Chambers' service because she wanted to become a mistress. Prior to my arrival to the house she had lived, secure in the knowledge that she would be His next number one.

"But I changed all of that. She had to have known He felt I was special. In Master's house no secrets were kept, so she no doubt knew it was unusual for Him to take a real interest in a submissive who was not in the Savannah area. He had never seriously taken on a submissive who was very far from where He lived, nor had He ever bought a submissive the way that he had bought me from Master Ryan."

Kitty paused and smiled to Heather. "Once again I was the one who was different."

"Deep down Sister Scarlett was a good person. But unfortunately she was threatened by me, and I brought out the worst in her. From day one in Master's house she was determined to make my life miserable and chase me off."

"You do understand that submission is a gift, do you not, Kitty?, Number One asked, once Sister Scarlett had retreated upstairs and things had calmed down a little bit.

"Yes, Ma'am, I replied. A girl's first master taught her that submission was a gift the first time she went to him and gave herself to be used.

"And at that time you were only 19 years old, is that correct?

"I nodded. Yes, Ma'am.

"Master Elias Thurmond, yes?

"Yes, Ma'am, Master Elias was this girl's first master.

"I think that I was amazed at Number One's ability to recall information that Master Chambers must have given her about me on her own, and with no guidance from Him. Later on I would learn that a number one had to be perfectly suited to be a matriarch over His other submissives. She was expected to be somewhat of a walking encyclopedia and oral historian."

Heather smiled broadly at Kitty as she looked to her from across the coffee table. "I can see that," she said. "You became a number one. You mentioned it the other day."

The older woman smiled, her cheeks turning slightly red. "Yes, I did become a number one, and a fully fledged submissive in my Master's eyes all in the same night. But let me tell you more of how it started first."

"Okay." Heather was still smiling. *Yes, Kitty had been Number One, and it was evidently still a source of great pride for her*.

"Did you have sexual relations with Master Elias the first time you gave yourself to him?

"Yes, Ma'am

"Did he rape you, the first time?

"I was completely shocked by the question. No, Ma'am, Master Elias would have nev-

"She put up a hand to silence me. Yes, ma'am or no, ma'am will suffice, Kitty. Unless one ask a question that elicits a detailed response.

"Yes, Ma'am, one understands.

"Did he coerce you in to having intercourse with him?

“Once again I found myself faced with a word I did not understand. One is sorry, Number One, but this girl does not know what *coerce* means?”

“It means, did he trick you?, she replied, her tone sympathetic and understanding. Did he pressure you in having sex?

“No, Ma’am.

“You fully and willingly gave yourself to him then?

“Yes, Ma’am.

“Why?

“I remember that I kind of gave a shrug. I think it was the first time I moved since I had been caught opening and closing my legs. A girl wanted to. She was a virgin and wanted to give herself to him. She wished to be his fully.

“Number One shifted beside me on the sofa. You were still an adolescent who did not understand what she was getting herself into, or what it truly meant. Do you feel that you were ever fully his?

“I thought for a minute. Then I shook my head and answered. No, Ma’am, this girl feels that she was never fully his.

“And why is that?, Number One asked.

“Because there was so much that he did not show a girl. Part of it was because she lived with her family and could only see him from time to time and serve him. One has never really spent a lot of private time with either of her former masters. With Master Elias it was a girl’s family situation, and with Master Ryan it was due to his marriage. But the other reason this girl feels that she was never fully Master Elias’s submissive was because he never gave her a collar, or even told her what a collar was.

“I may have been wearing my desire more fully in the open with that statement than when I had been squirming and opening and closing my legs a few minutes earlier.

“Number One paused and lit another cigarette. She took a drag and placed it in the ashtray on the table. Then she put a finger to her lips, a gesture I would learn that she often made when thinking or considering something. Then she looked over to our Master. She has wisdom, she said.

“And she knows what to do, often without having to be told or directed, Master added.

Heather smiled to herself a little. For some reason she realized the exchange between J.J. Chambers and Number One was similar a line in an old Doors song *‘Love Street’*. She had no idea of why she would remember that or think of it at

that moment, but it would be something that would come to her mind again sometime later in her life. It had been so long since she had listened to The Doors, not since before Terry had been born.

"Our Master has told me that you can distinguish the difference between normal sexuality, sexual submission and serving. But He feels that you have a hard time wanting to keep the three separate. Do you think this is because you have never fully, truly, belonged to a master before?

"Yes, Ma'am, one believes so. Yes, Ma'am.

"And I knew already that I belonged. I was owned. My Master had bought me for $100,000."

Property Of J.J. Chambers, Heather found herself thinking, and she squirmed a little in the recliner.

"I knew, even if it meant I wouldn't know or learn the full meaning in a night, or a couple of months, or even ten years, that I was going to learn and know what it meant to belong to a master fully.

"Are you prepared to learn how to fully separate those things, Kitty? Are you willing to learn, and become, a *complete submissive*, not *completely submissive*, but rather a whole, body and soul, submissive girl?

"Yes, Ma'am.

"Have you come here on this day, of your own free will, to become the submissive of Master James Jonathan Chambers II?

"Yes, Ma'am, a girl has come freely.

"And that was true," Kitty said. "He had bought me from Master Ryan that morning, but everything I had done I had done freely. Packing my things and getting into His car, and the long ride to Savannah, even though I became emotional and scared a couple of times, I was there, following Him, because I wanted to be."

The emotion and passion in her voice was enough to make Heather aware that she had just entered a higher state of arousal. *Why the fuck do all these things she tells me make me so horny, even when she isn't telling me sexual stuff?,* she wanted to know. Just listening to her was making her get so fucking hot.

"This girl has come of her own free will, I said. Something within me wanted her to know that I was serious, that even though I was still not formally educated or had not learned more from Master Ryan, that I knew fully what I

was getting into, that I had come to understand so much more than when I had first started my training with Master Elias.

"Don't tell this one, Kitty, Number One said to me. Tell *your* Master.

"Without thinking, without worrying if it was proper, or the right thing to do, I got off the sofa and threw myself at His feet in the space between the sofa He was sitting on and the coffee table.

"This girl comes to you of her own free will, Master, so that you may train her how to be a complete and proper submissive. She begs you take pity on her for she is only an ignorant servant girl, and she has never been trained properly by a master as strong and wise as You. One accepts Your teaching and wisdom and ownership, just please, please let her be *Your* submissive.

"It all came out, perfect, unbroken, as if it were the most natural thing for me to say.

"What are you?, He asked.

"One is a servant girl. One wishes to be Your servant girl, Sir.

"We had said nearly the same thing to each other on the night that He had first used me.

"Then let it be so, He said.

"I can't tell you how much joy I felt at that moment, Heather, the utter elation. It was the high point of the day, and it would be followed by more lows and the depths of despair before I closed my eyes and slept that night, but in that one moment no words can describe the happiness which filled my heart.

"I was kneeling, and rocking on my knees, my hands clasped together in front of me. And I cried tears of joy unlike any I had ever shed before. I was ultra-aware of my lips quivering and my chest heaving. Thank you, Master, I cried. *Thank you, thank you.*

"He reached forward and stroked my hair and then my cheek.

"Let us have our dinner, Master said after a moment. There is still much to do before bedtime."

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As she sat and listened to Kitty tell the story of her first day in the household of Master Chambers Heather found that she envied the self-control that the older woman had learned. Passion and heat seemed to radiate through the woman's tale in just her words. Heather was sure that her own self-control would last just

as long as it had a few days before. She knew once the other woman was out the door and down the street she would be straight to the bedroom and playing with herself again.

Kitty talked about dinner. It was a small feast which Sister Scarlett had made, but was not allowed to partake in. Large meals were something that she was unaccustomed to, just as with the hot tea. "My family would only eat so well on Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter," she said.

Immediately after dinner she called her mother, and they spoke for several minutes as she told her about her *"job"*, and the big house that she worked in. "Looking back it surprises me that she believed I was telling her the truth," she revealed. "I had never been very good as a maid or housekeeper as my mother or sisters had been. I think she should have known it was all wrong because I told her how happy I was going to be as a servant in the Chambers' household, and I had never been happy in that way about a job unless I had been working at a lunch counter."

Next she had made a second call, this one to Sister Fiona. "She sounded weak and far away as we introduced ourselves to one another, and I was certain, even though it had yet to be said, that this woman had been very sick. But still she sounded excited, happy to hear from me. And looking back on that I think that she knew that Master Chambers had found someone who could truly and fully return His love in all the ways she must have always wanted to and never could.

"When we had finished Number One told me to come with her and our Master.

"It's time to begin, Kitty."

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The heat that Heather had been feeling was only a prelude to what she would feel as Kitty finished telling her of what happened right after dinner and the phone calls.

"Number One stripped me," Kitty said. "She removed all of my clothes. Then she removed all of her clothes as well. I had never seen a woman her age naked before, or been naked in front of woman who was that much older than me before. Underneath the turtleneck of her shirt she wore her collar. It was thicker than Sister Scarlett's, shiny black leather, with five diamond shaped

turquoise stones mounted into it. And I remember her breasts; they seemed elongated like the rest of her features, fat round torpedoes capped with big pink nipples which pointed straight to the ground.

"She sat me in a chair and made me open my legs so she could shave me. I have always been a clean shaven good girl, who shaved every morning, but despite this fact she did it again. It was part of my initiation into my Master's house.

"He stood and watched, arms folded. I knew He had great restraint, but I don't think I truly realized how much restraint He had until right then. And ironically it began to make me a little hot."

Heather was sure it had.

"When she had finished Number One guided me through the house, Master following behind us, to a tiny courtyard at the back of the house. It was getting a little dusky, but even if it had been daylight no one would have been able to see us from the neighboring houses. The courtyard was surrounded by a tall brick wall, which in turn was surrounded by huge live oak trees with Spanish moss hanging off the branches.

"There was an ornate fountain in the middle of the courtyard, and Number One directed me to step into the water of the outer pool which surrounded it."

Kitty stopped, smiling and laughing. "You know the water was freezing. It was February and I was naked, and it was getting dark, and I was made to stand in a pool of water that came nearly up to my knees. It goes without saying my nipples were hard."

Heather laughed. Kitty always seemed to know when just the right moment was to throw in something to break the tension. Even when it was about something that she had come to understand that she took very seriously.

"Number One stepped into the water with me. Somewhere along the way out she had picked up an ornate white cistern which she knelt down and began to fill with water from the pool.

"Kitty McClain, you have come to Me of your own free will, Master said. You have come here to learn the true meaning of, and to explore, the gift of your submission. So as you give yourself to Me, do I take thee in turn, to train and to do with you as I will. Others have taught you in the past. You will remember their teachings, but here and now you shall start all over again, brand new, as if for the first time. I declare you to be a clean slate, and take you on in the capacity of novice submissive.

"And right at the moment He finished Number One poured the cistern of water over my head. I wanted to shiver and shriek and laugh, it was so cold, but I knew that I couldn't. It would have gone against everything I wanted to become to have cried out or shown I was uncomfortable.

"They took me back inside, where Number One dried me with a towel. She dried my hair and brushed it out.

"Then Master came with a thin collar that he placed around my neck. My first collar, the collar of a novice in my Master's house. It was only as wide as my little finger, and it was pink, with a little bell on it. It was modeled after a cat's collar. Master had had it made especially for me," she related with a broad smile on her face.

"You will learn to control your sexual urges, Number One told me, and learn to conduct yourself as a novice in our Master's house.

"You will engage in no sexual activity, including masturbation, without being in our Master's presence, or without His permission.

"You will not be unsupervised with members of the opposite sex, without our Master's permission.

"You will not wear your hair up when you are in a public place, with or without your collar. Your neck is only to be seen by our Master and may not be seen bare by anyone else without our Master's permission.

"In public and private you will only wear clothing chosen for you by our Master. You will dress each day in clothing set out for you either by our Master or His currently serving Number One.

"You will sleep naked, and you shall not be allowed to wear clothing after eight o'clock at night, unless you are in public or we have guest, or unless you have our Master's permission.

"You will wear your collar at all times when you are under our Master's roof, except for when you bathe. You may only reveal your collar outside the house and in public places if you have our Master's permission, or if He has asked you to do so.

"She went on and on," Kitty said. "It was an infinity and litany of rules that she quoted from memory, and in order. I know this because I too would make the same recitation many times, to dozens of submissives after I became His Number One. Rules of how to present oneself and how to sit and stand. How to enter and exit a room. How to act in the presence of submissives who served or were owned by other dominants.

“After she finished I was escorted through the house. Through the working part of the kitchen and the laundry rooms. There was a library and a drawing room. I was shown the play room, which Master had set up in a huge room on the second floor, a room filled with things which I had only dreamed or heard of, but had never seen.

“Master and Number One guided me to a beautiful bedroom on the second floor. It had a huge bed with a post in each corner, a submissive’s dream bed. There was also a desk, a table, an opulent dressing table and a loveseat with its back to a window that looked out onto the small courtyard. There was a television set and a radio sitting on the chest of drawers that faced the foot of the bed. It was bigger than the living room in the apartment above Master Ryan’s office.

“I couldn’t contain my excitement as I was allowed to explore the room, opening a closet that was as big as any closets I had ever had combined.

“Is this room for this girl?, I asked.

“Not yet, Number One said. But you may have a room like this someday, once you have completed your novice training.

“Come, now that you have seen what you will be given once you have attained the next level, it is time for you to see the room you will stay until then.

“I was lead back into the hallway, a few bedrooms down from the one they had shown me. We stopped in front of a door which looked as if it were to a linen closet, a simple, thin panel of a door, with nothing but a handle screwed into it. On the door a single word had been stenciled in black letters. The word novice.

“Number One opened the door, and indeed the space within could have once been a storage closet of some kind. The space was a little smaller than the bathroom in the apartment over Master Ryan’s office. Inside was a twin bed and a small stool with a candle on it.

“This is where you shall sleep until you become a common submissive, Number One told me. Here you shall learn to commune with yourself and learn humility and how to become a humble girl.

“Looking into the small space, my heart sank slightly. There was barely enough room to go in and turn around in without kneeling on the mattress inside.

“You may keep the door open if you wish, unless you are told you must close it. You will find this room cool in the summer and warm in the winter.

“I’m sure I was swallowing my spit as I considered what options I had, and of course they were few. One I could resign myself to the life of a novice with the grace of a lady, or two I could admit defeat right at the beginning and petition Master Chambers to release me.

“I hadn’t come so far not to learn to become a true submissive, *His* submissive.

“Somehow I found the courage to look at Him and speak.

“Master? I asked. Is this truly to be this girl’s room, Sir?

“Yes, Kitty, He replied. Yes, this will be your room as long as you are a novice in My house.

“I lowered myself slightly, not attempting the well practiced curtsey of Sister Scarlett, but still trying to show my willingness to submit to whatever He wanted.

“As you wish, Sir.”

-12-

“Later on, as I lay naked in the strange bed in the tiny room I began to question the sanity of my decision. I was to realize that my little novice bedroom was between my Master’s room and Sister Scarlett’s bedroom. I could hear Scarlett turning on her bed on the other side of the wall, the one between us was the thinnest, perhaps a quarter of an inch thick if that. Through the other wall I could tell that Master and Number One were talking, but the wall on that side was thick enough that it was only a muffled murmur.

“At first I was fine, content to be in the little room Master had told me was mine. Listening to the sounds on the other side of the wall was comforting for the first hour or so.

“Then Master and Number One began to have sex. The sound was no longer a little murmur. She was a loud moaner and screamer, and she yelled out how much she loved being fucked by Him, and how much she loved His cock, and she would always be His good girl.

“I remember lying there, feeling dejected, angry and disgusted. I was jealous. More jealous than I had been of Scarlett earlier in the afternoon. I had never shared Him with another woman. Never shared a master I cared about with anyone. I knew, even though I hadn’t been trained yet, that I should be happy for Him, being able to enjoy himself using another, another who

happened to be my superior in his house, but I could not help but feel jealous. And hurt.

"And then Scarlett got started. She scraped her fingernails across the other side of the wall.

"Kitty. Kitty, Kitty, I could hear her. She spoke just loud enough for me to hear her, but low enough that Master and Number One would not hear her over the sound of their coupling.

"I know you can hear them, Kitty, *Sister* Kitty.

"I drew a ragged breath as I listened to her scrape her nails across the wall again. Then the tears came. I had cried so many tears that day, for so many reasons.

"Master is fucking Dinah, Kitty, Sister Kitty. She's getting all that cock, *all His cock*, just for her.

"I know you want it, Kitty, Kitty, Sister Kitty. You incredible slut.

"I was blubbering to myself, doing my best not to cry loud enough for her to hear me on the other side of the wall. She scraped her fingernails back and forth.

"Meow. Kitty. Kitty, Kitty, Kitty. Meow. Kitty, Sister Kitty.

"Fuckin' slut.

"I found myself wondering if I would make it through the first week without saying goldfish.

-13-

"I was subjected to Scarlett's abuse almost every night that I was a novice," Kitty said. "She always talked to me and taunted me through the wall, and it was always the worst on the nights that Master had someone with Him, especially if it was Number One."

"Didn't you ever tell them what was happening?" Heather asked. This was the different kind of torture the other woman had alluded to earlier in her narrative.

"No, never," she replied. "It would have been improper to have done so. I felt that even in the beginning. It would have shown me in a bad light as a novice submissive, and it would have given the other girl what she wanted the most, the ability to break me, and perhaps the reward of punishment for being willfully bad."

“Why?” Heather wanted to know. “Why did you do it, Kitty? How did you put up with being treated so badly by her?”

“Because I think I knew,” Kitty replied. “I knew that, in the end things would turn out the way they did. I had to stay, no matter what. All of the other men who I had called master in the past had either abandoned me or cared little for me except as a sexual object. J.J. was different. From that very first time I knew He cared. I knew He cared more and more after each visit.

“I knew He cared from those things, but I knew He loved me, loved me like no one had ever loved me before, the day He bought me. And because of that I knew I was meant to be His, and that I would always belong *to Him*, heart, body and soul, no matter what.

“Through it all I always reminded myself that no matter what happened I could never leave Master Chambers. Because if I were to do so I knew it would mean walking out on the greatest love that I could ever know.”

In all her life, Heather realized, she had never heard anyone so devoted to another person. She felt that the greatest love Kitty thought she could ever know was perhaps the greatest love she had ever heard of.

And now there was a part of her that she found was a little envious too.

-14-

The next time they went outside on the steps to smoke a cigarette Heather decided to ask the question that earlier she realized she should have asked days ago. “Kitty, when did Master Chambers pass away?”

Kitty flicked the ashes off her cigarette and gave a slight shrug, twisting her neck a little. “Master died on the fifth day of May in 1989,” she replied. “He was 60 years old, and I had been His submissive for a little over 18 years.”

“If you would rather not talk about it-,” Heather began to say.

“No, it’s really fine, Heather,” the older woman cut her off.

At least it didn’t seem to bother her as much as the loss of Sister Fiona, and she explained why as she went on.

“My grief over my Master was something I was able to share,” she said. “He was gone, and He had been the reason I had hid my sadness over Fiona’s death until today. I miss Him, grieve for my own loss from time to time, and I always will, but I learned from Him how not to let things beyond my control dominate my life, because as a submissive I had given myself to be dominated,

as a gift, which in actuality is something a submissive can control." Kitty paused and smiled. "Life and death and nature are things no one can control, but it does not mean a person should let them control how they live or how they feel.

"With the exception of my father, until the day He died, Master had always stood with me to face death. In the 18 years we were together he was with me together through the death of Sister Fiona, my mother, my sister Beth and brother Carl, and many friends from the BDSM community that I met through Him."

"How did it happen, Kitty?" Heather asked.

"It was an accident," the older woman revealed. "A terrible accident." She dropped her cigarette butt down at her feet and ground it out. Then she took another out of the pack and lit it. "Master had had a showing of His photos at a small gallery in Jacksonville, not too far from home. When the showings were local He usually left His submissives at home. He would take a girl with Him to some showings if He were going to be gone a few days, and He would take me to the openings for his showings at the major galleries, in the bigger cities, and overseas. But since that particular opening was nearby and at a small gallery He had gone on His own.

"He made it almost all the way back home. It was just starting to get dark when it happened. As He was crossing through an intersection a truck ran through the red light and struck Master's car on the driver's side."

Heather frowned to herself as she listened to the other woman, hoping that this was something she truly had come to terms with if she was going to tell her about it.

"There was very little time left when Elaine and I reached the hospital. I was taken right to see Him, I told the doctors and nurses I was his wife, which was a lie, but He had drawn up power of attorney for me through Master Ryan-" She stopped and shook her head. "That doesn't really matter. They took me to where He was in the emergency ward, waiting to be taken into surgery.

"It was a shock to see Him. My Master was always a strong and vibrant man, physically and mentally. Nothing slowed Him down. He stayed in shape and fit, despite His age." She paused and let out a little laugh. "He could still give me a good and satisfying pounding. He never lost a beat in that respect in 18 years."

Heather found herself laughing. The other woman was doing it again, making a little joke to lighten the atmosphere, even though the subject was no doubt still a serious and painful one to her.

"He was in bed, of course, hooked to wires and IV's. His face was badly bruised and cut. His right eye was puffy and swollen shut. I had never seen Him so weak.

"I think He immediately sensed that I was there, because as soon as I stopped and stood over Him He opened His good eye. I reached down and stroked my fingers over the back of His hand.

"Kitty, He breathed. His voice was distant and hoarse, really weak. Number One, you're here.

"Yes, Master. One is here, Master.

"There was a nurse who must have walked in right behind me, coming around the bed as I spoke to him. I looked up long enough to see a curious look on her face because of what I had just said, but I didn't care whether this stranger was hearing me call Him my Master or not, ignoring the rule he had given me that first day he owned me and we had stopped at that bank of phone booths.

"-beautiful, He gasped.

"Master, please don't try to speak right now.

"The nurse gave me a parting look as she checked the last IV or readout she had come to see and quickly made her way back out.

"One must, He breathed. This is the end -umber One.

"I shook my head. No. No, Sir. *You cannot die*.

"All things die, Number One. He turned His head slightly, coughing weakly. This you know.

"I could feel the slight sting of tears building behind my eyes. And before they blurred my vision I saw tears begin to spill from His open eye. When Sister Fiona's time had come I had been ready, prepared despite my age to face death. And I had accepted it was time when my mother had grown sick and we had gone to keep a vigil with her. But with him it was so sudden, almost like losing my father all over again. I was unprepared, and nowhere close to ready to give Him up.

"Master, no. My voice was small and weak, perhaps the most pitiful sound I had ever heard come out of my own mouth.

"He moved His hand under mine, just enough for me to feel it and to know He was doing it on His own. Please, let go, He whispered.

"*No*. No, Master. I knew what He was about to do, about to say, and it made me angry with Him at the same time I was upset and scared for Him. Even if it came to death I was not going to give Him up. I wasn't going to let Him tell me. The tears came out of me, my anger hot on their heels. You listen to me, Master. In all the years I have been Yours, I've never said goldfish. Not once. *Not once. Never*. I told you I never would and this girl never has, so You can't say it. You can't say You release me. *You can't say it. You can't say it. Please don't say it, Master, please. Please don't let those be Your last words to me. Please don't say it, Master*.

"His face twisted a little, as if He were in pain, or as if He were about to say something. As soon as it passed He maneuvered His hand just enough to slip it behind mine and clasp it. I love you, Kitty. You are, and always have been the one, My one.

"And You have always been my One, Master. I love you. *I love you*.

"Number One. He coughed again, and once again it was a weak cough. I have always loved you as I have no other. I love you, Kitty, *My Kitty*.

"My Master, I breathed. No.

"Always be well, He whispered.

"NO!

"His head sank a little into the pillow, and He let out a sigh. His hand relaxed and slipped away from mine. And it was over.

"No, *Master, don't go*.

"I was only half aware that there were alarms going off, and voices from somewhere behind me as the hospital staff realized that He had gone. I was, for at least a short time, lost.

"And I was screaming, I love You, Master. Please don't go. J.J.- Master Chambers. I love you. James, I love you.

"It really hit me then. It really sank in that now He was gone, and there was no coming back for Him. And I hurt in ways that I never knew a person could hurt, ways that I had only come close to feeling one time before, after my father died. I went to my knees and then lowered myself down in the position of a good girl, even though I knew He would not be coming for me. Doctors and nurses came in to try and revive Him long enough to get Him to the operating

room. Elaine came in and knelt beside me, she put her hands on my shoulders and tried to talk to me, to try and make me leave.

"I couldn't hear anything she said. I couldn't hear the doctors and nurses, and all their machines. I couldn't hear any of those things, because I didn't want to hear any of those things. All I wanted to do, for the next hour, until they had stopped trying to help Him, and after they took Him away, all the way up until the chief of staff came to the room and suggested I go to the chapel, was to stay on my knees with my cheek against the floor in that spot like a good girl, listening for the sound of her Master's voice."

-15-

As she finished Kitty had spilled fresh tears for the loss of Master Chambers, and Heather had cried as well, she was still, as she had been for the past few hours, connected to the other woman's emotional ups and downs. A few cigarettes later they were back inside, sipping lemonade, Kitty relating a more happy experience from her time with Master Chambers, her journey back into rope bondage as a novice submissive in his house.

After a while Heather skirted on the subject of his death once more. "Things got better for you."

"Once I had dealt with my grief," Kitty said. "Master Chambers had given me a generous allowance, most of which remained in the bank until the time of His death. He left enough money to each of his standing submissives so that none of them, including myself, would be out on the street if anything ever happened to Him. The house was left to His sister, who lived in New York. Other than the money I was entitled to all my possessions, and the contents of his playroom. I sold most of those things to others in the BDSM community. And then I moved to St. Augustine, where I took a part-time job as a waitress, and became somewhat of a beach bunny. It's true I could have done that in Savannah, but I felt it best to move somewhere new. I felt Master would have wanted it that way."

St. Augustine, Heather knew, was where Kitty had lived up until the time that she had moved down the street four years earlier. She felt certain that she knew where her story went from there. "So, you became a beach bunny, and eventually found a new master."

"What?" Kitty asked.

Heather was surprised when she said that. “I mean you met Earl and he became your master.”

Kitty threw her head back and let out a little laugh. It was the same, polite and reserved, little Georgia peachy laugh she had used on the Fourth of July. “Oh, Heather. You’re making assumptions about those involved in the lifestyle again.” Her tone was amused and understanding as always.

Oh, Heather, you’re so vanilla.

“Earl isn’t your master?”

Kitty shook her head. “No, Heather. Earl isn’t a master. He’s a submissive.”

CHAPTER SIX:
There's No Turning Back Now

-1-

Kitty had explained her relationship with Earl Graves before she had to leave to get the house and dinner ready for when he got home. They had met at a lifestyle retreat that was being hosted in St. Augustine, and at that time they had learned that they both had a lot in common as submissives. It had been three years after the death of Master Chambers, and two years after Earl's second marriage had failed.

Earl, Kitty revealed, was someone who liked to be cuckolded, though Heather had no idea what the term meant. He had just discovered the lifestyle the year before they met, and Kitty suggested it was his lack of understanding of himself and his desires which had lead to the downfall of every *'normal'* relationship he had had with a woman, despite the fact that he was willing to do anything to please them.

"We developed a fast friendship, and were soon talking to each other on the phone and meeting places, going to dinner and the movies, shopping, since we were both local to St. Augustine," Kitty said. "I knew I had the tools to guide him to a better understanding of the lifestyle, and of himself, and Earl was more than willing to listen and learn.

"Then, after a few months, one thing kind of lead to another, and we started to fall in love."

The older woman admitted it was something that she had totally never expected, or even thought of, *falling in love with a male submissive and him falling just as much in love with me.* "So instead of resisting and sticking with what I knew worked for sure, I decided to go for it."

"And it can really work that way?" Heather asked. Already, with just what she had learned over the course of the past few days, it didn't seem like it should work. She guessed that Kitty's experience as Master Chambers' number one must have been a factor in it; otherwise neither of their desires to be dominated would be being met. "Do *you*, dominate him?"

"Oh, no," Kitty laughed. "I could never dominate another person. I controlled Master's house, and occasionally had to punish the other girls under me, but I never had any of them serve me."

"Then-?" Heather didn't know how to go on. She wasn't sure that she should go on. After all, Kitty telling her about her past life as a submissive felt like one thing, but her prying into her current personal life with Earl felt to her like maybe she was crossing the line, and she wouldn't blame the other woman if she told her it was none of her business.

Yet, she still wanted to know.

"We find masters to serve from time to time," Kitty answered. "Sometimes we will serve someone for a while, and other times just to play a scene."

Masters, Heather realized. *Not masters and mistresses*.

"Is he-?" And once again she felt she couldn't finish what she was about to ask.

"Bisexual?"

Heather gave a nod.

"No, Earl isn't bisexual per se," Kitty replied, "but he likes to be sexually dominated by other men."

Heather tried to let it all sink in. She found it hard to picture Earl Graves doing anything with another man, especially considering the fact that over the past few days that she had been casting him in the role of Kitty's current *"Master"*.

Kitty must have realized she was struggling, because she asked, "You really don't know what cuckolding is, do you?"

Heather shook her head; sure she had a dumbfounded look on her face. "Well, no."

Kitty looked at her watch and then took her last sip of lemonade. "Okay, I'll tell you what, since it's time for me to go. You research it, since you haven't had a chance to read any of *Another Kind Of Loving* yet, and we'll talk about it when I come over tomorrow. And please take some time to read the book. Like

I said it will give you a better understanding of the lifestyle and the people involved in it."

"Okay," Heather promised. "I'll do that."

And in saying it she had the best intentions. Before Kitty came back the next day she would find out what cuckolding meant. However it would be quite a while before she picked up the book to read it. There would always be other things which seemed to provide a continual distraction from opening up the book and learning of the wisdom that Kitty promised was inside of it.

-2-

The first distraction, of course, was Heather's desire. Despite the fact that some of the things Kitty had told her about that day were serious and sad, even heartbreaking, the feeling of arousal still persisted in her and with it the need to feel release. The things she had talked about, even when they were about sexual restraint, still lingered in her mind and kept making her feel *so fucking hot*.

When the older woman left Heather had two things on her mind; One being the part of her narrative where she had described Number One shaving her, which also reminded her of her tale of being shaven by Master Elias for the first time, which she, of course, had found *so fucking hot*. The other was the fact that J.J. Chambers had actually bought Kitty, for money, and that, as she had realized earlier, *Property Of J.J. Chambers* had literal meaning and significance to both Master Chambers and Kitty.

For her part Heather found herself wishing that she knew what that felt like. She had actually wondered more and more, in the back of her mind, as the afternoon progressed.

She decided, that there just had to be some way she could try it on for size.

-3-

When she was sure the other woman had reached home Heather found a pair of scissors in the kitchen drawer. Then she had gone to the bathroom, gotten a couple of fresh razors and her shaving gel from under the sink, and undressed.

Heather sat down on the toilet and opened her legs. Then she took the scissors in one hand, and grabbed a small clump of her pubic curls in the other, and began clipping. The scissors made a grinding sound and she could feel it

pull and tug as she snipped away clump after clump of hair and let them drop down into the toilet. Once she had gotten things to what she considered a manageable length, when she could see twice as much skin than she usually saw looking down there with her belly paunch pushed to the side, she decided to switch to the razors.

Even with the shaving cream gel it had actually taken three razors to remove all the hair from her pubic mound. And even with the cream the blades had still pulled a little at the longer hairs. She rose and pushed her stomach up so she could get a look at her clean shaven Mons Venus for the first time. *At least for the first time since she had started to sprout hair down there.* Satisfied, and feeling a little more aroused than she had before, she flushed her hair down the toilet. She felt as slight tingle of guilt and embarrassment as it took three flushes to get rid of nearly all her abandoned pubes.

She then stood as close as she could to the bathroom wall, doing her best to get a good look at her shaved pussy in the mirror. Heather found that she couldn't get a really good look at herself in the mirror above the sink. Still, she felt tingly, her freshly trimmed hedge feeling a little itchy.

Without putting too much thought into it she grabbed a bottle of Bill's aftershave off the counter. She opened it and poured some into her palm, then slapped it between her legs.

"Oooh," she cried. Catching a glimpse of her face in the mirror she could see that she had suddenly had a light come on. "Oooooh! Oooow! Shit! *Fuck it burns*!" she cried, jamming her other hand between her thighs and clamping them together tightly while still managing to hop around in pain as she reached for a towel.

-4-

A few minutes later, after her smooth and cleanly shaved mound stopped burning, Heather lay on the bed, propped up on the pillows, looking at her open and bare pussy in the dresser mirror. She concentrated hard as she took a black marker and began to write on top of her bare Mons, doing her best to use the reflection in the mirror as a guide.

It was sloppy and uneven, but Heather smiled a little to herself, knowing that it was probably the best that she would be able to get it on her own.

So there it finally was, after several days of imagining it. She had shaved her pussy and now she had her husband's name there. Heather wished it was something more permanent, like Kitty's. God, she wished Bill was there to see it.

It really did make her feel so fucking hot.

She got out of bed and sat the marker on the dresser. Then she reached into the back of her panty drawer and got out her silvery dildo. Her little trusty friend in her hand she got back in bed in the position she had been in as she had written and ran her toy between her bare lips. Then she turned it on.

"Oooooh," she crooned to herself as she slipped it inside.

Heather had never done anything like this before, and it wasn't just the shaving of her pussy and the writing on herself. It was also the masturbating with her toy while watching herself in the dresser mirror. She had never done it before, and watching her buzzing toy disappear between her bare lips made her feel hotter.

"Yeah," she gasped as she moved the tip of her dildo up and held it to her clit. "God."

She felt naughty, almost like she was being bad.

You will engage in no sexual activity, including masturbation, without being in our Master's presence, or without his permission.

Oh, what if Bill came home early and found her like that. *What would he do? Get on to her for being bad? Make her stop so he could take over? Or would he whip her ass? Would he spank her the way Kitty had told her a lot of masters liked spanking her?*

He spanked my ass as I knelt on the coffee table. When he was finished his cum had dripped out of me onto the top of the table and he made me lick it clean.

Would he make her suck his cock?

Heather thought she wanted to try. She knew she would be willing to try after dinner and they got in bed.

This idea was just too fucking hot.

Heather took her toy off her clit and rolled over to her stomach. Then she pushed herself up on her knees until her ass was high and ready.

Ready to be spanked.

Ready to be fucked.

She held the dildo up to her mouth and started sucking on it, imaging it was Bill's cock. Having the sweet and musky taste of her own sex in her mouth made her feel even hotter than she already did. It was the first time she had ever tasted herself. It was the first time she had ever tasted pussy period. She pushed her other hand beneath her, down her stomach and smooth and cool feeling pubic mound, reaching until the tips of her fingers could touch her clit.

"Oooh," she gasped.

Heather worked the tips of her index and middle fingers in a fast and furious circle on top of her clit, opening her legs a little more and grinding against her circling fingers as she sucked the dildo until she had to yell out.

"Oooooh!" she cried. "Ohh! Ohhh! Oohhhhh! *God, yes*!"

-5-

By the time that Bill got home Heather's excitement had been curbed slightly by her self-play. A shower afterward had helped to cool her down just a little bit more, and erased what she had written above her bare and open pussy. And she had decided that she wouldn't put it back there just yet because it might be too much more than Bill was ready for.

After dinner and once she had lured him to bed she would realize how much of a wise decision it had been.

-6-

Heather had gotten out of her clothes and under the covers, pulling them up to her nose, while Bill was in the shower. She was shivering with excitement, and the coolness of the sheet against her bare pussy and hard nipples only added to the feeling. Tonight it seemed like he was taking forever, even though she was sure that he was only taking as much time to shower as he usually did.

He finally came out of the bathroom, his hair still wet and a towel wrapped around his waist. He grinned to her as he saw her peeking from beneath the sheet. "What's this?" he asked, his tone telling her he was sure that he knew exactly what was about to happen.

Heather grinned from under the covers. "I have a surprise for you."

"You do?" her husband questioned.

"Yes, *I do*."

It took all of her restraint to keep from blurting out, *I'm gonna suck your cock tonight.*

Bill unwrapped the towel from around his waist. His cock was lying a little against his right thigh, but it was already starting to stir and lengthen as he stood there. "What is it?"

"A surprise."

"What kind of *surprise*?"

"Lay beside me under the covers and you'll find out," Heather offered.

I'm shaved like a good girl.

With a backhanded toss Bill threw the towel into the bathroom. Then he walked along his side of the bed and raised the sheet. Heather was holding it around her, making sure that he had to get beside her first. He slid up beside her and propped himself up on his elbows so he could look over her as nothing but the sheet separated them. "So, where's my surprise?"

Heather loosened her grip and reached across the underside of the sheet and took his hand. She guided it back to her side of the bed as he eased himself back to a laying position. Then she guided his hand further, bringing it between her legs. She bit her bottom lip slightly as a passion induced smile crossed her face the moment that his rough palm came into contact with her smooth and shaven pubic mound.

The reaction her husband gave was not quite the one that Heather had expected. A shit eating grin suddenly crossed his face, and he started to laugh. It wasn't his normal laugh either. It was a loud, side splitting, belly busting laugh. He laughed and he rolled on the bed, removing his hand from between her legs. He laughed and laughed, and Heather almost thought that he wasn't going to stop laughing.

She felt her face flush red, partly from anger and partly from a sudden sense of shame.

Bill calmed himself down a little and turned back toward her. He had been laughing so hard that there were tears in his eyes. "You-," he began to say, and burst out laughing again.

During this sudden round of laughter Heather found herself really fighting to hold back tears.

"What the fuck did you do that for?" Bill laughed once he reigned in his laughter enough to attempt to say anything.

"I-," Heather began, her voice sounded so small. "I thought you might like it."

"Like it," he said, still laughing. "I love it."

He loved it.

Did he?

"You do?" she asked.

"Yeah", Bill said, trying to stop laughing. "I just never thought you would do it."

He was saying he liked it, but part of Heather didn't feel good about it. His laughing was the problem. She knew how her husband laughed after being together for over 15 years. This wasn't his usual, this is funny, or I can't believe you did that laugh. This laugh was meant to ridicule her.

Heather found herself, in that moment, not feeling good about herself at all.

Bill rolled toward her and slipped a hand around her waist. "Come on, I really think it's great." He took a leg and rubbed it over her bare leg. "Really."

"Really?" Heather was still unsure.

"Yes. And it's really funny."

It's really funny.

That was it and that's what it was, at least to Bill. It was all just a big joke to him. Her shaving. The suggestion that he tie her up. Dropping hints about BDSM. It was all a joke, all funny. He didn't get it, and Heather knew, had really known all along, that he would never get it.

Is he Master material?

They had all asked over the past few days: Kitty, Betty, Kristen. Each of them had asked, one way or another, if she thought he had what it would take, to dominate her the way she wanted, if it ever came to her really wanting it. To all of them she had said she was not sure, but she had always known that the short answer was no.

It wasn't something for everyone, Kitty had tried to express that to her the first day they had talked about the lifestyle when she mentioned all the *"vanilla good old boys and rednecks,"* she had tried to get to dominate her after Master Elias had abandoned her. Bill was no good old boy, or redneck, but he wasn't sophisticated either.

As her thoughts had run through her head he had moved over her, placing his body between her legs. She wanted to tell him that that was it. She really didn't want to do anything with him now, not after the way he had laughed at her. Heather never had a chance to say so though. Bill opened her legs a little wider and plunged his hard cock into her.

Heather let out a gasp, the sensation was immediate. His thick curls rubbed against her bare pubic mound as he sank his full length into her. She was aware, more than she ever had been before, of the feel of his balls and the hair on them as they rested against her fully exposed lips. She still wanted to stop him. That was in her mind. But her body wanted to feel more.

"God, baby, that's so hot," Bill said. He was unmoving, his cock fully buried inside of her, his weight pressing down on her.

It was so fucking hot! Heather wanted to scream it was so good. It felt so good to be bare. She was still upset with him, but she just couldn't stop, not now. She squirmed under him, grinding slightly back and forth.

"Yeah," he hissed. "That's so smooth." He slightly repositioned himself between her legs, and then slowly began to pump his cock in and out of her wet pussy.

Heather grabbed the fitted sheet with her hands and bucked her hips up to meet him. Every time he went in his pubic hair tickled against her bare mound, making her more aware of how much on fire she felt and how much she wanted more. Each time he buried his shaft all the way into her she could feel the warmth of his balls against her exposed labia, and it felt so good. Each thrust made her grab the sheet tighter. She was more aware of the way he felt inside her than she had ever been before. It was so great that she didn't want it to stop.

"Give it to me, Billy," she gasped. "I need it harder."

"Yeah, that's my girl." He picked up his pace a little.

My girl, Heather thought.

"You're all smooth down there, just like a little girl." He was going even faster now. "You didn't do this because you think I like younger girls, did you?"

What?

"No," Heather said.

Bill picked up his rhythm even more. "That's good, baby, because I don't like little girls, or anything. I just like you." And he grabbed her waist and held her still as he worked himself into her, quickening his pace.

Shut up, Bill, shut up, Heather's mind screamed. Only he would think that she had shaved herself because she thought he might like young girls. *Why did he have to be so unsophisticated as to wonder things like that?*

And in the midst of this thought and her racing sexual appetite there was a moment of clarity. His mind could be filled if it were empty of the thoughts that were there. He could be guided, to give her what she needed.

"Talk dirty to me, Bill."

"Huh?" He was working his cock into her faster, yet making deeper thrusts.

"Talk dirty to me," she gasped. "Call me *your slutty girl*."

"Slutty girl," he repeated, sounding a little dumbfounded and awkward.

And the fire was fanned. If Heather thought that her body could not have come any more alive she was proven wrong as the words left her husband's lips with a slightly confused tone. She could feel the puckering of her sphincter. She could feel the skin of her areolas tighten and shrivel as her nipples grew harder than they had been a moment ago. There was a tingle in her labia as his balls slammed into them with the completion of the thrust that punctuated his words. She could feel the pulse, a hard, earth shattering beat, just beneath her clitoral hood. She felt the wetness within her as she grew even moister inside her pussy.

He had said it! At least he had said it. And now she wanted more of that too. *She needed it.*

"More," she cried. "More!"

Bill grabbed her waist a little tighter as he worked himself into her faster, trying to give her more speed.

"No, more," she gasped. "Talk more dirty, Bill. Call me *your slut*."

"Slut."

"Call me *a bitch*."

"You bitch," he gasped, his tone changing from a confused one to a slightly rough and taunting one.

"*Ooooh, call me your whore*!"

"*Fucking whore*!" he groaned in her ear. He was thrusting even faster, now at a steady pace and rhythm. He was gasping and groaning with each thrust,

sweat beading on his forehead now.

"Yes. More, Bill, more."

"*Fucking slut*! Uhh! Uhh! *Dirty whore*!"

Heather started to work her hips beneath him once again. He had done it. He was doing it, even if it was just for now. It was so hot. The room felt like a sauna and the sweat was dripping off of his forehead and onto her face. She was aware that she was sweating from her forehead too, as well as beneath her breasts. "More! *Do it to me, Bill*! *Please*!"

"Dirty, fucking slut," he growled. "Filthy cunt. You like fucking, *you nasty whore*? *Pig sweaty fuck slut*."

"Yes, I'm you nasty whore," she gasped. "Your pig sweaty fuck slut." She could hear the slap of their bodies as they met with every thrust he made into her. His balls were pounding her pussy so hard she was sure that they were going to rub each other raw. It was so good. Nothing could make it better, except perhaps to be tied.

As her husband fucked her with his unbreaking and steady rhythm Heather found that she could see it. Her arms were behind her, under her body. Her wrists tied together.

Oh, she wanted it now. Just thinking about it was almost enough to drive her over the edge.

"Cunt!" Bill gasped. He was punctuating each thrust with it. "Cunt! Cunt! Cunt! Cunt! *Ahhhhaaaoo, you fuckin' cunt*!" From somewhere deep down he had found enough energy to pound himself into her even faster. "*You dirty bitch*! Uhha! *You fuckin' pig sweat dirty bitch*. You're sweating all over me. *Your pig sweat is coming off your pussy and getting all over me*!"

And that was what she needed to bring her absolutely to the edge. "*God, Bill, I'm gonna come*!"

"Really?" Bill panted as he thrust into her.

YES!

Oh, God damn it, don't start being yourself again and do me, Heather thought, frustration all ready to settle in if she didn't get off right then.

"Fuck me, please," she cried. "Make me cum. Cum in me."

"Yeah, baby!"

"Come in my pussy!"

She could feel it, rushing all of the sudden through her clit and then radiating out through her body. Once again she was aware of every sensation, the tingling

of her ass, the painful hardness of her nipples, the head of her husband's hard cock as it rubbed deep inside of her, his hair brushing against her bare pussy and his balls slapping against her naked lips.

"God! *Ahhhhhh*!" Bill groaned.

It hit her a second time, like a sledgehammer, as she felt his sperm spill into her wet and hungry pussy hole. She wanted him to keep on going. Her pussy needed more, every bit of cum and stiff cock that he could give her. They were the two best orgasms that she had ever had in her life and she had to have more.

Bill groaned and rolled off of Heather just as a third orgasm was beginning to build. She put a hand between her sweaty and heaving breast as she tried to catch her breath. It was so good. It had been so fucking hot!

Heather turned her head on the pillow and looked over to her husband. Bill was a sweaty and panting heap just beside her on the bed. His hair was plastered to his cheek. His broad chest heaved with every breath. Looking further down she saw his cock was still half hard.

You want a better gag, cunt.

Do you?

She thought about reaching down and putting her hand around it. She could see herself stroking him, trying to encourage him to get harder again. Heather saw herself moving down between his legs, opening her mouth and licking his, and her, cum off the shaft of his cock. She imagined what his cock and her pussy must taste like together. How good it had to taste. She could see herself opening her mouth wider and swallowing it down, first past the pink knob of the head, and then more, going down on him as far as she could without choking.

He jammed himself into a girl's mouth several times, making one gag each time.

She could envision Bill taking over, guiding her head.

He made her suck him deeper, taking him all the way to the balls. And then, then once he knew she could take it all he held her head to keep her from moving and began to fuck her face.

Heather saw all these things in her head. She wanted to do them, to take Bill's cock in her mouth and suck on it until he exploded down her throat. But she still found that she could not commit to the act. Her hand would not even reach out and grab his softening and sticky cock. She was unsure if it was because she was still upset at him for laughing at her or something else. All she knew was that she couldn't do it. She just couldn't do it.

At least not yet.

-7-

They had gone to bed after showering again, and Heather fell into a fitful doze though her body was dead tired. She had lain awake for the better part of an hour before deciding that she just couldn't lie in the bed anymore. She wanted hot chocolate, but there was no more, and she made a mental note that she would have to get some from the store when she went that week.

Without the need to detour to the kitchen she had gone straight to the spare bedroom and warmed up the computer. She sat impatiently as she waited for the system to boot up. Heather turned on the small bookshelf stereo on the corner of the desk, keeping the volume down low. Then she put in one of her greatest hits CDs of David Bowie and listened to *'Sound and Vision'* as she logged into her Peeplchat account. She was rewarded with the sound of the IM chime almost as soon as her log in was accepted.

sweetandshaven_mo: another sleepless night, sis?

Heather chatted with Kristen through the IM window until it was nearly time for Bill to get up. She filled the other woman in on everything that had happened that day. She told her everything that she had talked about and learned about Kitty and Master Chambers. Then she told her about what Kitty had told her about her relationship with Earl.

fields_of_heather: she said he was into cuckolding
fields_of_heather: do you know what that is?

sweetandshaven_mo: i think so

Kristen went into what a cuckold was and did, to the best of her knowledge. In her words it was a man who liked to watch his wife or girlfriend have sex with other men. Sometimes the other man and the female partner were dominant to some extent over the cuckold partner. Sometimes just the other man was dominant. Sometimes the cuckold could only watch, and sometimes he had to perform with or on the female partner and the other man.

She expressed that her actual knowledge on the subject was limited, especially as it related to cuckold couples involved in the lifestyle. She suggested to Heather that that aspect, along with everything else in the lifestyle, was something unique to each person or couple involved in it.

sweetandshaven_mo: your mentor sure has lead an interesting life
sweetandshaven_mo: makes a girl a little envious

fields_of_heather: i know

You have no idea, Heather thought.

Then she told her about everything that had happened after Kitty had left. About how she had shaved her pussy and written, Property of Bill Ford, on herself. (And this of course led to her having to tell Kristen about Kitty's tattoos, because she had not yet mentioned either one of those to her before). Then she told her about playing with herself, and everything that had happened once Bill had gotten into bed with her.

sweetandshaven_mo: i don't know what to tell you, sis

fields_of_heather: he's just so……..simple

sweetandshaven_mo: but at least he's a good guy right?

fields_of_heather: i want to make him understand

sweetandshaven_mo: but you can't

Heather frowned as she looked at the last reply.

sweetandshaven_mo: you either are or you aren't
sweetandshaven_mo: he either is or he isn't

Of course that made perfect sense.

sweetandshaven_mo: are you a sub heather?

fields_of_heather: i'm very curious about being one at the very least

sweetandshaven_mo: which would show you have an understanding of how things work and the way they should be already, sis
sweetandshaven_mo: if you told me, at this point, that you knew you were a sub i would tell you that you need to go get bent

Heather smiled and laughed to herself.

sweetandshaven_mo: true i haven't been in the lifestyle all that long
sweetandshaven_mo: but it's serious business
sweetandshaven_mo: so what are you going to do?

fields_of_heather: i don't know

What was there that she could do? She didn't know if she was really a submissive or not. She did know that Bill was not a dominant, and logic seemed to dictate that he never would be. *There really wasn't anything that she could do anymore.*

But she wished there was.

It's not like this is a big deal, or a big part of my life, she thought. *I just found out about it a few days ago. It isn't anything I can't do without.*

But even as she thought it Heather was already sure that it was something that she didn't want to do without. It appealed to her for several reasons, but there was one which stood out in her mind more than any of the others. It was something she felt that was missing from her life. True she had never known it existed before, it hadn't even been important to know that something was missing from her life. But now that she knew that something had been missing from her life and what it was a big part of her didn't want to go on without it.

It couldn't hurt, she reasoned, *to learn more*.

She could learn more about Kitty's life and learn more from Kristen, and know more. She could know whether this was truly something she was missing, or if it was just a passing fancy, something she had become instantly obsessed with that could, and would, soon be forgotten.

No, learning more wouldn't hurt anything. It would make her more informed. She had already begun to learn so much anyway, there was no reason to quit. She had already started.

There's no turning back now

, Heather thought, with a little bit of resolve.

CHAPTER SEVEN:
Resolving To Begin The Journey

-1-

The night before Terry and Melissa returned home from their trip to North Carolina with Bill's parents Heather had another dream. She had known it was a dream even as it happened because the world seemed just a little too vivid and perfect to be the real world. The day was beautiful and the sky was clear, and there seemed to be no sounds that would cause anything to distract her from the view as she watched things pass by.

Heather was driving down a road. It had several gentle curves, and big trees seemed to line either side, their leaves a bold green in the sun shine of a perfect day. The pavement itself was as smooth as glass under the tires of the car. There were no dips or bumps as she guided it along the road, even as she took the curves.

It was an unfamiliar road, but Heather knew where she was going and where she had been despite the fact. She was on her way home, certain she would be there in a few more minutes if she followed the road. A little while before she knew that she had left from Warner's Market where she had bought two boxes of hot chocolate with mini-marshmallows.

There had been no cars ahead of her or behind her, and no cars coming along the other lane in the opposite direction. At least there were no other cars until a black and white Florida Highway Patrol car suddenly appeared behind her. It followed her for a couple of miles, then its strobe lights flashed, and its siren chirped, the first sound to interrupt the silence and serenity of the scene.

Heather slowed down and pulled off onto the grassy shoulder of the road. Glancing in her rearview mirror she could see that the highway patrol car was doing the same. Inside the other car the trooper was speaking into the mic of his

CB. As she waited for him to get out she reached into her purse and got out her driver's license and her insurance card. The registration was strapped above her head on the driver's side visor.

She watched in the driver's side mirror as the trooper got out of his car, putting his hat on his head. The uniformed trooper was broad, his manner of walking well disciplined, but even in the mirror there was something familiar about the face behind the pair of reflective sunglasses he was wearing. Indeed he strolled toward her car with purpose, citation book in hand. Heather rolled down the window as he walked up to her door. She could feel a slight sweat break out on her forehead.

"Afternoon, miss," a familiar voice said.

Heather looked up at the trooper leaning into the window and realized the reason he seemed so familiar. The face, even behind the shades which revealed nothing but her own startled reflection, was unmistakable, one she had seen every day. The name plate below his badge was the final confirmation, WILLIAM FORD, engraved into the golden plate with precision.

"Hello, officer," she replied. "Was I going too fast?"

"License, registration and proof of insurance," was his only reply. Beyond the glasses Bill's face was a mask of seriousness. He was being all business.

Heather handed him her information and he took it and placed it on top of his citation book and began writing. She watched him as he stood there, risen to his full height as he filled out the ticket. She was very aware that she was starting to sweat a little more profusely, and she could feel it on her forehead, under her arms, between her breasts, and where her legs and thighs touched her waist.

"Where are you coming from, miss?"

"The store?" she replied.

"And did you get anything at *the store*, miss?" he questioned. "Any dildos, vibrators, edible underwear, adult books, that sort of thing?"

"Well, no, Bill-"

"Officer Ford," he corrected.

This was enough to stop Heather and make her wet her tongue in her mouth. It also made her aware of a sudden wetness somewhere else, and this time it was not sweat. "No, *Officer Ford*, I didn't buy any of those things."

"I see," he said, his tone still cool and businesslike. "What did you buy at the store, *Miss Ford*?"

“A couple of boxes of hot chocolate.”

“I see,” he said. He continued writing, and then stared at her through the mirrored lenses. “Does this hot chocolate have mini-marshmallows in it, Miss Ford?”

“Yes.”

“Yes-?” he questioned.

She looked out to him, sweating, aroused, unsure of just where he was pushing her. She worked her jaw silently as her eyes fixed on his badge and three words inscribed around the bottom of it: Service, Courtesy, Protection. The first of those words, *Service*, seemed to jump right out at her. “Yes, *Sir*,” Heather found herself saying.

Bill added more to the ticket. “I see.”

Heather wanted to know exactly what it was that he saw. She shifted a little in the driver’s seat, and as she did she was very aware that the shoulder belt was rubbing against her left nipple. It was hard, and she felt pretty sure, without feeling, that the right one was hard too.

“Miss Ford, are you aware that it is illegal to transport hot chocolate, with mini-marshmallows, along this highway between the months of April and September?”

“No, Bill, I-”

“*Officer Ford*,” he corrected again.

“No, Officer Ford, *Sir*,” Heather began again. “I-”

She stopped. She was about to go about it all wrong again. And she was certain that she might be able to get out of the ticket if she responded to him in the correct way.

“No, Sir,” she said. “*A girl* did not know that it was illegal to bring her hot chocolate with mini-marshmallows down the highway at this time of year.”

“This is a pretty serious offense, Miss Ford.”

“A girl is sorry, Sir.” Heather found herself squirming in her seat once more.

“Is there something wrong with your seat, Miss Ford?”

“No, Sir.”

Bill reached in to the driver’s window and ran the tips of his fingers over her forehead. He pulled his hand back out and turned it over to look at his fingers. “You’re sweating, Miss Ford. Pig sweat.”

“A girl is nervous, Officer Ford,” she found herself saying.

His hand suddenly went back through the window and down between her legs where he grabbed her through the fabric of the floral skirt she found herself to be wearing. His grip was hard and he squeezed. Heather gasped as she felt her bare pussy begin to ooze under his harsh touch.

"Your pussy is wet, Miss Ford, and you aren't wearing any panties," he announced, his voice still cool and businesslike, right to the point. He let go and withdrew from the cabin of the car, immediately jotting back into the citation book.

"A girl is sorry, Sir."

"I'm afraid sorry won't do, Miss Ford," Bill told her. "It's my duty to punish you for this."

"Punish me?" she gasped. Her mind was reeling. *He was going to punish her?* The hows and whys were immediately unimportant. The fact was that he was going to do it, and she wanted him to do it, no matter what it was.

Sometimes a girl likes to get punished.

On purpose?

"A girl is very sorry, Sir," Heather said. She knew it was not going to change his mind. In fact she hoped it would accelerate the process. "Perhaps you could let her go, just this one time."

"Put your hands on the steering wheel, Miss Ford."

Heather immediately put both her hands on the steering wheel and grabbed it. Her fingers instantly hurt, and her knuckles turned white, she was holding it so hard.

"I am going to open the door. When I have it all the way open and step back I want you to take you hands off the steering wheel and raise them outside the door. Then you may get out of the car. When I shut the door I want you to put your hands on the roof, palms down, leaning forward slightly, legs open and ankles spaced widely. And no funny business. Do you understand, Miss Ford?"

"Yes, Sir," Heather breathed. She could feel her hands throbbing. Her clit as well.

There was a click as Bill pulled the door handle and then swung the door widely toward him. Heather let go of the steering wheel and raised her hands through the open door. "All right, Miss Ford, you can come on out."

"Yes, Sir," she replied, she reached back in with one hand long enough to undo her seat belt and then slid around and placed her feet on the grass of the shoulder. Once she was standing fully she took a couple of side-steps to clear

the door so that he could close it. She only stood there, with her hands raised; watching him for a second, before she turned around and followed all the directions he had given her for when she was out of the car.

Hands on the roof, palms down.

Bending forward.

Legs open.

Ankles spaced.

Bill came up behind her and began patting her down. He went from her wrists, down to her shoulders. Then down and around to her breasts. He took a firm grip on each one from behind, squeezing and massaging them through the fabric of her blouse. She could feel his breath in her ear. "You're not wearing a bra either, Miss Ford."

"A girl is sorry for that, Sir," she gasped. It turned into a moan as he cupped her breasts and began pinching and rolling her nipples through her blouse.

"I am afraid your punishment will be harsh."

Heather closed her eyes, swaying a little as he went back to massaging her breasts on the roadside. "*Thank you, Sir*."

Bill let go of her breasts and fumbled with something behind her. Then he slipped the bracelet of his handcuffs around her left wrist, pushing the cuff through the latch until it was tight. She made a small sound in her throat as he twisted her arm behind her. Then he took her right arm and twisted it behind her back as well, locking the other bracelet around the wrist.

Once she was secure in the cuffs he went back to patting her down. He went back down her shoulders, all the way down to her feet. When he reached the bottom he started patting her back up, but this time his hands went under her floral skirt instead of over it. She did her best to loosen her legs a little more as he got higher, and she let out a moan as he used two of his fingers to penetrate into her wet pussy. As he fingered her the wind began to blow, and he leaned forward and bit her on the left ass cheek through her skirt.

"You're a *wet shaved slut*, Miss Ford."

"Thank you, Sir," Heather gasped.

"This is fun, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to punish you now."

Heather closed her eyes, feeling her insides tingle from a combination of his touch and his words. "Please do, Sir. I'm a bad girl, Officer Ford. Please punish me."

He took his fingers out of her and rose to his full height. He grabbed Heather's arm and made her turn around so that her back was to the car. Bill then reached down and pulled out his nightstick. It was an unusual nightstick. Her eyes widened as she realized that the top of the long black baton had been shaped into the distinct form of a penis. Bill pulled her and made her turn until she was facing the Highway Patrol car. "Lean forward."

Heather leaned forward and she felt Bill run the handle of his nightstick down her back until he locked the cross-grip into the chain linking the handcuffs. Once he had it firmly in position he used it to guide her to the car in a duck-walk position, the same way a female police officer had shown her seventh grade class how they could handle a criminal with just those two simple tools. Even though it was only a short distance to the car she could feel her pussy flowing with frothy cream all the way there.

At the back of the patrol car Bill removed the nightstick from between the handcuffs. Then he opened the door and pushed Heather toward it. She cried out as he grabbed her hair and forced her into the backseat in a kneeling position. She jumped slightly as he threw his hat inside and it flew past her head. It was soon followed by his shades, and then his weapons belt and pants.

"Are you ready to take your punishment like a good girl, Miss Ford?"

"Yes, Sir," she gasped. "Please."

Heather felt him grab her skirt and raise it up over her back, making sure it caught on her cuffed wrists. She was very aware of the feeling of the breeze from outside the car on her now bare ass. Then she felt Bill's weight as he got onto the seat behind her. He grabbed her left leg, pulling it further open, until her foot had nowhere else to go but down in the foot well. And then he was inside her in a single thrust.

His coupling with her was hard and fast, and Heather gasped and cried out in the cramped confines of the backseat of the patrol car. She came and came again as he let loose with a flurry of profanities directed at her, yanking her hair and spanking her ass as he fucked her.

The road, she was soon aware, was no longer deserted. As Bill pounded himself into her hungry pussy she could hear the whiz of cars and trucks passing them by in both directions. Looking into the window she could see his reflection as he gave it to her, and the blur of passing vehicles. Some went right by, but other people took notice. Horns were blown. There were whoops,

whistles and cat calls. Heather began to feel totally humiliated as Bill took her, but it only seemed to serve to make her want him to fuck her harder.

"Give it to me," she finally gasped. "*Give it to me please*, Officer Ford. I'm a bad girl. *Punish me*. Please *punish me, Master*."

In response he stepped up his pace.

"Yeah, baby, wooohoooooo!" someone yelled from the window of a passing truck.

"You like that?" he panted.

"Yes, Sir."

Bill hit her backhanded across each side of the ass several times in rapid succession. Then he reached forward and grabbed her breasts, squeezing them hard, as he pumped himself into her with more fury. "You like that?" he yelled.

"Yes, Sir! Yes, Sir! *Yes, Officer Ford! I love it*."

"Yeah?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Yeah?" He was squeezing her tits so hard they hurt, slamming his cock into her.

Heather cried out, feeling her pussy squeeze him as her orgasm hit. "Yes, Sir! Yes, Sir! Fuck me! Give it all to me, Sir!"

Bill let out a long and growl-like moan as he came, filling her pussy with sticky hotness that was enough to immediately make her come yet again. He continued pounding himself into her, letting out another loud growl-moan. Heather found she could no longer hold her head up and let it rest down into the padded vinyl of the seat.

There came the honking of a horn and, "Get her, man!" as another truck passed by.

Another voice yelled, "I'll be back around for my turn in a minute! Save some for me! Woohoo!"

Heather only had the chance to rest for a moment once Bill pulled himself out of her. He grabbed her by a handful of hair and made her turn around in the back seat, practically dragging her, smearing her knees and her skirt in a puddle of his cum. He was now leaning into the car, his half-hard and cum smeared cock leaning up against his uniform shirt.

"Clean me up good, Miss Ford," he said, holding her by the hair, her face just inches from his cock. "Clean me up good, and I will move your handcuffs to the front for your ride to the station."

"Yes, Sir," she gasped. "I'll be a good girl, Sir. I promise."

She opened her mouth wide to swallow his softening shaft.

-2-

Heather snapped awake. *God, damn it*, she thought. She had always hated coming awake before she knew a dream was over. They never ended that way. You couldn't just go to sleep and tune back in to where you left off, like watching a movie you had to turn off. Reality always took hold. Half-had dreams were always corrupted, because once you woke up you decided how you wanted the dream to end, and when you had it again it usually would end close to that way.

As she lay in bed she was aware of several things. She was sweaty. Her heart was pounding. Her clit was throbbing. She was wide awake now, and knew that trying to go back to sleep would be useless.

Leaning up she looked over Bill's snoring form to the clock on his side of the bed. It was just after 1:00 A.M.

"Damn it," she sighed.

Bill turned slightly and snorted in his sleep.

-3-

Getting out of bed Heather headed straight for the kitchen, turning on the stove light, and then into the cabinet to retrieve the "contraband" from her dream. She opened a new box of hot chocolate with mini-marshmallows, just glancing at the picture of Fair Deal Harvey on the box. Then she put a pot of water on to boil, and waited.

Once her hot chocolate was ready she headed to the spare bedroom and turned on the computer. She realized that this had already become a habit in the space of two weeks, getting online when she couldn't sleep, just as it had been her habit for the first couple of years she had the computer. And right now, as then, it had felt like an imperative for her to spend every spare moment that she had to herself online and chatting, however now she felt like she had a legitimate purpose to all of her chat. This time she was there to learn, to learn more about the lifestyle, and as Kitty had suggested, perhaps more about herself.

She frowned to herself a little. Everyone in her friend's list was on snooze, showing that they were currently not online, with the exception of Freddy. Heather had been hoping that Kristen would be there. Over the past couple of weeks she had taken for granted that the other woman was always online, but logic dictated that she too had to have some time all of her own and to sleep. She really wanted her point of view at the moment.

For a moment she considered logging into BDSM Lifestyle Chat. Then she decided against it. She could try to talk to Freddy first. After all they were friends, had been pretty good friends for a while those first few years in 30's Chat. Perhaps it was time to let him in on what she had been dealing with for the past few weeks, and get the point of view of a male friend.

fields_of_heather: hey freddy

She sat and watched the cursor blink in the corner of the IM window for a couple of minutes. It appeared that he might not be on after all. Heather took the mouse and was about to X out the window when he finally replied.

fancy_freddy: hey mommy
fancy_freddy: back on late again i see

fields_of_heather: can't sleep
fields_of_heather: almost thought you weren't on

fancy_freddy: was in the bathroom

Heather felt a mischievous smile curl her lips.

fields_of_heather: mmmmm….the chat that hot tonight freddy?
fields_of_heather: lol

fancy_freddy: it's 2006, mommy and i got a cam for those moments
fancy_freddy: want me to prove it?
fancy_freddy: lol

fields_of_heather: lol

fields_of_heather: NO!

fancy_freddy: you still know how to hurt a guy mommy
fancy_freddy: lol

She thought for a moment, and then typed in: i need to talk about something

fancy_freddy: what's that?

She thought for another minute before responding. *He's going to think you've lost it*.

fields_of_heather: do you know anything about BDSM?

fancy_freddy: s&m?
fancy_freddy: kinky sex and whips and chains and stuff

Whips and chains,
They give me pains,
Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

fields_of_heather: something like that

fancy_freddy: you wanting to get cuffed and stuffed mommy?
fancy_freddy: lol :P

Heather closed her eyes and shook her head slightly. He had no idea how close to the mark he was, especially considering what she had just dreamed.

fancy_freddy: you know freddy can do the job if you want :)

fields_of_heather: please be serious….lol

fancy_freddy: i am serious mommy….lol

Okay, so maybe he was not the best choice to ask for an opinion, Heather thought.

fields_of_heather: maybe we shouldn't do this here

fancy_freddy: was thinking the same thing
fancy_freddy: when does hubby leave for work?

fields_of_heather: no…….NO
fields_of_heather: i mean i want to talk to you about it on the phone

fancy_freddy: lol….ok
fancy_freddy: sorry mommy i'll try to be serious if you need me to

fields_of_heather: is your number still the same?

She opened the bottom drawer and dug under the copy of *Another Kind Of Loving*, which she was still neglecting to read from, and found a small memo book that she had kept the numbers and e-mail addresses of her online friends in from when she first started chatting. Opening the cover Freddy's was the first one on the first page, his name, Freddy Perez, and phone number in her handwriting.

fancy_freddy: yeah it's the same

Heather typed his number in the IM box just to double check.

fancy_freddy: yeah mommy that's it

fields_of _heather: okay, let me get my phone and throw on a housecoat and i'll call

fancy_freddy: okay mommy i'll wait

Heather slipped on a thin housecoat and picked up her cell phone before slipping out the front door and sitting down on the steps. After turning it on she strained her eyes to read Freddy's number and dialed. He answered after just a couple of rings.

"Hola?"

"Hey, Freddy," she said.

"Long time, no hear, mommy!"

Heather found that she was smiling to herself a little. As with the very first time that she heard his voice she found herself amused because he talked just the way he chatted online, and the first time he had ever talked to her he had sounded just the way she imagined he would. "Yeah, well-"

"So, mommy, what's all this about B and D and S and M?" he asked.

She immediately launched into the whole story, beginning with Kitty's tattoo and how the whole ball got rolling. Once she quickly told him everything that her neighbor had told her about her life she started telling him about how she had been feeling, how she had been acting with Bill at home for the past couple of weeks, and his reaction, or lack of reaction, to the way she had been acting. She went through it all, right through the dream she had woken up from, making herself a little wet, because she had not spared a single juicy detail from the dream.

"That's hot, mommy," Freddy commented as she told him of waking up just as *"Officer Ford"* was making her go down to clean him up. "I'm totally hard right now."

"Freddy," she hissed, and then laughed.

On the other end of the connection he laughed too. "Hey, you needed something to break the serious mood. Though it is true, you did make me hard."

Heather continued to laugh. Just like Kitty he seemed to know when something needed to be said to break the tension, no matter how straight-laced and serious the subject was.

"So, you're wanting the whole thing, mommy, the whole tie you up, tie you down thing, handcuffs and hot sex in the back of a car, giving a little head, but you don't think hubby will go for it?"

"I don't think he would go for any bondage or control," she admitted.

"But the head, mommy, all us guys go for the head, even the homos."

"Freddy," Heather laughed.

"Listen," he said. "If it was me, and I wish it was, you could give me head until my ding dong is raw. If your hubby don't want that part there's something wrong with him."

Heather thought for a moment. She realized that as she did she was looking down the street toward Kitty's house. She stood up from the step and walked to the end of the drive for a better look. At Kitty's house the outside light was on, and there was a strange car parked in front. It made her wonder if any of the things that she had described that she and Earl did with a master were going on at that moment, or if her imagination was running wild.

Wat'cha gonna do when your imagination runs wild on yoooouuuu?, she seemed to hear Robbie Brady's voice say in her head, doing his impression of Hulk Hogan.

"Okay, we agree he would have no problem with me sucking him off," Heather said.

"Right, right," Freddy said. "It's the other stuff."

"Yes."

"You want somebody to be strong, really in charge," he went on.

"Yes."

"You got him to talk dirty to you, verbal abuse, but you want more."

"*Yes*." Heather was aware that her heart was beating a little faster. She also realized that she was straining her eyes, trying to determine if there was a light on in Kitty's bedroom, or if there were any shadows moving behind the pulled shades. Shaking her head she tried to snap out of it.

Stop it!

"So, what happens when he don't want to go any further with what you're thinking? What then?" he asked.

"I don't know." And she didn't know.

"Hummm."

Heather waited through a long pause on the other end of the connection. She looked off to the other end of the street, remembering some of the things Kitty had said when she had come to visit on Tuesday.

Earl really likes to be bound and made to watch as I serve a master. That or be made to sit but not be allowed to touch himself. Depending on the master sometimes he's not allowed to participate at all. Other times he is allowed to perform oral sex on the master, before or after I have served him, or he is allowed to eat the master's cum from me.

She shook her head, turning her attention back to her phone conversation. "Come on, Freddy. Tell me what you're thinking."

"I don't know, mommy," he replied. "Either you've got to live with what you got, or you got to go elsewhere. And knowing you, I'd really think you would stick with what you got."

There. It was out. One of those thoughts she really hadn't wanted to articulate, even in her own head.

"You know I'm game," he added with a slight laugh.

"Freddy."

"I know, I know."

"I can't cheat on Bill."

But could she?

She had come to understand that some people in the lifestyle had to go outside of marriage to be able to be a part of it. Master Ryan, Kitty had told her, was married to someone outside the lifestyle, and he had had several married submissives whose spouses were no doubt outside the lifestyle as well.

"See, I know how you are."

"I not sure I do right now," Heather admitted.

"Hummm," he said. "Does that mean I finally have a shot, mommy?" He laughed.

"Not likely." She realized that as she said it part of her was saying it because he was not involved in the lifestyle and not because he was offering. She found that it bothered her that it was even a conscious thought in her mind.

"Well, if you ever change your mind," he offered.

"I still have your number."

"That you do, mommy," he said, laughing again.

They talked on a little longer, but Heather found herself only half paying attention to what Freddy was saying. Her thoughts were more on the fact that she found herself even hypothetically considering cheating on Bill. It was something that she had never, ever, thought about before. Even when she had been chatting heavily she had never been tempted into cybersex or phone sex with any of the men she chatted with there, not even if they became fairly close friends like Freddy.

Either you got to live with what you got, or you got to go elsewhere.

It was Freddy's view, and it certainly sounded like a man's view of the world, the old, *If you don't give me what I want, I'll get it somewhere else*, point

of view.

She had never thought like that.

And knowing you, I'd really think you would stick with what you got.

Yes, Freddy knew her.

But do I know me anymore?, she wondered again.

She was thinking about things that she had never thought about before, because she found herself exposed to a world of things she never knew existed before. But that didn't mean that she had to do them. Cheating on your husband for something, just to see if it was the right thing for you, just wasn't the logical thing to do.

Logic, though, was something usually blurred by passion.

How can I be so fucking passionate about something I've never experienced before?

Something from the more primal part of Heather's mind seemed to tell her.

Because it's so fucking hot!

What do I do?, she wanted to know. *What do I do to stop thinking about this?*

The other side of her mind wondered, *Why do you want to stop thinking about this?*

-5-

Betty had shown up at the house after she had gotten off of work from the Superior HyperMart that morning. She had brought a cooling sack from McDonald's so they could have an early lunch as they waited for the Fords to arrive with Terry and Melissa. Heather's best friend listened with great interest as she described her dream from the night before, and as with Freddy leaving out no detail.

"That's fuckin' hot," Betty commented, saying what Heather had been thinking over and over for the past several days, once she had finished.

Heather regarded the other woman as they sat there. Her best friend was as short and stout as the teapot in the song every child learned to sing once they entered elementary school. Her eyes were a dark green, and her short hair was coal black, both features made to stand out against her milky white skin, features which would have looked plain and ordinary if her skin was even one shade darker. Betty also had big pouty lips, lips Heather would have killed to have

considering her own crooked and malformed ones, which were painted a dark cherry red that morning.

She realized that she was looking at her best friend's hands as she raised her drink cup up to take the straw between her lips. Betty's nails were perfectly manicured, long enough to be desirable, but not so long that they were freakish like the black ladies at the salon or grocery store. Her hands were noticeably fat, and it reminded her of Kitty's description of Scarlett Hannigan's hands.

They were small and big at the same time, her fingers fat and round, and her hands always looked swollen to me.

Betty also was gifted, and as she would say cursed, with having acres and acres of breasts. Her best friend was sporting a set of EEE cups under her faux denim sundress, which always looked as if they were going to burst through everything she wore at any given time.

"You're really getting the horns for this shit," she commented.

"It isn't all about sex," Heather defended.

"It is for you so far," Betty told her.

Heather found herself feeling a little taken aback, even though it was Betty. Her best friend never held back. "Okay, maybe now it seems that way. Kitty said that she had a hard time separating the bondage and her sexual desires for the first few years she was in the lifestyle."

"There it is again," Betty said.

"What?"

"The way you talk about it, *'in the lifestyle'*. It makes it sound like a cult or some fruity religion. How can you be sure that you won't be getting tied up one day and then pulling a Heaven's Gate in some bunker to send your soul off to the aliens the next day?"

"Damn it, Betty-"

"I know, I know," her best friend interrupted her. "It's *a way of life*. Which would mean that it isn't just about sex, or some kind of cult."

"Betty-"

"It's the way that all people into kinky sex cults always say it isn't a kinky sex cult, until they're on the news and the news people are talking about how that same person, *in a kinky sex cult*, snapped and chopped up their family, or committed suicide for the aliens, or released sarin gas into the Tokyo subway system."

Heather ran a hand over her forehead and eyes, dragging it down the side of her face. Sometimes, talking to Betty could be so damned frustrating.

"Come on, Heather, this is Bet-Bet you're talking to. I know how you are when something gets you hot and bothered. I just haven't seen you get hot and bothered for anything like this before." She drained the last of her soda then sat the cup down on the coffee table. "Admit it, you're wanting to get tied down and fucked so bad that it's just killing you to try it."

"Okay, yes, I want that," Heather admitted.

"And you're thinking about going on to greener pastures to find it."

"Wait," Heather said.

"No, no," her best friend pressed on. "You're thinking about having sex with someone other than Bill to find out what it's really like."

"I didn't say that!" Heather defended.

"*Okay*, not in so many words." Shifting slightly where she sat she pointed both index fingers at herself. "Just remember that you're dealing with a card carrying pro here."

"I'll admit the idea has crossed my mind, but that doesn't mean I'm seriously thinking about cheating on my husband."

From where she was sitting on the couch Betty raised a meaty finger and shook it toward Heather. "See there, you're trying to justify it and rationalize it. You're not *seriously* thinking about *cheating on your husband*. *Not* you're not *seriously* thinking about *cheating on Bill*."

"Betty don't try to give me a lot of Freudian slip crap, please," she broke in, in an exasperated tone.

But maybe she was right. She was trying to remove thinking of Bill as Bill from her rationale, because thinking of him as just her husband and not as Bill made her thoughts seem as if they weren't quite so bad. *Was that the way married people in the lifestyle thought when they were with their partners who were in the lifestyle?*

"You know, I'm not the bad guy here, and I'm not trying to make you be the bad guy," Betty said. "Whatever you want or decide to do I'm behind you. And I won't say anything. That's what best friends do."

That's what best friends do, Heather thought. And that was true. She had covered for Betty and not said anything when she had begun cheating on Brad, had continued to say nothing for well over a year, until everything finally came out.

But things were different for Betty. Everything with Brad had been pretty sour from the start of their relationship. Within six months of their wedding she had confessed to Heather that she didn't love him the way she thought she had anymore, but still she had stayed with him several years before she had ever thought about crossing the line.

Brad is just normal, stable and secure. She had told her in the early months of the affair. *Dewayne*, she had continued with a dreamy sigh, *With Dewayne it's all about hot, steamy, juicy fucking. And it's some good fucking, girl, let me tell you*. *God damn, I've missed chocolatta*.

Heather had loved Bill for a long time. She still loved him, she was pretty sure. They had a good relationship. It wasn't adversarial like Betty and Brad's had been. They never fought. They had disagreements, but they never fought. They never stayed mad at each other for too long, maybe for half a day or so. They never, to her knowledge, called their respective best friends to tell them how bad things were going if something was wrong.

We never do anything like that, Heather thought. *We never do anything. We just are*.

Again, she found this line of thinking to be disturbing. It was as if she were looking for excuses or some kind of justification to be able to delve deeper into the lifestyle without having Bill with her.

Heather looked up, pulled from her thoughts by the sound of a car door closing, and then another.

"The terrors are here," Betty announced, leaning back to glance out the living room window.

-6-

The kids and the Fords were at the front door in a matter of seconds, and after the initial hugs and welcome backs Heather and Betty helped Sammy, Meredith and the kids bring in all their stuff from the car. Heather parked their suitcases in the hall outside their rooms and watched as Terry dropped a couple of bags in his room. "You brought back more than you went with," she observed.

"We stopped at the big mall last night after we got a hotel room," Melissa butted in before her brother could say anything.

"The one in Atlanta," Terry added.

Atlanta immediately brought up the things Kitty had said about growing up and then living there after she left home. It made her wonder if the other woman had ever been around the area the mall her kids had visited was in. She was sure that it had not been there in the time she had lived in the city, before Master Chambers had taken her away to Savannah.

"I got some new CDs," Terry went on. "One is the Misfits, they're really cool, D.J. Anderson told me about them."

"He just likes them, cause in one song they say, *'I ain't no God damned son of a bitch'*, Mom," Melissa piped up with a tone of sisterly glee and torment.

"Melissa!" both Heather and Meredith called in unison.

"Well, it's not me," the girl defended. "It's on *Terry's* CD."

"I'm sorry, Heather, I would have never got it if I knew it had that kind of talk on it," Meredith Ford apologized, as she sat a bag beside the door to Melissa's room.

"Grandma-," Terry groaned.

"It's okay," Heather said to them both. "Really."

"And he got a DX shirt that has Shawn Michaels and Triple H mooning on the back of it," Melissa added. There was no doubt the girl was doing her best to get her brother in trouble. "He didn't show Grandma the back when he got it."

Heather just shook her head. She looked away from her mother-in-law, feeling sympathetic and doing her best not to laugh at the suddenly mortified look on her face. She squeezed her eyes shut and gave a flip of her hand. "It's okay, really." How she had been able to put up with Sammy and Melissa together for almost two weeks she did not know.

Meredith mouthed, Sorry, as Betty passed her with the last of the bags for Terry's room.

Not being able to resist, the eight year old decided to add another little nugget of joy. "Grandma found my Gwen Stefani CD at her house and gave it to me when we left, so I got it back now."

Great, Heather thought. When it had gone missing she had been overjoyed and hoped that she would never have to hear *'If I Was A Rich Girl'* or *'Holla Back Girl'* ever again whenever she drove to town with her daughter.

Terry took this as an opening for a little payback and redemption. "Well she says, *'This my shit'*, on her CD."

"*Terry*," Meredith scolded.

"It's not me, *Grandma*. It's on *Melissa's* CD."

Heather threw her hands up and motioned around with them. "Okay, I think Granddad might need you two to help him at the car."

Betty was standing in the frame of Terry's door, making no attempt to hide the fact that she found the domestic scene between Heather, Meredith and the kids amusingly funny.

"Oh, we got the mail," Melissa suddenly announced. Raising up a slim package which must have been in her hand the whole time, and thrusting it toward her mother. "It looks like a movie, Mom. It's for you? Can we watch it?"

Heather took the offered package, definitely the DVD she had been waiting for, feeling her cheeks turn a little red as she did so. She felt like everyone standing in the hallway suddenly had their eyes on her. "No, this isn't for you to see."

Damn it, why did you say it like that with Meredith standing right here?

"Is it a scary movie?" Melissa pressed.

"Yes," she replied, quickly.

"*Saw 2*?" Terry asked, excitement evident in his voice.

"No-"

"*Dawn of the Dead*?" he pressed. "You said I could see it if you and Dad ever got it."

"It's not *Dawn of the Dead*."

Stop talking, she willed. Heather didn't want a lecture from Meredith Ford at that moment to let her know she didn't approve of Terry watching R Rated movies.

"Then what is it?"

"It's a grown up scary movie," Betty announced, taking the package from Heather's hand. "Bomp-chicka-bomp-bomp." She swayed slightly making her mammoth breasts jiggle back and forth as she rocked on her more than generous hips and ass.

If her children hadn't done enough to try and mortify her, her best friend had just done all too much. She knew her cheeks were as red as proverbial beets now, and her mother-in-law had a definite shocked look on her face. *Great, now she thinks I got a porno in the mail*. The only thing that could possibly make things worse would be for Betty to say that the mystery movie had a title like *Curse of Fuckenstein* or *Night of the Living Head*. Heather would have much

rather hear Meredith's opinion on Terry watching R Rated movies than have her think that she was getting porn delivered through the mail.

I'm going to kill you for this, she thought, cutting her eyes at Betty, who was still enjoying her little joke over her best friend.

-7-

Later that afternoon Heather found herself with the house all to herself once again. The Fords had left soon after unpacking the kids' stuff from their car. Betty had taken off for home to relax and take a nap before she got ready to go out clubbing that night. Terry had gone to hang out with D.J. Anderson, and Melissa had gone six streets down to the Dobson's to play with Sandy Dobson.

Heather went to the spare room and opened her package once she had finished putting the kids' stuff away and throwing their dirty clothes into a basket and sticking them by the washer in the garage. She pulled the copy of *Bloody Pit of Horror* out of the envelope and then took the wrapper off of it as she waited for the computer to boot up. Once it was on she placed the DVD in the drawer on the hard drive and watched it.

The movie itself was fairly short, no more than an hour and a half, and it was indeed the one that her brother, Gordon, and his gore hound friends had thought was oh, so cool, back in the 1980's. Everything about the movie seemed vaguely familiar as she watched it. She realized the dubbing was indeed bad. In fact it was worse than it was for the Japanese Godzilla and Gamera movies that they used to watch on *Count Shockula's Creature Feature* on Saturday mornings.

As she watched she was unsure what fascination the movie had held for her brother and his friends. There was no nudity. The closest thing was a woman's bare back to the screen in a couple of scenes. There were also no real blood and guts scenes, just a lot of fake blood which looked, well fake. Even the swords in the iron maiden and the pendulum were obviously made of rubber, and they looked so fake that Heather couldn't help but laugh. As a horror movie it would not have impressed Terry when he was four.

It had been the final scenes, in the Crimson Executioner's dungeon, which had impressed Heather the most. Although it had not been in the context of BDSM the imagery had been there. Women tied up and bound, one forced to lay face down, tied to a brazen bull. The tortures involving water and molten

metal could translate into ice water torture and hot wax. And of course the dungeon itself was filled with all the objects a good master would probably need.

Whips and chains…

Even though the scenes were not true, or even attempting to be, BDSM scenes, Heather could see how they could be. It was just a simple stretch of the mind to make them into something more than what they were. The movie itself, she was sure, would never be on the must watch list for lifestyle novices. However, once she imagined the scenes in a context other than what they had been intended, the ideas and her imagining lead her to a very hot place.

-8-

Later that night, after Bill and the kids had gone to bed, Heather had gotten online.

fields_of_heather: have you ever seen the bloody pit of horror?

sweetandshaven_mo: never heard of it sis
sweetandshaven_mo: is it any good?

fields_of_heather: not really
fields_of_heather: but it gives a girl thoughts and ideas

sweetandshaven_mo: what kind of thoughts and ideas?
sweetandshaven_mo: :) hummmmmm?

fields_of_heather: you know ;)

sweetandshaven_mo: oh, do tell

Heather told her all about the movie, and how that the movie in itself was not titillating at all, wouldn't have been to even the most hard-up teenage boy. Most of the details she gave Kristen concerned the scenes near the end, the ones

that though were not BDSM could be thought of in the right context with a little imagination. The woman stretched on the rack could translate into a woman bound and helpless. The molten lead could easily become hot wax.

sweetandshaven_mo: i can see how that could give you thoughts

fields_of_heather: yep
fields_of_heather: i had this dream last night

sweetandshaven_mo: what was is about?
sweetandshaven_mo: something hot? ;)

fields_of_heather: very hot

sweetandshaven_mo: oh really?

fields_of_heather: yes really

sweetandshaven_mo: oh

She was about to tell Kristen about her dream of Bill as Officer Ford when the other woman made a suggestion.

sweetandshaven_mo: want to talk about it?

fields_of_heather: i was just about to

sweetandshaven_mo: not here
sweetandshaven_mo: on the phone

fields_of_heather: really?

sweetandshaven_mo: yes really
sweetandshaven_mo: we've been chatting long enough
sweetandshaven_mo: it's about time we hear each other

fields_of_heather: ok

It had been a while since she had talked to anyone new over the phone. And she already felt so close to the other woman that she had to admit that she really wanted to know what she sounded like.

sweetandshaven_mo: do you want me to call you, or do you want to call me?

fields_of_heather: i can call you
fields_of_heather: just give me a minute to get my cell phone

Kristen posted her phone number in the IM box.

sweetandshaven_mo: i'm looking forward to it sis

fields_of_heather: me too sis

-9-

"Hey, sis," Kristen said as soon as she picked up the phone. She sounded happy and excited, and her voice had a slightly husky tone to it. Unlike with Freddy she sounded nothing like Heather had imagined that she would. When they talked in chat she had always seemed to hear a giddy and somewhat girlish voice in her head.

"It's good to hear you, sis," she replied. She was sitting on the front step again, but tonight she had turned on the outside light. In her lap she had her little book of numbers for people from chat and a pen. "Do you mind if I get your last name?"

"Oh, no," the other woman said, in her happy, friendly, husky tone. "It's Johansen."

"I'm putting it down in my book." Beside Kristen's number and e-mail she wrote, JOHANSEN.

"What's yours, sis?"

"Ford."

"Ummm-hummm. Are you *Ford tough*?"

To this they both laughed.

"Yours is a little more distinguished sounding," Heather commented.

"Both me and my soon to be ex are a little Nordic," Kristen replied.

"I see."

"My maiden name is Jorgenson, which is still saving me from changing my initials," Kristen laughed.

Heather jotted down, JORGENSON, as well.

"So you had a little dream last night, sis?"

"Yes."

"And it was a juicy one I take it?"

"Oh, yes."

As with Freddy the night before, and Betty that morning, Heather began to relate her dream to Kristen. Once again she spared not a single detail from what she remembered. Unlike Freddy, though, her female chat friend would break in with occasional comments as she listened. She seemed to understand everything about what had made the dream a hot one for her, and of course, most importantly, why it made her feel the way it made her feel.

"That is very hot," Kristen said when she finally came to the end. "I'm fanning myself a little here."

"It's got my blood going again," Heather admitted.

Kristen was silent for a moment, and then she asked, "Have you told your hubby about it yet?"

The question was a little surprising. Heather had now told Freddy, Betty and Kristen about the dream, but she hadn't even considered telling Bill about it. "Well, no."

"Why not?"

Heather shrugged, even though she was well aware the other woman could not see the motion from Missouri. "I don't know," she said. Then, "I just can't."

"Why not, sis?"

"He wouldn't understand."

"About you getting hot imagining him in uniform?"

"No, Kristen. He wouldn't understand any of it. He doesn't understand any of it. I don't know what to do."

"Well it couldn't hurt to tell him about it," Kristen suggested.

Heather sighed. “Everything about the lifestyle just goes right over his head. It’s like he can’t even hear anything I say about it.”

“Maybe you should leave all the terms out of it. Just tell him all about the dream. It will get him hot. He will want to do things with you, you know. It will make him hot, for sure. It made me hot.” She paused, and then whispered, “I was touching myself.”

Heather felt her cheeks flush slightly and she laughed. “You were not.”

“I have been,” she whispered. “The kids are in bed and I’m at the desk in my room with nothing but a long t-shirt on.” Her voice was sultry and seductive sounding. “And when we get off the phone I’m going to have to do something to make myself cum, Heather, that’s how hot your dream was.”

“Really?” The tone in Kristen’s voice was enough to let her know she was sincere.

“Yes, really. And if you tell your hubby about it I doubt you’ll get to finish your story before he has you naked between the sheets.”

“I know,” Heather said. “But-”

“But what?”

“I don’t know,” Heather replied, uncertainty in her voice.

“You want more?”

“Yes.”

“You want the real thing?”

“Yes.”

There was a pause on Kristen’s end of the line. She was obviously thinking things over before she said anything more. “We talked a few days ago about how you either you are or aren’t, remember?”

“Yes.”

“What if your hubby isn’t?” she asked. “What if he never will be? Have you thought about what you’re going to do then?”

“I don’t know, Kristen. I’m really not sure.”

“You’ve been thinking about finding someone else?”

“Yes,” Heather said. Then she drew a ragged breath and sobbed into the phone. “Kristen, I don’t know what I’m thinking anymore. I’m not even sure of who I am.”

“Don’t cry, sis, I know how frustrating this is, especially in the beginning.”

“I’m just having a lot of thoughts I’ve never had before. Thinking about stuff that I’ve never thought about. Stuff I never knew about.”

“But you love your husband right?” Kristen asked her voice full of concern and understanding.

“I do, but it’s not like it used to be,” Heather admitted. “We’re very different people. I think that I’ve really just started to see it in the last few weeks. I’m open, I love to learn, to change. Bill is more simple than me. He likes things to always stay the way they are. When things stay the same, I think that is what makes him know that his life is just fine.”

“Then it sounds to me like you have a lot of soul searching and hard decisions to make,” Kristen said. “I would be lying to you if I told you that any of it is going to be easy. You have to look into yourself to determine what’s going to be best for you, Heather. And probably no matter what you do, if you decide you want to really get involved in the lifestyle and leave your old life behind, or if you stay the way you’ve always been with your husband, it’s probably going to hurt.”

Heather sniffed, her tears flowing more freely now. In a big way it was easier to talk to Kristen about the things she was thinking than it was with Betty. True, she knew her best friend wanted to help, but she didn’t know the things or have the experience dealing with the things that Kristen had. It did feel a little bit better to have some understanding.

“Thank you,” she cried. “I’m so glad I can talk to you.”

“You’re welcome,” Kristen said. “And you can call me anytime you need to you know.”

“I know.”

Hearing the other woman trying to comfort her made her feel better. Where Freddy and Betty had tried to make her feel better with jokes Kristen was doing it the way she needed, with understanding.

“I should probably go,” Heather said, her voice sounding small. “I have a lot to think about.”

“Okay, just remember that I’m here if you need me.”

“I know.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Tell me how you’re feeling,” Kristen said.

“I will.”

“And I’ll tell you if I came a lot from thinking about your dream.”

Heather laughed. Okay, so Kristen wasn’t above throwing in a joke to make her feel better now and then too. “Thank you.”

“I love you, sis,” Kristen said.

“I love you, too.”

“Be well, Heather,” she told her in that husky and sultry voice.

“Be well, Kristen.”

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Heather had calmed herself down and dried her tears before going back inside. She had a glass of water and then went to shut down the computer before she got into bed. Bill snorted and stirred as she slipped between the sheets.

“Where you been?” he asked after a few minutes.

“Talking to a friend,” she replied.

“On the phone? I thought I heard the front door.”

“Yes,” she replied. “I was talking to Kristen.”

“Who?” Bill questioned, his voice sounding tired.

“One of my friends from online.”

“Oh?”

They lapsed into silence for several minutes. Heather lay on her back, wide awake, looking up at the darkened ceiling. She could tell from the way that he was breathing that Bill hadn’t fallen back to sleep either.

“What were you talking about?” he finally asked.

“Bondage.”

“That again?”

“Yes.”

He doesn’t get it. He doesn’t get it at all.

“What’s so interesting about it?”

Heather rolled over to face his side of the bed. “There’s some things about it that are really hot.”

“Like?”

She shrugged, trying to act casual and be subtle about it. “I think it would be really hot to be tied up. *Have my wrists tied together*. Maybe my legs tied so that they were open and that I couldn’t move them, and then have you be able to do whatever you want to with me. Use me any way that you want to.”

Heather rubbed her knees together. Talking about it to Bill was making her feel hot again. She was very well aware of the hardness of her nipples against

the fabric of her nightgown.

"And you really want to try doing that sometime?" Bill questioned in the dark.

"Yes, Bill, very much." There was hunger and desire, a little lust in her voice. Heather could hear herself plainly.

"I guess we can try that sometime."

He guessed?

Heather felt her mouth go dry. She sagged into the mattress a little, feeling kind of defeated. "I guess so," she whispered. The disappointment in her voice was evident to her, but she already sensed that Bill would not pick up on it.

"We can talk about it more tomorrow," he said, tiredly.

Heather nodded. "Sure." She already knew that tomorrow the subject of him tying her up and having his way with her was a subject that he was unlikely to bring up. Like everything outside of his usually contained little world, he would forget about it by morning and just move on.

"Love you, baby," he whispered. "Goodnight."

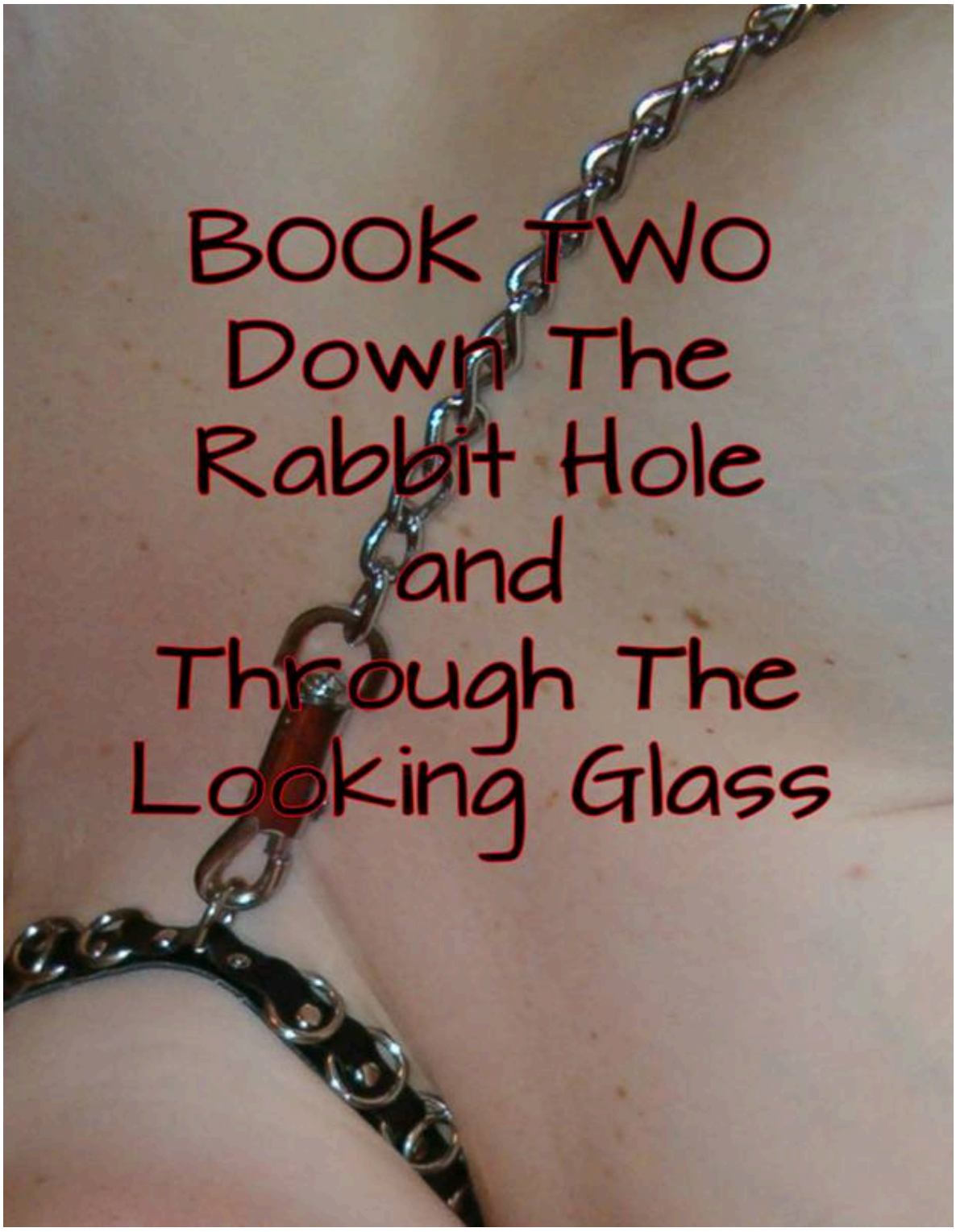
"Goodnight, Bill," she whispered back.

She lay awake for a long time, waiting to hear the change in his breathing and then the light sound of his snoring. Then, once she was sure that he was good and asleep she rolled onto her other side and began to cry. Her face soon felt cool with her tears, and her breath came out in raspy sobs.

No, he didn't get it, and he would never get it at all. It was too far beyond Bill.

Heather lay awake for a long time, sobbing to herself in the darkness. Kristen's words still stung in her ears and in her mind.

Then it sounds to me like you have a lot of soul searching and hard decisions to make. I would by lying to you if I told you that any of it is going to be easy. You have to look into yourself to determine what's going to be the best for you, Heather. And probably no matter what you do, if you decide you want to really get involved in the lifestyle and leave your old life behind, or if you stay the way you're always been with your husband, it's probably going to hurt.


BOOK TWO
Down The
Rabbit Hole
and
Through The
Looking Glass

CHAPTER EIGHT:
Number One Of House Chambers

-1-

Summer passed into early fall. School started, and the routine at home and around the neighborhood changed as the children went from hanging out during the hot afternoons, to being gone and at school for most of the day. For Heather the change in routine was somewhat welcome. Now there were uniforms and lunches and homework to worry about, her doing her part to wash school uniforms and make sure they were ready and packing lunches, and watching out in the afternoon to make sure that Terry and Melissa were getting their homework done before they headed out to be with their friends or watched TV and played video games.

It had been three months since the day Kitty had first began to tell her about her experiences in the lifestyle. Three months since she had told Heather about those first days with Master Elias. Three months since she had pulled her shorts down to her knees to show her that tattoo that marked her as the property of the one Master she would love forever, and refused to be released from, even in death. Three months since she had given her her copy of *Another Kind Of Loving*, which was still sitting unread in the bottom drawer of the desk in the spare bedroom.

"When are you going to read it?" Kitty would ask nearly each time she visited the house. "I think it would really help you understand yourself better if you read it some."

"I know," Heather would tell her. "I just haven't found the right time."

Eventually the older woman would stop asking. Somewhere along the line she no doubt knew that Heather would pick up the book on her own, whether from need or curiosity.

As time passed the people who had become closest to Heather in that three month span, Betty, Kristen and Kitty herself, she knew, had come to realize more and more that she had been entertaining the idea of going outside of her marriage to find someone to take care of her submissive needs. Betty and Kristen had stood by her from the beginning of these thoughts. Betty, of course, felt that it was okay, probably even natural for her to want to cheat.

"If it really ain't for you, you'll know right off," she said one afternoon. Her best friend's attitude was that she just needed to do it. That one way or another she would get the need out of her system.

Kristen advised her to move with the strongest of caution. "You have to be certain, absolutely certain, that you want to pursue a relationship outside your marriage. Before you do a single thing with anyone other than your hubby you need to decide if you're going to keep it a secret and live a double life, or if you're going to end your marriage and move on into a totally new life."

Although Kristen's advice made a lot of sense Heather found herself no closer to knowing if she wanted a double life or a new life. It was an issue that would remain unresolved for a long time.

Kitty had been the one who had not immediately warmed to the idea that Heather would go outside of her marriage to learn more about the lifestyle from getting firsthand experience.

"Are you crazy?" had been the older woman's initial reaction once Heather had brought it up, about a month earlier. "I always thought that you had a solid relationship with Bill."

Of course she knew that things were not always what they appeared to be. Heather's relationship with her husband had been a solid one, or so it seemed, at least until Kitty had introduced her to the fact that there was a different way of living. She even admitted to her that she knew Heather would have none of the thoughts she was having now if it hadn't been for the fact that she had begun to tell her about her experiences in the lifestyle in the first place.

Heather told her that she knew now, and it had begun to make her feel differently about everything. There was no way she could unlearn the things that the other woman had told her, or unlearn the way she had begun to look at herself, and eventually the way she began to look at her relationship with Bill.

For a couple of weeks Kitty expressed a great deal of guilt, feeling she had sown the seeds that would eventually end Heather's relationship with her husband and the father of her children. She refused to say anything more about

her life and her experiences in the lifestyle for those weeks. But, eventually, she seemed to understand that Heather had already made up her mind about what she was going to do, that she was going to find a master to begin to train her, either online or in real life, and explore this newly discovered part of herself more fully and on her own.

So once her initial shock was over Kitty started recounting her life as a novice and then a common submissive in the house of Master Chambers. She also began to offer her support of Heather's decision, saying, "I have seen this before, and it's best that you know more now that you're aware of your submissive nature. There's no point in trying to suppress what you believe you are, because you're going to be unhappy if you try to live like that. I don't want to see you in any pain, Heather, but whatever path you choose from here on out is bound to be paved with some form of unhappiness."

Kitty's words mirrored Kristen's own warning that no matter what she did, it was probably going to hurt.

During those first months Heather had spent a great deal of her spare time chatting in Bored Like Hell. It gave her a chance to interact with the regulars, as well as other dominants and submissives who visited the room. Aside from the usual conversation, and joking and clowning around, Heather watched the conversations around her, learning from them and the occasional IM that someone new would send to her. After she had been chatting there about a month Kitty herself had also become a regular part of the room.

topazblue48: greetings A/all

sweetandshaven_mo: greetings topaz
sweetandshaven_mo: hey sis, your mentor is here

fields_of_heather: greetings topaz :)

Master_Vyper2000: Greetings topaz

fantasyland2000: hiya topaz

sassyone67: greetings topaz :)

sensualmaiden1999: greetings topaz

topazblue48: so what's E/everyone up to today?

For Heather it was interesting to watch Kitty in chat. She conducted herself and chatted just as she spoke when she slipped back in time during her recounting of specific scenes she had been involved in. Kitty was also the object of the attention of nearly every dominant that cruised through the room. Heather was sure that this was in part due to her only profile picture, which showcased the her MASTER'S VOICE tattoo. Her other selling point, she told Heather, was that she mentioned she was part of a submissive couple, as part of her very detailed profile information. "It's usually enough to intrigue any Master, so they usually ask about that if nothing else." Aside from herself and Kristen she also had developed a fast friendship with sassy once she had started joining Heather in chat.

topazblue48: still coming over later heather?

fields_of_heather: yes, i'll be over in about an hour as planned

fantasyland2000: going over for a visit?
fantasyland2000: how far away are you two?

topazblue48: just three houses between us

sensualmaiden1999: how lucky you are
sensualmaiden1999: my nearest subbie neighbor i know of is 2 hours away

sweetandshaven_mo: yeppers my sis sure is lucky

fantasyland1999: what are you going to do today?

fields_of_heather: topaz is going to show me some of her things
fields_of_heather: and the collars her Master gave her

rose_tyler_uk_sub: plural collars?

topazblue48: my Master gave me several collars through each stage of my training

Mistress_Saybin: yes, it's not as much a common practice as it once was

indy_sub: has on a training collar from her new Master right now :)

saffron_sub_girl: :(wishes she had any collar

sassyone67: how many collars did your Master give you topaz?

topazblue48: three
toapzblue48: the first for training
topazblue48: the second when He considered one to be a common submissive
topazblue48: and the final collar when she became His Number One
topazblue48: that was for this girl's true collaring

Somehow sassy was very intuitive when it came to the things that Kitty was talking about.

sassyone67: there was another collar
sassyone67: wasn't there?

topazblue48: yes there was
topazblue48: there was what Master considered to be a bonded submissive
topazblue48: that meant to Him that a girl was His alone and no Other could touch her
topazblue48: :) one became His bonded submissive and His Number One submissive at the same time

sassyone67: you were indeed very special to Him :)

topazblue48: yes :)

Heather smiled to herself as she watched the exchange, because she knew whenever Kitty talked about being collared, truly collared, was when she was the happiest. Today she had told her that she was finally going to tell her about her final collaring by Master Chambers, as well as showing her all her collars, and a few other things. Today's visit was going to be her first visit to the older woman's house since she had started telling her about her experiences in the lifestyle. However, for the first time she was going to see two rooms she had never been in before in Kitty's house. "I never let anyone see the bedrooms, but you'll understand them."

She smiled wider as she sat there looking at the monitor. The idea of seeing rooms no one else was allowed to see in Kitty's house made her feel honored, as well as excited.

Mistress_Saybin: how long have you been in the lifestyle topaz, a long time One is sure

topazblue48: about a month shy of 39 years

Mistress_Saybin: that is a long time
Mistress_Saybin: you have been in the lifestyle much longer that this One has been

Master_Vyper2000: indeed a long time
Master_Vyper2000: topaz is probably the most experienced O/one of U/us here

topazblue48: yes Sir
topazblue48: probably in more ways than You know
topazblue48: :) lol

Heather shook her head, covered her mouth slightly and laughed.

fields_of_heather: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lol

fantasyland2000: lol

sassyone67: lmfao

Mistress_Saybin: lol topaz you are too much

saffron_sub_girl: lol

Master_Vyper2000: lol

sensualmaiden1999: lol

rose_tyler_uk_sub: lol

Heather's smile broadened as an IM box from Kitty opened in the corner of her screen.

topazblue48: should have known i would pay for that one
topazblue48: every Master and want to be just sent me a PM
topazblue48: lol

Heather laughed as she looked at the message. Taking a quick breath she sighed and entered a response.

fields_of_heather: well you are the most experienced sub in the room
fields_of_heather: you should have known better
fields_of_heather: lol

topazblue48: LOL
topazblue48: good point
topazblue48: seems like a pretty good time to excuse myself and get ready for you
topazblue48: let me tell everyone else farewell

fields_of_heather: okay
fields_of_heather: i better get ready to go too

fields_of_heather: so i'll do the same and be over there in a few minutes

topazblue48: sounds good

Heather closed out her IM window and then went back to the room where she and Kitty began to give their "be wells". Of course the others tried to draw the conversation out just a little bit longer. Quite a few of the submissives in the room at that moment did not know any others who lived close to them. They considered Heather and Kitty to be lucky, and were curious to know what it was like to have another submissive for a next door neighbor.

Just as she got out of chat and was about to shut off her instant messenger Kristen sent her an IM.

sweetandshaven_mo: Master is coming over this afternoon so i probably won't be here when you get back

sweetandshaven_mo: call me tonight and let me know all about your visit with your mentor sis

fields_of_heather: will do sis

Kristen was probably just as envious and curious as the other girls in the room, Heather knew. She bid her be well, promising that she would call her that evening and fill her in on her visit with Kitty. Over the past few months she had looked forward to filling in Kristen on everything that Kitty told her about. It was good to have her for that because although Betty gave her her support she did not understand any more about the lifestyle than Bill did, but Kristen gave her someone to talk to who totally related to and understood what she was hearing.

Since she had a few minutes once she was off the computer Heather went to the kitchen and fixed herself a cup of hot chocolate. For the past couple of months she could not drink a cup of it without thinking about the dream she had had of Bill as Officer Ford. And it still made her feel a little aroused each time she thought about the dream.

That was a big problem, Heather had decided. It had been only a dream. A submission scene with Bill would never be anything more than a dream, or a

fantasy. And it was this line of thinking which would eventually lead Heather down the pathway to adultery.

-2-

The house that Kitty shared with Earl Graves was dark and cool as Heather stepped through the door that morning. It had been months since she had been to her neighbor's house, and she was not sure if it had seemed this dark before. The curtains and shades drawn, the only illumination at the time the light above the stove in the kitchen and a small lamp on an end table by Earl's recliner in the living room. For some reason it made her think of Kitty's relation of her first visit to Master Elias's house, and how there had been no light.

All of the sudden, as she remembered Kitty's tale, Heather had a realization. Kitty had been instructed to come into a darkened house she had never been in before, and wait. And then she was to go to his voice when he called to her, because that was the clear path.

Kitty had taken that path. She had not known if Elias had been lying to her or not about there being nothing to trip and fall over as long as she came to his voice. It had all been a matter of faith and trust on the other woman's part that he was telling the truth.

Faith and trust had to be something that was a major part of being a submissive. You had to have faith and trust that the person knew what they were doing, and that they were what they said they were. Kitty had had both of those things with Master Elias and with Master Chambers after him. She had so much faith in J.J. Chambers, in fact, that she had endured learning over from the beginning and all of the taunts and torturous teasing of her *"sister submissive"* Scarlett Hannigan.

Faith and trust, she also realized, was something that she did not have in Bill. At least not in the respect of him ever becoming a dominant.

"Welcome to our home," Kitty greeted as she closed the door behind her.

It was a simple welcome, the same one which the other woman always had given to anyone who entered her and Earl's house. It was nothing that Heather had ever put any thought into before, but now she wondered if the greeting was something left over from her years with Master Chambers as a girl in his house, or if it was something she had picked up as a household greeting somewhere in the lifestyle. Though, *Welcome to our home*, she realized now, was one of the

first things that Dinah Saunders had told Kitty once Master Chambers had brought her to his home and introduced them.

"Thank you," Heather returned, feeling it was the appropriate thing to say. Even in the muted light she could see the smile on the other woman's face and the rosy flush on her cheeks. It was apparent that she had been looking forward to this particular visit just as much as she had. There was no doubt that whenever the older woman skirted the subject of her collaring that she was in her element, forever proud and happy that she had been claimed as, what she felt was, the truest submissive by Master Chambers.

Kitty walked around Heather and took her hand. "Come on," she said, unable to hide the excitement in her voice. "I can't wait to show you."

Heather followed along as her neighbor pulled her toward the bedroom that she shared with Earl. She had learned that this was the room they slept in together, and made love to each other, and that no one else was allowed to visit their sanctuary, until today. Heather was the first exception, they had decided, Kitty had revealed, since she understood the lifestyle. The scenes that played out between them and a Master, Heather had learned, took place in one of the other bedrooms in the house were there were certain *toys and devices*.

sweetandshaven_mo: toys and devices?

Kristen had posted that in an IM they were sharing a couple of weeks before when she related the conversation on that subject.

sweetandshaven_mo: woohoo
sweetandshaven_mo: what kind of toys and devices sis?
sweetandshaven_mo: paddles one hopes :)

fields_of_heather: lol
fields_of_heather: i'll have to find out sometime

sweetandshaven_mo: well whenever you do let me know sis

It looked as if today would be the day she just might find out what those "toys and devices" were.

-4-

Once she stepped into the "master bedroom" behind Kitty Heather realized that, though larger than her own bedroom, it was a little small, and given the size of the house was no doubt not the true master bedroom at all, but one of the smaller bedrooms. The largest bedroom, she already knew, must be the playroom her neighbor had mentioned which contained the toys and devices. That would be the intended master bedroom of the house, converted into a Master's playroom by the home's submissive occupants.

Kitty allowed Heather a moment to look around the bedroom before she said anything, and Heather was glad for a chance to take in her surroundings. A queen size bed covered by blue satin looking sheets was off to one corner. On the opposite wall were a dresser and a bookcase, each sitting against the doorway to what had to be a small bathroom. There was a smaller bookcase sitting against the wall in the opposite corner from the bed, and the space between them was filled by a small window.

There were several shadowboxes and pictures on the walls, and these were no doubt what Kitty had brought her to see. There was a poster sized picture of Kitty directly over the headboard of the bed, professionally done, no doubt taken by the hand of J.J. Chambers himself. The poster revealed a Kitty who had to have been in her late 20's to early 30's. She was nude, leaning against the arch of a massive entryway. Her eyes glistened and her lips were darkly painted and pouty. She was holding her hands to her, just above the navel, her wrists bound together with a length of cord. Around her neck was the collar Heather had first seen in the picture book Kitty had brought on the day she had first began to tell her about the lifestyle, a thick black band with a blue stone set at the throat and a large chrome D ring to the left side. She was facing the camera fully, her legs spaced apart, her Property Of J.J. Chambers tattoo was displayed fully in the image.

There were several pictures above the smaller bookcase. There was one of the pale skinned, dark haired girl that Kitty had pointed out as Elaine. Another showed a short haired blonde with chubby cheeks she had seen in other pictures called Sister Eve. There was another nude picture of Kitty with another equally

naked woman, facing each other and holding hands, taken in black and white. The other woman in the picture was a thin, tall and gaunt blonde, with long downward pointing boobs, no doubt Dinah Saunders who had been Number One when Kitty had entered the house of Master Chambers. She was in another picture with Kitty and two other women. Kitty, Dinah and a plump redhead, who could have only been Scarlett Hannigan, were in the background, each dressed in lingerie which accented each of their eyes. The fourth woman in the foreground was older and frail looking, dressed in a simple yellow robe and a black collar with a red band at the top and the bottom. There was no doubt in Heather's mind as to her identity as well; the fourth woman had to be Fiona Logan.

Past the bookcase there were more pictures along the wall. There was one of Kitty and Earl at the beach, and another of them standing at the fort in St. Augustine. Surprisingly there was one that had Kitty, Earl, Elaine, Dinah, and Scarlett, along with two other men and three women, sitting at a table with champagne flutes raised high.

Then there was a black and white picture of J.J. Chambers. He was sitting with one leg raised higher than the other, an old fashioned accordion camera propped up on his knee. He had a thoughtful look as he gazed into the lens of the camera that was taking his photograph. It was the kind of look which may have marked him as a creative genius by anyone who met him.

Above the dresser six shadowboxes had been mounted. They were in three rows, in a descending triangular pattern, three on top in similar frames, two below in widely different frames from the top three as well as each other, and one on the bottom, which was slightly wider than the other two. The interior of each box was decorated with a red satin lining, and each box contained a single collar, with the exception of the lowermost box which contained two collars that had been linked through each other like a piece of chain.

"These are all of our collars," Kitty finally said, stepping up behind Heather as she looked at the shadowboxes.

"Earl's too?"

"Yes," Kitty said. She moved in front of Heather and pointed to the box on the far left of the top row. "My first collar. My novice collar."

It was the collar Kitty had described getting on her first day in Master Chamber's house. It was indeed very thin compared to the others, a single small jingle bell sat next to a small D ring.

Kitty pointed to the middle collar. "And this is the collar I was given once I became a common submissive."

Common submissive, Heather had learned, meant several things to J.J. Chambers and the girls who trained under him. Other than being a step up from being a novice common meant plain and with no real specific or specialized training, hence the fact that the collar was nothing more than an unadorned black band with a D ring. Common girls did a majority of the household chores. If a girl was a common submissive in Master Chambers' house it meant also that she was a communal submissive, a girl who at Master Chambers' discretion, could be leant to another Master or Mistress to use as a servant, or for sexual purposes.

A bonded submissive, the next level, which Kitty had attained at the same time she had become Number One, was a girl who Master Chambers considered to be his exclusively. And it was only on the rarest occasions that he would allow another dominant to touch her, or engage in sexual activity of any kind with her. A bonded submissive was given a special collar, somewhat personalized, just as their novice collars had been.

When He made this one bonded and His Number One, Kitty had told her, *she was almost exclusively for Him. He only fully shared this girl five times with other Masters, one time He observed and the other times were in group sexual situations. She was to use her mouth for Him on Others as she had with Master Ryan many times, but He preferred to keep her pussy and her ass for Himself to use for His own pleasure.*

"This is my bonded collar, and my collar as Number One," Kitty breathed, pride evidently swelling in her voice and heart as she pointed to the third collar.

Heather of course recognized this collar more than any other. The thick black collar with its beautiful blue stone was one she had seen in several pictures that Kitty had shown her since the first day she had come to her house to begin explaining what BDSM and the lifestyle were.

"A girl still wears this collar often," the other woman continued, "when she attends a function, or when she serves a Master for play, so that He will know that although one gives herself up to be used that she can never be owned by Another."

Heather felt a shiver as she listened to Kitty talk. She wasn't even describing a scene, but talking about the collars made her slip back and begin

speaking about herself in third person. It made her aware of a slight tingle below the pit of her stomach. Listening to Kitty talk that way again-

It was so fucking hot!

"And these collars?" Heather asked, not wanting to get caught up in lust thoughts before anything had really been said.

Kitty pointed to the shadowbox on the left of the second tier of the shadowbox triangle. "This is Dinah's last collar."

Looking a little more closely Heather could see several diamond shaped pieces of turquoise that had been mounted around the black leather band of the collar. She did recall her telling her that Dinah Saunders had been wearing that collar underneath the turtle neck of the shirt she had worn on the day Kitty had arrived at the home of Master Chambers.

"She gave it to this girl on the day she retired from being Number One and became a Mistress. It was the same day this girl became bonded to her Master and became His new Number One." She paused, some dreamy and faraway look in her eyes. "Everything in the house of my Master changed on that day to being completely different from the day this girl arrived. But one shall tell you about that in a little bit."

"Okay."

Kitty focused her attention to the second shadowbox in the second tier. Inside was a thin white collar. "This was Earl's collar, his training collar, from the second Mistress he served. So far it is the only collar he has ever been given."

"Was he with her for very long?" Heather found herself asking.

"Only a few months, before she moved on to someone else," Kitty replied. "She was younger than Earl, and just as inexperienced, but one's first collar is something which is always special. It all happened a little after we first met."

"I see," Heather nodded.

Faith and trust.

"And these," Kitty said, gently touching the final box on the bottom, "Earl and this girl exchanged these collars to one another in a commitment ceremony. We felt that we needed something symbolic, and it was fitting, as our relationship is so different from any other."

Heather let this part sink in a moment. A commitment ceremony. She had no idea until then that they had had anything like that between them.

"We did it on a lifestyle cruise we took six years ago. Dinah and Elaine, and Scarlett and Sara, Master Nealson and Mistress Catherine all came with us." She turned and motioned to the wall behind them on the right. "There's a picture of all of us together there."

And that explained the picture of them together that she had seen earlier. Kitty had invited her former sisters and people she knew from the lifestyle to be there for her commitment to Earl.

"Can I ask you something?"

Kitty smiled. "Heather, I'm sure you know by now you can always ask anything."

"I know." Heather gave a nod. "This is just a little more different I guess."

"How so?"

"I was just wondering-, If you and Earl ever thought about getting, you know, married?"

Once again Kitty gave another understanding smile. "I love him dearly, Heather. But marriage will never be for us."

"Why not?"

"Well, for Earl's part, he doesn't want to be married again. It isn't because he is afraid things will fail, but he feels two times is enough. He likes our relationship as it is, as do I. He gets exactly what he needs from it, and I do too."

Heather thought about what the older woman was saying, as well as the things she had told her about her relationship with Earl over the past few months. He enjoyed being a cuckold submissive, and he lived the role 24/7. And she had explained before that he felt more stable in the role with her than he had with either of his wives.

"With them", Kitty had revealed, *"he had always feared that they would leave him for one of the bulls they were involved with. And both times it eventually happened. With me, understanding that we're both submissives, and that I am passionate about being a submissive and being loyal to only one true Master, the fear of me abandoning him for someone else just is not there."*

"He likes it when I go out on my own," she told her another time. *"Earl loves for me to tell him about going to be with a Master and the things that He does to me. Nothing makes him hotter or harder than knowing that I've had sex with another man and am coming straight home to tell him all about it. He always fucks me like a total beast whenever I get finished telling him."*

“And for my part,” Kitty continued, “I don’t ever want to marry. There was truly only one for me, Heather. We never married, but we were so close we never had to be. For all intents and purposes I was Master Chambers’ wife. This girl was the one He chose above all others, and it was all she ever needed. To wear His collar, to be bonded to Him and be His Number One, for this girl it was just like a marriage, perhaps something even greater.”

“October 10, 1974,” Heather said. The older woman had mentioned the date so many times that now even she knew it by heart.

Kitty smiled broadly, her cheeks glowing. She took a step back, then turned and walked to the bed, pivoting and turning again to take a seat on the mattress. She picked up a pack of Camel on the stand by the bed and took one out and lit it. Still smiling she looked to the ceiling and exhaled. “Yes, October 10, 1974, the day this girl was given her final collar by her Master.” She patted the spot beside her on the mattress. “Come and have a seat with me.”

Heather crossed the short distance and sat down beside Kitty on her bed.

“Would you like one?” she asked, passing her pack over.

“Not yet,” Heather said.

There was a slight pause, and Heather realized a somewhat tense one, as the older woman gazed at her.

“Thank you,” Kitty said.

Heather gave her neighbor a curious look.

“It’s not yet, thank you,” Kitty said.

“Not yet, thank you,” Heather found herself repeating. “Kitty, I’m sorry.”

Kitty placed a hand on her shoulder and gave it a slight squeeze. “If you seriously want to learn to be a submissive then I am going to help you learn to be a proper one.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

With a smile Kitty raised a finger on her free hand and shook it. “And first of all, please, never call me ma’am. I am a submissive, heart and soul, and have never been comfortable with it. I will be your teacher if you wish, but never a Mistress. I suppose you could call me-” She paused, looking for the right thing to say.

“My mentor?”

Smiling, Kitty gave her polite and Georgia peachy laugh. “Yes, that’s what Sweet calls me, your mentor. One supposes it must be true.”

Yes, Kristen was indeed right about that all along, even though she and Kitty were just beginning to understand that it was a fact.

"Where were we?" Kitty asked after taking another drag off her cigarette.

"October 10, 1974."

"Oh, yes," Kitty grinned. "One can never forget. It was a beautiful day. One that was filled with change."

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"A girl was sitting at the dresser in her room wearing only her collar, a bra and panties and brushing out her hair when He knocked at the door," Kitty began. "One said, come in, thinking it would be Sister Eve or Sister Sara, the novices were to help a girl prepare throughout the day, until the time of the ceremony. It did not cross one's mind that it could be her Master knocking at the door. We were not to see each other until that evening and the collaring ceremony, much like a traditional wedding in a way.

"When one saw it was Him she showed surprise. Master, a girl is sorry, one said, but You should not be seeing this one now.

"He smiled to this girl, looking to her with those beautiful eyes. How could One resist seeing you all day, My Kitty?

"One is sure she blushed. She rose from her seat and sat down on the bed, asking her Master to join her there much like one asked you to join her on this one."

With a smile Heather nodded.

"Master had something in His hands. He held it up to reveal it and one saw that it was the collar of a common submissive. Master, what is this?, one asked, a little uncertain of what it meant, but having some idea of what the answer was to be.

"Scarlett has petitioned for her release and told Me her safe word, He replied. She feels that this should be her night and not yours. I have always been fair to her, and patient. But since your arrival in this house her training became stagnated. And Fiona's passing was a major blow for her. She has failed to advance, and she realizes that she has failed in her training as a submissive. Tonight, Kitty, you surpass her twice over, and she feels there is nothing more she can learn in this house, especially with you as its Number

One. And I agree with her. There is nothing more she can learn from me or you, because she is not willing to learn.

"A girl is sorry, one told him. It did make one feel uncomfortable, knowing that another had failed to reach her potential because she had been so wrapped up in trying to oust her from her Master's house.

"There is nothing for you to be sorry for, Kitty. It is time for her to leave.

"A girl sees, one said. Is there a place for her to go?

"Master Riddle may take her in, or possibly Master Nealson. They both appreciate Scarlett's strong will and stubbornness. One of them will be able to complete her training I am sure.

"As you wish, Sir.

"He patted a girl's knee and gave it a squeeze. It is out of my hands now.

"You're stronger than you think, Kitty. He must have known what one was thinking.

"Master-, one started to say.

"I had to come and show you right now, He said before a girl could finish. How many girls have passed from this house since you arrived?

"Only three, sir. There had been two girls who had not passed the rank of novice and asked to be let go. Fiona's death had brought the total to three.

"He nodded. How long do you intend to be My Number One, Kitty?

"A girl couldn't help but smile. With respect, Sir, it is not a position that one intends to ever relinquish.

"And He laughed. It was so warm and big, always enough to melt this girl's heart. Of that I am well aware, My Kitty. Therefore you must be prepared, as I am, from this day forward, that there will be many other girls who either fail in their training, or find the lifestyle is not really what is calling them, and petition to be let go.

"You have much wisdom, Sir. What you say is logical and true. As Number One a girl must be prepared to watch the girls under her fail. One will always strive to make sure that that does not happen due to poor guidance on her part.

"You're the wise one, he said.

"Master leaned closer and one knew he meant to kiss her. One was not about to refuse. But as our lips touched the door burst open. It was Sara.

"Sister Kitty, a girl has the clothes Master laid out for you, she exclaimed before she realized that not only had she breached house etiquette, but also that our Master was there.

“Once she saw that she was looking into Master’s eyes she cast hers immediately to the floor and lowered herself. Master, Sister Kitty, one is sorry for the unannounced intrusion.

“It’s okay, Sara, Master told her. One knows this is a very exciting day.

“Yes, Sir. A girl has behaved rudely, Sir.

“Hang your sister’s clothing on the outside of the doorknob, Sara, and that will be all.

Sara curtsied, the same practiced curtsey that one realized she had first seen Scarlett do on the first day she had entered Master’s house. The same curtsey this girl had learned so well from Master Chambers and Dinah. All the girls of the house learned that steady and unfaltering, balanced curtsey. And one realized that as of that day she would be the one teaching it.

“By your command, Sara said. Casting her eyes down to the floor she backed out of the room and shut the door.

“Later on one knew that the other girls would begin to move her things into Master Chambers’ room.

“One gasped as she suddenly felt His hands on her shoulders. He gave them a hard rub with his strong hands. You’re tense, Kitty, he observed.

“One is excited, Sir.

“About tonight?

“No, Sir, one breathed. It makes one excited to see the power you have over us.

“You need to bury that deeply, Kitty. After tonight you don’t want it to be apparent how much it makes you excited when you are in their presence. He gave a slight laugh. Have I failed with you as well? You’re still as hot blooded as the night that Master Ryan first let me use you.

“With respect, Sir. A girl is not a Number One yet.

“This is true, He agreed.

“One could feel her jaw twitch. She turned her head to try and pop her neck. His touch was driving her crazy. It always did, always had and always would. With respect, Sir, you should not be here.

“Master Chambers tightened His grip on this girl’s shoulders and pulled her back until she was resting against His chest. Is there some place you would prefer Me?

“Yes, Sir, one said. A girl couldn’t help herself. It was one of those times when her mouth was just going, and she knew it was going to go. She was

going to say what her insides were saying. She knew it was His intention to purposely drive her mad with passion. He knew her all too well, and this one was certain there was no turning back now."

There's no turning back now, Heather thought.

"It would be inappropriate to say where one wants You, Sir, one gasped. His one hand had moved up to her neck and was massaging it over the top of her collar.

"It's true that you're not officially My Number One yet, Kitty. But you already know that even once you are, in private you may speak freely with Me. You always have been able to, so speak freely now.

"You know what one will say, Master

"Yes, He said. But I want to hear you say it.

"One let out another gasp as she felt his other hand go from her shoulder to down her side, reaching around and squeezing her left breast. One's nipple was very hard.

"You came here for two reasons. The first was to tell this girl about Sister Scarlett leaving us.

"He had found a girl's nipple and began to pinch it through the fabric of her bra with His thumb and index finger. It made one let out a little moan.

"And the other reason? He hissed.

"With respect, Master, You came here because it was your intention to fuck this girl.

"One let out a yelp as He took a handful of hair and yanked this girl's head back.

"And if One did?

"A girl is your property, Sir.

Property of

J.J. Chambers

"To do with as you please.

"Yes, Kitty-girl?

"Always, Sir."

Heather was very aware of the beating of her heart as she listened to Kitty. The other woman's eyes were closed. Her own breath was short and shallow. Her left hand had a death grip on her own left breast through the halter top she was wearing.

"Kneel on your bed and remove your panties, Master said.

"By your command, Sir. A girl knelt on the mattress and pulled her panties down to her knees, and then she raised her knees one at a time to be able to slip them the rest of the way off. He was behind this girl, practically ripping her bra off of her top half.

"Down, He said once a girl was naked.

"As you wish, Sir. A girl lowered herself down, arms out, head down on her pillows, ass raised in the air, knees apart, pussy opened wide.

"A girl cried out and had an orgasm as soon as her Master's hand slammed into her exposed ass," Kitty gasped.

Heather felt a little shiver of her own as she listened. At that moment, more than any other time over the course of the past few months, she knew if the other woman were to suggest sex between them that she would have no problem giving it a try.

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Once Kitty had finished detailing every moment of the passionate coupling between herself and Master Chambers on the afternoon of her final collaring Heather found that she needed the cigarette that the older woman had offered her earlier. From day one, even before she had arrived at the house that first day to talk, she had wondered if perhaps her neighbor was a little interested in seducing her. And that had been even before Kitty had mentioned that she had preformed sexually with other women.

Over their conversations during the past few months it became very apparent that Kitty was bisexual. She had first talked of performing with other submissives for Master Ryan. Then of her affair with, submissive turned Mistress, Catherine Argot. And finally she had talked of her not so secret affair with Dinah Saunders.

"When Master was away all of us were forbidden from engaging in any kind of sexual play, even masturbation," Kitty had told her. "But I had only been in Master's house about a month before Dinah pursued a sexual relationship with

me." The other woman had had the biggest, shit eating, grin on her face as she admitted her guilt. "We made no real secret about it. It was Dinah's intention to use this as a way of getting Master to *punish* her. Sometimes we would do things when we knew that Scarlett would catch us. Other times she would confess to Him that we had misbehaved while He was out, or she would instruct me to do so.

"I know Master got a great deal of enjoyment due to our indiscretions. He would often punish both of us together. There was always a paddling or hand spanking, or He would take turns teasing or sexually molesting us. Often He would make us reenact what we had done so he could see exactly what had happened and then determine what *punishment* best suited the crime.

"I am not sure if this was an established tradition in His house, or if it was one that had begun with Dinah and the Number One before her. But I made it so. Once I was Number One I had unapproved sexual contact with Eve and Elaine, and Nancy and Judy."

Yes, Heather was sure that Kitty truly embraced lesbian sex. Yet she had never offered or suggested that the two of them have sex. She wasn't sure if it was because she wanted her to be the one to make the first move, or if she wasn't sure that she would want to try. Or maybe, as Heather had thought about the other woman herself when she came for their first talk about the lifestyle, Kitty did not find her sexually appealing.

Heather did know that as time passed her neighbor had became more and more attractive to her. Surely someone with as much knowledge and experience as she had knew that their conversations excited her, and often made her open and close her legs as Kitty herself had on her first day in Master Chambers' house.

She took another cigarette when Kitty offered it before she went on.

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"A girl lay in her bed, sleepy, content and satisfied, once her Master had finished with her. She felt cool, and fell into a light dose as He left, her ass still throbbing and tingling.

"She woke up to a knock at the door. Yes, one called.

"Sister Kitty, it's Sister Eve. One has come to prepare you for your bath.

"You may enter, sister, one replied.

“The door opened and Eve came inside. Her face was framed with honey blonde hair which curled at the ends. She was about the same size as this one, plump, with nice, meaty thighs. One thinks this is why she chose her to have an affair with first. Master liked girls in a variety of shapes and sizes, but it was the bigger ones such as oneself and Scarlett that He liked the most.

“Eve had towels folded and held neatly in her arms, bottles of shampoo and a brand new bar of soap sat on top of them. She had a surprised look on her face as she stepped in and realized that one was naked. She immediately decided to hide it, one could tell, justifying this girl’s nakedness due to the fact she thought one may have been taking a nap.

“Master has ordered that you be bathed in His bathroom instead of in the bathroom of the common submissives.”

Kitty had told Heather that even though most of the bedrooms in the house had their own bathrooms that novice and common submissives were only allowed to bathe and shower in a single small bathroom downstairs unless otherwise directed.

“Of course, Sister Eve, one replied.

“She put the towels and things down on the dresser and grabbed one’s robe off a hook on the back of the bedroom door as one rose off the bed. A girl stood and waited and she came to her and helped her into the robe. One was not used to being pampered by any of the others, but it was good to feel special, and although it would always cause some discomfort one knew that Master would expect the other girls in His house to respect and give her some pampering as the position of Number One afforded that.

“We went down the hall to our Master’s room, the room that from that night forward a girl would share with Him from then on, Eve following behind with the towels and bath items, as well as the clothing that Sara had left on the door earlier. One felt a weight on her chest because she knew she would not be returning to the room she had been allowed for the past couple of years as a common submissive.

“We walked through our Master’s room and to the bathroom on the other side. Master’s bathroom was very large, with cool marble floors, and an ornate claw footed tub, which was elevated on a platform, a couple of steps off of the main floor. There was a shower that was big enough for two or three people in one corner. Along the far wall was a golden chair with an ornately carved back and a full dressing table.

“Sara was already there. She had just finished filling the tub. The water was so warm it was steaming. She filled a white cistern to use to rinse this girl’s hair when they washed it. Once she had finished she came down to our level and helped Eve remove the robe this girl was wearing. Then Eve removed one’s collar and sat it aside on the dressing table.

“The two novices each took a hand and guided one up the steps to the tub. They continued holding one’s hands until she had stepped into the tub and eased down into the warm water. The water itself felt like liquid silk lapping at this girl’s body. One felt so special to finally be there.

“One eased herself back slightly and closed her eyes as Eve and Sara bathed her and washed her hair. It felt so good. This girl’s body felt alive and aware of every sensation, but her mind was focused on what was to come in a couple of short hours.

“Once they finished Eve and Sara helped one rise out of the tub. The air was noticeably cooler once one was standing, and she was aware that her nipples were shriveled and tingling. They each used a towel to dry one off. Then they took one’s hands and guided her to the chair at the table. One looked at herself in the mirror. Even though it was a little bit foggy a girl could see that she was radiant. For the first time this girl felt as if she were looking at a beautiful woman instead of the simple servant girl from Ariton, Georgia.

“Eve took a brush and was about to begin stroking one’s hair when Dinah stepped into the room. One lowered her eyes to the floor out of respect. The two novices lowered their eyes as well and curtsied.

“You may leave us, Dinah told them. One will finish for you.

“As you wish, Ma’am, Eve replied.

“By your command, Number One, Sara replied.

“They curtsied again and walked to the door, where they turned and backed out of the room.

“A girl smiled as her Number One picked up the brush and began to run it through her hair. She would trail her long fingers through it occasionally as she did so. Dinah was wearing an elegant red dress, which hugged to her form and was cut low in the front to show off her breasts. Her lips were full, painted a deep red, and she was smiling as she brushed this girl’s hair.

“One has never been as proud as she is today, she finally said. You are one’s greatest student, Kitty. You have learned well, and you have learned quickly,

just as Master assured one you would before He ever brought you into this house.

“A girl thanks you, Number One. It was your teaching which allowed one to come so far. But please, do not think of this girl on this day, for it is a most special day for you, big sister.

“Dinah paused in brushing one’s hair, reaching up and touching her collar. This is true. She sat the brush down and picked up one’s collar, putting it around one’s neck. Tonight one will take the final step from submissive to Mistress and one would like for you to have something.

“What would that be, big sister?

“Dinah smiled over one’s shoulder, her face clear in the mirror. One would like for you to have her collar.

“Your collar?, one questioned. Dinah, this girl could not do that. Your collar is a special-

“She shook her head and patted one’s shoulder. One no longer needs it. Tonight one will be a Mistress. She smiled. My collar is special, Kitty, but I do not need it as a reminder of my where I came from. I will always have it up here, she said, putting a finger on her temple.

“It was a little strange to hear Dinah talk without doing so in the third person. One had heard her before, in public and when one’s family visited, occasionally when we were alone. But for some reason it felt funny to hear her talk plainly, even if she were about to become a Mistress.

“You, Kitty, have all of your life been dedicated to taking care of other people’s things. I want you to have my collar. I know you will take care of it, and I know that you will cherish it. And when the time comes, when the right person comes along, and you will know it inside when she does, I would like for you to pass it along to her, just as I am passing it along to you.

“One said the only thing that she could think to say to her, the only thing she knew was right. Thank you, Dinah. One will keep your collar and always cherish it. It will be kept in a place where it can be seen and respected always.

“Dinah removed her glasses and wiped tears away from her eyes. It was the only time one had ever seen her cry aside from in those first dark months just after Fiona died. Thank you, Kitty. She leaned down and gave one a soft kiss on the lips. I love you, Sister Kitty.

“And I love you, my big sister.

“One was reserved, being well contained out of respect for her and to show her that a girl had learned from her teaching a great deal since the first day she had come to our Master’s house. One longed for there to be more, for just one more time to be with her. The waxy taste of her lipstick was in one’s mouth, and it always made one hunger for deeper kisses from her. But that day was not appropriate. There would never be an appropriate day for the two of us again.

“There is something else, but you must look to it once I have left because it is only for your eyes, in private.

“What is it, Dinah?

“There is an envelope on the corner of our Master’s bed that I have been holding for you. You may read it when I leave.

“As you wish, Number One, a girl said for the last time.

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“What was in the envelope?” Heather asked as the other woman paused.

“It was a letter,” Kitty replied. “A letter from Fiona. When one opened it and saw the date on it she began to cry. She cried for a long time before she could go on. It was dated a few days before her death. Once one let it sink in she began to read.”

Heather reached over and took Kitty’s hand, giving it a squeeze. The other woman gave a slight smile and squeezed back. “What did she say?”

“She said,” and she paused to take a breath. “It said-. Well, here.” She let go of Heather’s hand and slipped off the bed. Kneeling beside the bed she reached underneath and withdrew a tan, fire-proof box, the key sticking out of the lock. She twisted the key and opened the box, and after a moment of sifting through the papers inside she withdrew a slightly yellowed envelope. “Here,” she said, rising and holding it out to Heather.

“Are you sure?” Heather found herself unsure if she should read something so personal.

“Yes. One would feel happy for you to read it for yourself.”

Heather felt honored. She was not sure if she would be the first person other than Kitty herself to look at the letter from Fiona, but something deep inside told her that she was. She took the envelope from the other woman as she stood there and looked at the handwriting on the front.

To: sister kitty

She looked back to Kitty. "Are you really sure?"

"Yes", she nodded. "Please."

"Thank you, Kitty." Heather reached into the envelope and pulled out two pages of neatly folded stationery from inside. Unfolding them she read:

April 6, 1973

Dearest Sister Kitty Of The Clan McClain,

If you are reading this letter it means that one is very sick on this day, and unable to be with you. Or one has been called into the presence of her Heavenly Father. If the latter is the case please do not mourn for this one, anymore than one is sure you already have, for it means that she is in a better place, a place where she can always be in the sunshine, and she will always be able to breathe easily with no need for oxygen tanks or inhalers or pills anymore. It is from this place so high, with her Heavenly Father and His son Jesus Christ by her side that she can watch over her children, and her Master, and all of her beautiful sisters.

One watches over you today with happy eyes for she has known from the beginning that this day will come, for you are the one elected above all to take our Sister Dinah's place at the side of our Master as His Number One. You go into a place which this girl has always dreamed of being, and where Master James always wanted one to be, however one has had her illnesses and family obligations to prevent her from ascending to the level of elected one, and perhaps even His bride. Over the course of the past few years both our Master and Dinah have been confident that you would be the next Number One, and knowing of His deep feelings for you this one believes that you shall be the final girl to hold that position in House Chambers.

Master James loves you as He never has another. One is happy that you came into His life, to bring Him this happiness, and to bring Him, one hopes, all of the things that this girl was unable to give. Always bear your rank in House Chambers with pride and this one knows that you will never falter in the duties

of your post as a Number One, a big sister, a teacher, a friend, and a loyal servant girl.

One begs for you to give Master James all of the things she sought to give, but was never able to. May House Chambers rejoice in the day when our Master may finally take a servant bride. Give Him many children, beautiful boys and girls, so that Master's house is filled with laughter and the happiness of the greatest joy that anyone could ever know. You are His one and He is your One, and together, Master and submissive you complete One another.

One has been honored to see your collar this day. It is a beautiful thing with a blue topaz stone that one is sure will suit you so well. From this day forward, in this world or the next, one will think of you as her Topaz Blue, Sister Kitty of the Clan McClain.

Your happiness is His happiness, and His happiness is this girl's happiness. Some would say that life does not always give us the things that we want to be, but this one believes the world has unfolded so that things are the way that they should be, and you should be with Master James. This makes Him happy. And it makes this girl happy as well, and she will return to her Heavenly Father the happiest of all, knowing that you shall be with Him, to take care of Him always.

You are the truest of good girls, Kitty. There is nothing in life you wish for more than to hear the sound of your Master's voice, and follow His instructions as you are forever obedient to Him.

All My Love,
Fiona J. Logan
Of The Clan Logan-Farley

Once she had finished reading Heather refolded the two pages as they had been when she took them out and slipped them back into their envelope. She passed the envelope back to Kitty and wiped her tearing eyes with the side of her hand. She believed understood why Fiona had felt that she needed to write the letter, other than her impending death. The woman had been loyal to Master Chambers just as Kitty was, right up until the very end. It made her realize, even as much as she believed that she had always loved Bill, that she had never come as close to having the love and passion that these women had felt for J.J. Chambers, and for each other.

“I have another question,” she finally said.

Kitty slid the box back under her bed and let out a slight sniffle. “I know,” she said. “You’re wondering why one never had any children.”

Heather gave a nod as the other woman rose. “Yes.” From reading the letter it seemed obvious that not only was it something that Fiona Logan had wanted for them, but something that Master Chambers must have wanted as well.

“I can’t,” Kitty replied. She eased herself back down on the bed with Heather, her head slightly lowered. “I have endometriosis.”

“Endometriosis,” Heather repeated. “I’ve heard of it, but I don’t know what it is.”

“It’s a condition where the tissue on the inside of my uterus develops on the outside of my uterus,” the other woman explained. “It goes through the same process the inside lining goes through when a woman has her period, but it can’t be expelled from the body the same way, so it builds up and causes scar tissue. Some women have symptoms, some pain and discomfort, but for others, like me, there are none other than infertility. Master Chambers and I tried to have children for several years before I was diagnosed.”

“Wasn’t there anything-,” Heather began.

Kitty held a hand up, turning away and shaking her head. “I really can’t talk about that anymore right now, Heather. Please.”

“I’m sorry,” she whispered. Heather could almost physically feel her heart sink lower in her chest. A life without children was something that she found she could no longer imagine. To be condemned to a life without them at all was something she just couldn’t fathom having to feel. She sat on the bed, waiting for her neighbor, and mentor, to regain her composure.

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After having a couple of cigarettes and composing herself Kitty led Heather down the hall to the *“true”* master bedroom. Once inside she found herself standing and gazing at things she had either only seen in the movies, on websites she had recently visited online, or had only heard others discuss in chat. There was a king sized, four poster bed, of course the submissive’s dream bed. And there was a set of shelves on the inside wall which held a variety of sex toys, row upon row of vibrators and dildos that made Heather’s single little silver vibrator seem largely inadequate.

Heather found herself most fascinated with the other pieces of "furniture" in the room: Benches which seemed to contour to someone in a kneeling position, a wheel with straps on it, which seemed to come from a knife throwing act, chairs with straps and buckles on them, one conspicuously facing the bed. Walking through the room she placed her hand on the smoothly painted board of a black, X shaped cross.

"Crux decussata," Kitty said, noticing her gaze. "Saint Andrew's Cross."

"Saint Andrew's Cross?"

"Yes. Saint Andrew was said to have been crucified upside down on an X shaped cross." She guided Heather to the wheel, which also had a distinct X in the center. "The bondage wheel allows more fully a replication of the experience. This wheel and the bondage bench are the only items one kept from Master's house." She put her hand on the wheel and ran it along the side, a look of remembrance on her face.

"You really love this one?"

Kitty smiled. "Master loved to put this girl on the wheel and hang her upside-down. He would leave one hanging there for hours with clothespins on her pussy lips and nipples. Other times He would use a thin wooden dowel to beat a girl's nipples."

Heather shivered. It sounded erotic and a little too painful at the same time.

"There were three wheels in Master's dungeon, but this one was reserved for His Number One. It stood higher than the other two."

Looking at the base Heather noticed that it was indeed on a raised platform. She understood from an earlier conversation that the dungeon actually took up a couple of the spacious upstairs rooms in Master Chambers' house in Savannah, the wall between them removed to suit the purpose. Kitty had spoken of being bound in the room several times in her days as a novice and common submissive, often with Scarlett's company as a form of bonus torture.

When we were bound and alone she always taunted me. It never seemed to matter if I showed that it bothered me or not. There was just something in Sister Scarlett that drove her to have to do it.

"I see you noticed the chair by the bed."

Heather nodded.

Kitty gave another smile. "I suppose you know who that is for."

The answer was obvious. "It's for Earl." She was not as vanilla as she had been three months ago.

“It’s Master Dmitri’s favorite way to restrain him when He is with us.”

Master Dmitri Markov was the current Dominant that Kitty and Earl were involved with. Kitty had apparently known him since they had moved to Citrus Grove, and he was a big part of the BDSM community in the area. Over the course of the past couple of months, after Heather had began to learn of Kitty’s experiences in the lifestyle, Dmitri had decided to take a little more than a passing interest in them.

Of course Heather still found herself unsure about the cuckolding aspect of her mentor’s relationship with her long-term boyfriend. In a way it sounded exciting, just like hearing of the other woman being suspended upside-down with clothespins on her privates sounded a little exciting. Yet as different as it sounded and as curious as she was she knew that it wasn’t anything for her. She couldn’t even picture Bill being forced to sit and watch another man fuck her, and she knew the whole concept would fly right over his head. He wouldn’t want to hear such a suggestion at all.

“Now that you’ve seen the playroom let’s get something to drink and I will tell you about my collaring ceremony.”

“Okay,” Heather nodded in agreement. She did want to explore Kitty’s playroom a little more, perhaps make mental notes on which of her toys she might want to add to her own wan collection, but she was sure there would be another time, just as there always was.

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“This girl’s collaring was a big social event,” Kitty began, once she had fixed them each a glass of iced water. “There were many people there from the community. The Savannah area has a large BDSM community, and my Master was a prominent figure in it.

“The grand ballroom of the house had been cleaned from top to bottom by the novices of the house. At the end of the room dozens of red candles had been lit, the only light in the room. This was where Master Chambers and the Council of Dominants stood to await our arrival. Folding chairs had been set up for those in attendance, there were over 250 people there that night. The seating was divided into two sections, one for Dominants and one for submissives, with a central aisle between them.” Kitty paused and smiled. “The arrangement was set up much like a traditional wedding.”

Heather couldn't help but smile herself. For Kitty herself she knew that her final collaring ceremony had been, to some extent, in her eyes, a wedding ceremony, and she clung to any detail that made the connection more concrete.

"When the appointed time arrived the procession began. Dinah was first, strolling up the aisle with her usual grace and elegance, dressed in a red hooded robe trimmed with a black lace border. All the members of the ceremony were dressed in hooded robes. The Council of Dominants all wore black robes, with the exception of Master Amadeus, the president of the council. He wore the purple robe of his office. This girl wore a blue robe trimmed with red lace, a sign of one in transition from a common submissive to Master's number one. Sara and Eve wore white robes, signifying their rank as novice submissives.

"Once Dinah had made her way to the end of the room she turned and faced back in the direction which she had come, the silent signal for this one and the novices to approach. One was nervous, even though she had prepared for this walk she was about to take. The novices flanked this girl by four paces, Eve on the left and Sara on the right. One was very aware of the absence of Sister Scarlett, who was to have brought up the rear six paces behind the novices, dressed in the blue robe of a common submissive. A girl was also aware of the low chatter in the room as she approached the council. Many whispered because no girl they had ever known had advanced so quickly in the house of my Master.

"When we reached the end of the room Dinah turned to face the council, and this one and her two attendants stopped short ten paces from the spot where she stood to await permission from the council to approach further.

"Name yourself, girl, Master Amadeus commanded in his deep and wizened voice.

"This girl is Dinah Marie Saunders of the Clan Saunders, Number One of the House of James Jonathan Chambers II, the elect-one, the one chosen by one's Master above all others.

"And why do you come before this council this night?, Mistress Eleanor questioned.

"This girl comes before the council this night to petition for an elevation of status in the community, Ma'am, Dinah replied.

"And is it your intention, Dinah of the Clan Saunders, to ascend to the rank of Mistress in the First Degree?, Mistress Eleanor questioned.

"It is my intention, Ma'am, Dinah replied.

“Who among us will move to grant this girl the rank of Mistress in the First Degree?, Master Amadeus asked.

“I do, Master Chambers said.

“Is this girl qualified for the rank, Brother Chambers?, Master Pretorius questioned.

“Yes, she is, Master Chambers responded. She has served me faithfully for 12 years, seven of those years as my Number One. She was also involved in the lifestyle for an additional eight years before I won her at auction. For the past five years she has been in intensive training to become a Mistress.

“Do you have papers proving ownership of this girl, Brother Chambers?, Master Pretorius asked.

“I do, Master replied.

“Present these papers to the council, Master Pretorius instructed.

“Master stepped to the council and produced an envelope from within His robe. One watched a little wide-eyed as the members of the council passed the contents between themselves and engaged one another in hushed conversation. Until that moment one had no idea that Master truly owned Dinah as well.

“Is it your intention to release this girl so that she may pursue the rank of Mistress in the First Degree if the council is so inclined, Brother Chambers?, Mistress Pearl asked.

“It is my intention.

“A girl smiled, so happy she was for her big sister.

“Dinah of the Clan Saunders, Mistress Pearl began, turning her attention to Dinah, is it your contention that you have adequate training and experience to be granted the rank of Mistress in the First Degree in this community?

“It is, Ma’am.

“Is it your intention to be a Mistress of women or a Mistress of men if the council is so inclined to grant you the rank for which you petition for?, Master Alexander asked.

“This woman has a fondness for young girls, Master Jacob said, before Dinah could answer.

“Immediately the entire room of onlookers began to murmur.

“A girl stood there in slight shock, taken aback by what had just happened. Before the council only the presenting Master and the petitioning submissive were allowed to answer questions council members put to them, and not the

council member's themselves. One had no idea what it meant, or what was going on.

"Later Dinah told this girl that Master Jacob had been her first master, and that he had put her up for auction because she had caused quite a scandal when she had been his submissive, a scandal which reached outside of the Savannah BDSM community. She had conducted an affair with Master Jacob's daughter, a girl who at the time had only recently turned 18. They had been caught by a police officer, in a not so secluded spot, sexually performing on one another. Master Jacob had been, perhaps rightfully, upset at the time to find out that one of his common submissives had become involved with his teenage daughter, and that it became a matter of public record that they were caught engaged in a lesbian sex act, for everyone in the vanilla community to see. So he had expelled Dinah from his house, and she had been put up for auction within the community.

"Apparently he still held a grudge against her. He had lost face within the community as a Master who could not control his submissives, and it had only been the previous fall that he had finally been granted a seat on the Council of Dominants.

"In addition he was said to be jealous of our Master's influence with the council and within the community, since Master Chambers himself was not yet a member of the council at that time."

Kitty paused and smiled widely to Heather. "He eventually became president of the council," she whispered with pride.

Heather allowed herself a smile of her own as the other woman continued.

"This girl is 47, which makes her an old girl, Master Jacob, Dinah said in her own defense.

"She was full of the same vinegar and venom she had displayed on this girl's first day in Master's house when she had caught her opening and closing her legs when it was inappropriate to do so. This was, of course, an equally shocking display because a petitioner was only to be defended, if need be, by the Master offering them for presentation. She took a great risk, speaking on her own behalf, but one feels it paid off because it showed the council she had what it took to command others.

"One considers herself to be a bisexual, she further stated. She has much experience in training girls; therefore, in answer to the council's question, one

would be a Mistress of women. And just for spite at Master Jacob, she added, And young girls, providing they are of legal age.

"The council accepts one's answer, Dinah of the Clan Saunders, Mistress Pearl said.

"From where one stood she could see that her Master was seething with rage over Master Jacob's outburst. Of course he would not escape unscathed by his actions.

"Brother Jacob, Master Amadeus called, In the future one will refrain from such outburst, and act accordingly to the by-laws of this council. If you have some grievance with any proceedings brought before this council they should be issued in advance of those proceedings. Do I make myself clear to you?

"I understand, Lord President, Master Jacob replied like a scolded child.

"Master Amadeus then turned his attention back to the other members of the council. Who among us will second Brother Chamber's motion to grant this girl the rank of Mistress in the First Degree?

"I will, Mistress Pearl spoke up.

"Are there any among us who oppose the granting of the rank of Mistress in the First Degree to Dinah of the Clan Saunders?

"Silence greeted his question. Not even Master Jacob dared to speak up.

"Then the council shall carry this petition forward, Master Amadeus said. He looked to Dinah. Have you and Master Chambers chosen a successor to your position as Number One of House Chambers?

"We have, Sir.

"Is this girl in attendance here this night?

"Yes, Sir. She is.

"Then Dinah of the Clan Saunders, name your successor.

"Kitty of the Clan McClain.

"How many years of experience does Kitty of the Clan McClain have?, Mistress Pearl asked.

"Kitty of the Clan McClain has seven years of experience as a submissive. She spent her early years as an unowned submissive, serving two unknown, rogue Masters. She began her training under Master Chambers and this girl four years ago.

"Is it not true, Master Pretorius began, that this Kitty of the Clan McClain has not yet attained the rank of bonded submissive in the House of James Jonathan Chambers II?

“This question was meant for Master to answer.

“Yes, that is the truth, Brother Pretorius.

“Then it is your intention to have this girl bonded and elevated to Number One in the same ceremony?, Master Amadeus questioned, his tone slightly musing.

“It is, Lord President.

“And it is your contention that despite her young age and lack of legitimate training by known dominants during her earliest years as a submissive, that she has the knowledge and experience to be double collared after only four years of formal training?, Mistress Eleanor asked.

“It is, both Master and Dinah replied in unison.

“A girl’s heart leapt.

“Who among us will take up the motion to grant Kitty of the Clan McClain the rank of bonded submissive and Number One of the House of James Jonathan Chambers II?, Master Amadeus asked.

“This was the most nerve racking part of the ceremony. Only a member of the council could move to grant what Master was petitioning for. A girl’s fate was out of Master and Dinah’s hands, and in the hands of the council. One feared that Master Jacob would move to strike the motion down, since she did not yet know why he had spoken out against Dinah, and had no idea what this strange master was likely to do.

“I will, Master Grayson finally spoke up. He was the oldest member of the council and the oldest member of the Savannah BDSM community, and up until that point he had been a silent observer of the ceremony. J.J. Chambers and Dinah Saunders are the greatest trainers in this community, and their level of success is renowned throughout-

“I will, shall suffice, Brother Grayson, Master Amadeus cut him off. He looked to the other council members. Who among us will second this motion?

“I will, Master Alexander said.

“Are there any among us opposed to granting the rank of bonded submissive and Number One to Kitty of the Clan McClain?

“Once again silence greeted the question.

“A girl was so excited she could burst.

“Then the motion is carried forward. Kitty of the Clan McClain shall be granted the rank of bonded submissive and Number One, pending further

inquisition following the elevation of Dinah of the Clan Saunders to Mistress in the First Degree.

“One is so happy for you, a girl heard Eve whisper beside her, tears evident in her voice.

“Will the attendants of Kitty of the Clan McClain step forward and identify themselves, Master Amadeus commanded.

“Since Sara was the girl to one’s right she stepped forward first.

“One is Sara of the Clan Reynolds, Sir.

“Then Eve stepped forward.

“One is Eve of the Clan Parker, Sir.

“Have these novices been instructed in their duties here?, Master Amadeus asked.

“They have, Master and Dinah, once again, replied in unison.

“Master Amadeus opened his arms widely, and then he clapped his hands together. In the silence of Master’s grand ballroom the sound was louder than a thunderclap. In response to this signal two masters rose from the front row and approached Sara and Eve. They stood there as the masters opened their robes and slipped them off to reveal that both novices were naked underneath. The masters took them by the hair and forced them to face the audience. They rubbed their hands between the novices’ legs to testify to the fact that both girls were properly shaven. Then they made them turn back to face the council and roughly forced them to their knees.

“You may proceed, Master Amadeus instructed.

“Master Alexander stepped forward from the other council members and handed each of the black robed masters a leather flogger.

“A punished body is pure, the master beside Eve proclaimed.

“A punished body is clean, the master beside Sara added.

“The sound of the floggers as they smacked across Eve and Sara’s backs and buttocks were even more thunderous than the clap of Master Amadeus’s hands. One was scared for them and proud of them as well. Neither novice faltered or made a single sound as they were beaten with the floggers. Once the two masters had stopped in their task both girls had angry red welts across their backs and asses.

“These novices are both pure, the master who had beaten Eve finally replied. With that Master Amadeus dismissed them to return to their seats.

“Sara of the Clan Reynolds, Eve of the Clan Parker, you may rise, Master Amadeus instructed.

“The two girls rose to their feet, slowly, gracefully, as if coming up from a curtsey. Eve’s legs only wobbled slightly as she stood.

“Sara, Master Chambers said. Go and stand by Dinah.

“By your command, Sir. Sara curtsied and stepped up to Dinah.

“On, your knees, Master told her.

“Sara slowly went back down to her knees on the floor beside Dinah.

“Eve, approach Mistress Pearl and retrieve Dinah’s ownership papers for Me.”

“By your command, Sir, Eve replied. She curtsied and then walked to Mistress Pearl, who handed the envelope He had turned over to the council to her.

“Master then approached Dinah and stood in front of her. He leaned up and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. Turn around, girl.

“As you wish, Master, Dinah said, turning.

“Did I give you a safe word on the day you came into My house, Dinah?

“Yes, you did, Sir.

“And what was that word, Dinah?

“Lilac.

“You must speak loud enough for all in attendance can hear you, Dinah of the Clan Saunders, Mistress Pearl said.

“Lilac, Dinah repeated, raising her voice slightly higher.

“Master reached to her neck and began to unbuckle her collar. One is sure that in a way it had to be very hard for Him. It was the only time that He had had to release two submissives on the same day, although the reasons and purpose for each release were very different.

“When He had Dinah’s collar undone He turned and raised it above His head, displaying it to all in attendance. Then he turned and placed it in Sara’s hands.

“Dinah Saunders I grant thee freedom from submission, and the right of self-ownership.

“He then turned to Eve. Come, Eve, and hand the papers to Dinah.

“Eve came forward and handed the envelope of documents to Dinah. As she did Master Alexander stepped forward from the council with a lit candle and a

small pail. He placed the pail at Dinah's feet and she took the candle from him. In silence Master, Sara, Eve and Master Alexander moved away from her.

"Ashes to ashes, Dinah said. Dust to dust. With that she placed the flame of the candle to the corner of the envelope. Once the envelope was burning steadily she placed it in the bucket, causing a sudden and short burst of embers to rise.

"Come to me, Master Amadeus said, stepping away from the council table. In his hands he held a sword. Once Dinah was standing facing him he waved the sword in an arc over her head and shoulders. Dinah of the Clan Saunders, from this day forward you are submissive no more. This council grants you the rank of Mistress in the First Degree and accepts you as, Sister. Turn now and face your peers and your subordinates for the first time, Mistress Dinah Marie Saunders.

"Dinah turned to face the audience who began to clap and cheer as Master Chambers and Master Amadeus slid off Dinah's red and black robe, revealing her nakedness underneath, and then replaced it with a solid black one.

"Everyone there was clapping loudly, congratulating her and wishing her well. Everyone with the exception of this girl. For this girl's part in the ceremony still had yet to begin, and until the proper time she was still not allowed to speak or move."

"Once the applause and well wishing subsided it was this girl's turn to face the council. Like much of the ceremony the process was a formality, but still it was a necessary formality. If one was judged to be unworthy during the inquisition phase there was a strong possibility that the Council of Dominants would reverse their earlier decision. That was a rare event, but it had been known to happen in the past. Unknown to this one at the time there had been some debate prior to the beginning of the ceremony, as to whether it would take place at all, due to Scarlett petitioning for her release from Master earlier that day.

"One had stood and observed the slight flurry of activity between Dinah's elevation to Mistress and her own inquisition. Master and Dinah had helped Sara and Eve back into their robes, but their heads remained uncovered and the robes were left open to reveal their nakedness underneath. Eve was handed the

box containing one's new collar, and Sara had a red robe draped across her arms, the robe this one was to take once the inquisition was over.

"Will the petitioner to become a bonded submissive and Number One in the house of James Jonathan Chambers II please step forward, Master Amadeus finally commanded.

"A girl approached the council, taking slow and elegant steps just as Dinah had taught her.

"Identify yourself, girl.

"One is Kitty Eileen McClain of the Clan McClain, Sir.

"One felt suddenly nervous under his gaze.

"Kitty of the Clan McClain, do you come before this council to petition for a double elevation in rank?

"Yes, Sir, one does.

"Dinah cast a glance to Master, and then to this girl.

"How old are you, girl?, Mistress Eleanor asked.

"A girl is 25 years old, Ma'am.

"One is very young still, Master Alexander observed.

"Yes, Sir.

"You have had a very trying year, have you not?, Mistress Eleanor asked.

"Yes, Ma'am. A girl's sister submissive passed away this spring.

"This must have been a very hard thing, Mistress Eleanor went on.

"Yes, Ma'am, it was a very hard thing indeed.

"As the head of household for a dominant, a girl must face several trying times, Mistress Eleanor continued. Do you feel you can handle such a challenge?

"Yes, Ma'am, a girl has been trained well by her Master and His previous Number One.

"Today one of your sister submissives petitioned for her release from your Master's house, Master Jacob spoke up, for the first time since he had been silenced during Dinah's part of the ceremony. Are you capable of handling the failures as well as the successes?

"One was unsure if this was meant to be indirectly aimed at Master and Dinah or not, so she answered as honestly as she could. Yes, Sir. One understands that to enjoy success one first has to endure failure.

"A very wise answer, Master Grayson complimented.

"Thank you, Sir.

“In the capacity of the head of a dominant’s household one must be willing to act as a responsible member of the community and represent it well, public face as well as private face, Mistress Pearl said. Is this another challenge you are willing and able to accept?

“Yes, Ma’am.

“Does one know what it means to be a bonded submissive?, Master Amadeus asked. Since you are petitioning for a double elevation we should be perfectly clear that you have a concept of a level you will all but surpass within only a matter of moments.

“A bonded submissive is a submissive who is for the use of her Master only, and no other Master may touch her, unless that girl’s Master chooses to let her be used by another, in which case He may order that girl to serve another.

“Excluding the outgoing Number One how many bonded submissives have there been in your Master’s house since your arrival there?, Master Jacob questioned.

“There have been no bonded submissives in my Master’s house since one arrived there.

“After one replied there was a long pause that seemed to last an eternity. One started to sweat, suddenly feeling that for whatever reason the council had already made the silent decision to reject her Master’s petition.

“Are there any other questions?, Mistress Pearl asked.

“The members all looked to one another, still none of them speaking

“Anyone?, Master Grayson finally questioned, looking around toward Master Jacob.

“Again no one spoke out.

“One held her composure, but truthfully she wanted to cry because she truly felt that the council had its mind made up and they were going to reject her.

“Then this inquisition is closed, Mistress Pearl announced.

“Master Amadeus took a breath and faced my Master. Master Chambers can you produce documents to prove ownership of Kitty of the Clan McClain?

“Yes, I can, Lord President. Master reached into His robe and produced an envelope, just as He done earlier for Dinah’s part of the ceremony. He handed the envelope to Master Alexander and the certificate was passed around for the members of the council to examine it.

“Master Pretorius raised an eyebrow and looked over at this girl. Kitty of the Clan McClain, are you aware that your Master paid the sum of $100,000 for

your purchase?

“Yes, Sir.

“One wanted to tell them He would have paid a million for her. She couldn’t, but her Master did.

“I would have given one million dollars for her. And I will not sell her for any price.

“One cast her eyes down at the floor and whispered, I love You, hoping no one on the council would hear or see that she had spoken out of turn.

“I know, one heard Him whisper back.

“Master Amadeus returned the contract to its envelope and had it passed back to my Master. The inquisition part of the ceremony has ended. Brother Alexander, you may proceed.

“Master and Dinah both breathed a sigh of relief.

“Master Alexander stepped forward from the council and walked up to me. Master Chambers, Mistress Saunders, please disrobe this girl.

“Master and Dinah stepped forward and directed this girl to turn around and face the audience. She unclasped one’s robe and slipped it from her body. Master pulled the straps of the teddy one was wearing underneath and pulled it down to the floor. A girl lifted each foot so He could slip it all the way off, leaving a girl naked and facing a crowd of 250 people for the first time in her life.

“After a moment Master Alexander stepped up to this girl and placed a hand between her legs, giving her crotch a hard rub. As with Sara and Eve earlier he was revealing to those in attendance that this girl was properly shaved. Then he stepped in front of a girl and jammed two fingers deeply into her pussy. One stood looking into the crowd, not letting the expression on her face change. To have shown that one enjoyed it, or it made her uncomfortable, would have shown her to be unfit for the position as her Master’s Number One.

“Are you pregnant?, Master Alexander asked.

“No, Sir.

“Have you had sexual intercourse within the past 24 hours?

“No, Sir.

“Of course you already know that was a lie,” Kitty said with a slight laugh and a smile. “But one felt that that one small fib was worth the risk.”

“Master Alexander took his fingers out of me and held them to my face. Suck yourself off of them, girl.

“By your command, Sir. A girl moved her head forward and took his fingers into her mouth. One gave them a long and hard sucking, doing her best to get every trace of her honey off of them. A girl’s pussy tasted so sweet that day.

“On your hands and knees, girl.

“Yes, Sir. One sank to her knees, then bent forward and braced her hands on the floor, facing the crowd.

“You may proceed, Master Alexander said to Master and Dinah.

“One could feel Them as they stepped up behind her. One’s clit ached because she knew what was coming.

“Are you a good girl?, Master asked.

“Yes, Sir.

“Louder, Kitty, Dinah ordered.

“Yes, Sir.

“There was a cracking sound, so loud in this girl’s ears. It sounded as if a gunshot had went off by her head. The right side of her ass stung with a swift, split-second, contact. Master had hit one with a paddle supplied by the council.

“Are you a good girl, Kitty?, Dinah questioned.

“Yes, Ma’am.

“There was another loud crack, this time as Dinah hit the left side of one’s ass with a second paddle.

“Will you faithfully perform your duties as Number One and the head of household of My house?, Master asked.

“Yes, Sir.

“Another crack. One drew a sharp breath.

“Will you faithfully perform your duties as Number One and the head of household in your Master’s house?, Dinah asked.

“Yes, Ma’am.

“Dinah struck a girl again, only a hint of being softer than the first time.

“Do you promise always to obey Me?, Master questioned.

“Yes, Sir.

“He hit a girl again. One gasped. Her heart was racing.

“Do you promise always to obey your Master?, Dinah asked.

“Yes, Ma’am.

“This time she hit a girl hard enough to make her whole ass tingle.

“Do you promise to hold no other above Me?

“Yes, Sir.

“He struck again and this girl’s knees buckled.

“Do you promise to hold no other above your Master?, Dinah questioned, tension in her voice.

“One paused, her mind stumbling over the question.

“This time there were two paddle swats, one on each side of a girl’s ass.

“Yes or no?, Dinah demanded.

“A girl knew there would be questions in the paddling part of the ceremony. She did not know what they were to be, but she had been aware that there were some she might not be able to answer, or some that would be put to her in an attempt to trip her up to show that Dinah had advanced beyond her and that, even though she was to be Number One, that she still had a great deal to learn from her Master about the lifestyle and life.

“Before a girl could really ponder an answer to what seemed an ambiguous question *Mistress Saunders* had grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her up, forcing her up on her knees.

“Pow. Pow! Pow! She delivered a series of hard paddle shots to this girl’s ass, more than a couple catching her across the small of her back.

“Yes, you will hold others higher than your Master, or no you *will not* hold other’s higher than your Master?, Dinah demanded.

“No, this girl will hold no man or woman higher than her Master.

“She forced a girl’s head further back and continued to beat her across the ass and small of the back with the paddle, even harder this time. “Yes, Ma’am, or no, Ma’am, Kitty! One has trained you better than this!

“No, Ma’am, a girl cried, gasping. Out of the corner of one’s eye one could see that Master was stepping around her.

“Do you love Me?

“Yes, Sir.

“He hit a girl very hard, the paddle making a loud crack as it hit her right breast, sending a shock that seemed to radiate from her nipple and through her body all the way to her clit.

“Do you love Him?”

“Yes, Ma’am.

“Master hit a girl’s other breast. Dinah assailed her ass with a vengeance. A girl’s legs buckled as she came. One couldn’t help but make a loud moan.

“She coming, one heard Dinah say. She was aware of the sound of Dinah’s paddle hitting the floor behind her as Dinah pressed her knee to her back and

pulled her further back, forcing her knees apart as she knelt on the floor.

“Do you love your Master, girl?, Master demanded.

“Yes, Sir, a girl does, one gasped.

“With Dinah holding one open and exposed Master began swatting a girl’s crotch with the paddle. There was no holding back. A girl cried out under the flurry of swattings her Master gave her pussy with His paddle. Her legs rocked and her body shook as she came over and over.

“I love you, one gasped. I love you! I love you! I love you, Master! This girl loves her Master! Aaaaahhhhhhaaa! Aaaaahaaa!

“And then it was over. A girl was a sweating and gasping heap on the floor, her ass, back and pussy throbbing and tingling where she had been paddled. One is still unsure of which stopped first, the paddling or the orgasms. She felt hands at her neck, and the loosening of her collar. One raised her head a little shakily to see Master Amadeus standing over her, waving the sword over her head.

“Please, Sir, one gasped. She rose slowly on wobbly legs.

“Kitty of the Clan McClain, from this day forward you are a common submissive no more. The council grants you the rank of bonded submissive and Number One, the elect-one, chosen above all other submissives in the house of Master James Jonathan Chambers II.

“One felt her Master slip her final collar around her neck from behind and fasten it. She reached up to her throat and touched the stone before Sara could slip her robe over her arms. In those first moments one thought of the stone, even though she had not seen the collar Master had placed on her. Sister Fiona, one knew, was proud, proud of her Topaz Blue.

“Then she was in her Master’s arms, and He kissed her softly on the lips as those gathered for her collaring ceremony clapped and wished her well. I love you, Number One. My Kitty.

“I love you, my Master, one whispered back as the strength slowly came back into her body.”

-12-

Heather had found herself feeling a little giddy as she walked back home that afternoon. The tale of Kitty’s final collaring ceremony, and the tidbits the other woman had told her of things which happened after the ceremony, were

still fresh in her ears and more than enough to make her feel excited and wet. She was confronted with a new set of thoughts, ideas and imaginings on the world of BDSM. She wanted to know what it must have felt like, what it would have been like to be there, or at any such ceremony.

"There was much revelry once the collaring itself was over", Kitty had told her. "There had been an orgy at Master's house. A girl and her Master had retired to His room, and we did not participate, but one still knew it was going on.

"Master had His own special time planned with His new Number One that night," the other woman had said with a smile. And she immediately proceeded to tell her of how Master Chambers had bound her in the bed she would share with him until the time of his death, and of the things he would do to her which seemed to cause an indiscriminate amount of both pleasure and pain.

How does she do it?, was what Heather wanted to know. How could Kitty talk about so many deeply erotic things and not touch herself, or suggest that they do something together to take the edge off? The amount of control she had learned over herself was nothing short of incredible. Even now, when she had been without a true master for so long she still maintained that control. Heather felt sure if it was her that she would be running wild every time she got worked up to the state that her neighbor seemed to reach.

Just like now, when she couldn't wait to get home and take out her single, now paltry seeming, toy.

As she entered the hall she paused at the phone table. There, toward the back of the little table, sat a baby toy, Melissa's first toy. It was called Giggling Gary. It was a rotund little plastic figure, with a red dome shaped bottom and a smiling face painted onto his round head. Three little knobs on top of the head, one yellow, one blue, and one green, represented hair. On the underside of the figure was a small trackball, which when rolled made the figure giggle like an infant.

Heather reached down and put her hand around his midsection and moved him enough to make him laugh for her. She could feel the wide smile as it spread across her face. Hearing Giggling Gary laugh always made her smile. It also always made her feel just a little bit serene, almost no matter how she was feeling.

She remembered the day they had bought Giggling Gary. She and Bill had left the doctor's office, the news they were to be parents again confirmed. They

had stopped at the store since they had some time before Terry would get out of school and did a little shopping. While looking through the baby toys Heather had come across Gary and from the first moment she heard the little character laugh had fallen in love with the toy. There had been no leaving the store without it.

Heather pushed Gary back to where he had been sitting and made him laugh again.

Buying him had really paid off. He was the favorite toy of Melissa's infancy. First whenever Heather had held it and ran her hand across the trackball to make him laugh her daughter's face had lit up and she would laugh as well. Then later, when she was big enough, she learned to make him laugh on her own, and she would giggle and laugh back. And each time it had made Heather smile and feel serene inside.

Of course things changed with age.

"Can't you get rid of it?" Melissa had asked earlier in the year. They had been going through her room, and she had decided that she didn't want him there anymore. "It's a stupid baby toy. Maybe you can give it away or sell it."

Of course Heather couldn't bear with the idea of parting with Giggling Gary. The girl had no idea, at least not now, what her first toy meant to her mother. She had told her that she would put him away, but he had not gone far. Just to the phone table in the hall, where Heather could see him every day, and occasionally make him laugh for her. If it were only still so easy to put the girl herself in a good mood.

Heather pulled Gary forward again.

"La, la, he, he."

Heather smiled. Calm and serene again. She would not go to the bedroom and ride her little magic wand that afternoon. Maybe this would be a way that she could practice learning a little bit of restraint and self-control. Although the days that her life would remain calm and serene, unknown to her at that moment, were numbered.

After Bill and the kids had gone to bed Heather had watched a little TV. Then, sure they were asleep, she had gone to the spare room and gotten online.

There were only a few people in Bored Like Hell that evening, and after an hour and a half it had come down to just her and sassy for a long stretch.

sassyone67: have you ever had any thoughts about serving a Mistress?

Heather looked at the screen and considered the other woman's question. She had been telling her about how she felt about Kitty, especially when she began to slip into talking in third person and describing the erotic things which had happened in her life. It was obvious to sassy that she had the hots for her friend whenever it happened, but Heather had the impression that Kitty would never act as a Mistress with her, and she doubted that there would ever be anything sexual between them.

A Mistress? It was a little exciting on the one hand. But on the other-

Heather was not sure if she could see herself serving another woman.

Well maybe if she were serving a Master and he told her she had to.

But it all seemed to come back to the same thing. She felt the strong need to be controlled by a man. A Master.

fields_of_heather: no not really
fields_of_heather: i see myself being with a man
fields_of_heather: but i do feel drawn to topaz
fields_of_heather: puppy love?

sassyone67: possibly

Heather rubbed a hand under her nose, considering her next question.

fields_of_heather: have you ever served a Mistress sassy?

sassyone67: no one has not
sassyone67: but one has done the girl thing before because she was curious

fields_of_heather: i see
fields_of_heather: mind if i ask what it was like

sassyone67: not at all

sassyone67: it was fun the sex was really good
sassyone67: but this one was not really all that into it
sassyone67: one was with 3 different women, over about 4 years
sassyone67: one did not want to knock it out of hand ;)

fields_of_heather: i see

sassyone67: one cannot say it is all that bad
sassyone67: though not really for her one is not opposed to doing it again
sassyone67: if for nothing but the sex: P
sassyone67: lol

fields_of_heather: lol

They continued to talk about Kitty and her collaring, sassy occasionally offering some insight, and adding details here and there of her own collarings, and how different each time had been. And as they chatted people slowly began to filter back into the room. After a while an IM from Kristen popped up.

sweetandshaven_mo: hey sis
sweetandshaven_mo: huuuuggggggssssss :)

Heather smiled and typed back.

fields_of_heather: huuuuuggggggssssss :)
fields_of_heather: where are you?
fields_of_heather: me and sassy are waiting

sweetandshaven_mo: Master just left and i don't want to sit for chat
sweetandshaven_mo: this girl's bottom is a red as her font
sweetandshaven_mo: there was much much fun with the paddle :)
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

fields_of_heather: lol
fields_of_heather: i see

sweetandshaven_mo: so i'm going to lay on the bed so you can call and tell me all about your visit with topaz
sweetandshaven_mo: we agreed you would call remember?

fields_of_heather: of course bf :P

Heather opened up a second IM box to sassy.

fields_of_heather: sweet is on

sassyone67: where is she?

fields_of_heather: she's stealth
fields_of_heather: i'm going to take a break and call her

sassyone67: okay see you back in a bit
sassyone67: tell sweet i said hi

fields_of_heather: will do sassy
fields_of_heather: brb

Then she went into the room and let everyone else there know she had a phone call, and would be back later. As she did the IM chime dinged and she looked up to see what Kristen had written.

sweetandshaven_mo: hurry up! will ya sis
sweetandshaven_mo: i can't wait to hear all the juicy details :P

Heather shook her head and laughed to herself as she picked up her cell phone from the desk and powered it on.

-14-

"You know Topaz sounds like she's from a more elegant and refined time," Kristen commented after Heather had finished relating everything that Kitty had told her that afternoon. "My Master seems more worldly than most people, and

a lot of people in chat talk a big game, but there's just something about the right now that makes me feel like the time that Topaz is from has passed."

"Maybe it's because everything with your Master is one on one," Heather found herself suggesting.

"True," Kristen replied in her husky tone, yawning slightly. "I guess I could see more things like that if I could be more involved in the community."

"Yeah," Heather agreed. It made her realize that she herself was nowhere close to being involved in the local BDSM community. "She's so unlike anyone I've ever known, Kristen. She's really complex. Sometimes she's the old Kitty, the lady from down the street, simple, Southern, just a regular person. Then, other times, she sounds so refined, and like you said, elegant. And other times she switches back and forth while she's talking, like she's two different people."

On her end of the line Kristen let out a chuckle. "Well ask any man and they'll tell you all women are complicated."

Heather laughed.

"You really admire her," Kristen observed.

"Yes, I do."

"And you want to be just like her."

Heather nodded as she spoke into the phone. "Yes. More than anything."

"You're still wanting to find a Master."

"Yes." And she did.

"You know I'm with you, Heather. You just need to be really careful about everything; who you find and how you deal with things at home."

"I know." She let out a sigh. "I don't think this is going to happen for me."

"Well, it will if you make it happen," Kristen said.

"I know. But it's just-"

"Just what?" Kristen asked, once her pause had continued for over half a minute.

"What Master would want me?" Heather asked. "I'm fat and ugly."

"Oh, come on, sis," Kristen said. "This is the real world, and real Masters like real women too."

Heather swung back and forth in her desk chair. "I don't know, sis."

"Look," Kristen went on, "didn't you tell me that Topaz, Kitty, is short and stout?"

"Yes."

"And didn't you say your best friend Betty has no trouble finding guys?"

"Yes." And it was true that Betty had never, ever, suffered from a lack of boyfriends. But Heather had always attributed that to *The Triple E Titty Factor*.

"And what do they have that you don't?"

"Nice tits and a cute face." Heather tried to laugh, but the sound came out half-hearted and all wrong.

"Lots of men, Masters and otherwise, adore BBWs."

"BBWs?" Once again Heather found herself exposed to a new term.

"Big beautiful women," Kristen said. "You know it's true. You are married right?"

"Well, duh, sis." It was a part of the problem.

"And Bill wasn't the only guy that you've ever been with, right?"

"No." Heather could feel her cheeks turn a little red. Immediately she thought of all the times Kitty had admitted to feeling the same thing when questioned on her sexual history.

"Well then, there you go," Kristen told her. "I'm sure you haven't made it through every guy who would possibly be attracted to you yet."

"Okay, but I'm still a fatty."

On her end of the line Kristen let out a groan. "How much do you weigh, sis?"

"About 238 last time I weighed. A couple of months ago."

There was a pause from Kristen, as she was obviously thinking about something. "Have you ever seen Mistress Saybin's profile?"

"No." Mistress Saybin? Heather had never considered looking at her profile. Had only looked at a handful of profiles for various dominants since she had begun chatting in Bored Like Hell.

"Are you still in chat?"

Heather glanced at the monitor to see the chat thread in Bored Like Hell scrolling up the screen. "Yes, just AFK."

"Okay, then go and pull up her profile," Kristen told her. "You know as well as I do that she has all sorts of men chasing her all the time."

"Okay." Heather opened a look-up profile box and typed in Saybin's ID. She had to agree that Kristen was right. Plenty of subs, male and female, as well as a fair share of Masters and casual passers-by had hit on Mistress Saybin in the three months she had been chatting in Bored Like Hell.

When the page came up all the information was there, and she glanced over it as she waited for the profile picture, labeled SAYBIN your GODDESS, to

open.

NAME: Mistress
NICKNAME: Mistress
OCCUPATION: Mistress
AGE: 199 in dog years
SEX: often as possible
LOCATION: the Jersey Shore
HOBBIES: being worshiped as a Goddess, extreme CBT, water sports, girl play, queening and quite a few other things that are waaaayyyy to numerous to list here

Heather's eyes widened a little as the *SAYBIN your GODDESS* picture finally popped up beside her personal information. In it was a very large brunette wearing nothing but a pair of reflective sunglasses and a ball cap with the initials ATF embroidered on it in yellow. At a quick estimate Heather judged the woman with mammoth breasts that hung to her navel had to be in the high 300's at the very least. Her shoulders appeared to be so broad that they had to be at least a foot wider than Betty's. Between her huge thighs was a head of hair, and she could see a skinny set of male legs poking out from under her on the other side.

"You got it?" Kristen asked.

"Yes, I see it, sis."

"And?"

Heather shook her head as she held the phone. "Could this be a joke picture?" The rest of the profile had that not so serious, joke quality to it.

"Nope," Kristen replied. "I've seen her chat on cam before. It's the real deal."

Heather took it all in, feeling a little surprised.

You're making assumptions about people in the lifestyle again, she seemed to hear Kitty say in her head.

"What's queening?"

"Um, I think that's what she's doing in the pic, sis," Kristen replied. "I'm not too sure."

"Oh," was all Heather could say in response. She moved the mouse to the corner of the screen and closed the window.

“So, what do you think?”

Heather took a breath. “Honestly?”

Silence from Kristen’s end of the line was her only response, a sure sign that she honestly wanted to know.

“The subs that are after her have a fetish for bigger women.”

“Okay,” Kristen said. “One would agree this is true. But, fetishes are a two way street. It all doesn’t work just because a sub has a fetish for what a Dom is or needs. Doms are guided by their fetishes too, and there are Doms who like BBWs.” She paused to make a drum roll sound with her mouth, along with a rim shot, and said, “So, therefore, there are plenty of Masters out there who would be very interested in you, sis.”

Heather allowed herself a weak smile at Kristen’s confidence. “You think so?”

“Yes. We just need to work on a few things?”

“Like?” Heather asked.

“If you seriously want to find a Master to train you, you need to come up with a new ID. And you need to start chatting with more Masters, not just the room regulars either.”

“Okay.” Heather nodded. “I can give it a try. What do I have to lose?”

It was a double edged question. One loaded with poison. She had nothing to lose if she didn’t try, and everything to gain if she did. The poisonous part was that even if she did there was still the possibility that she had a lot to lose, possibly everything that she had ever had or wanted before she had discovered the existence of the lifestyle. Either way the life she had known would have to unravel before she could truly discover the life she now felt that she had been destined for.

CHAPTER NINE:
Mr. Tag-N-Bag

-1-

It was on a Sunday, the first day in October that it really started, when Heather began her trip down the rabbit hole and fell through the looking glass to forever shatter her existence up to that point into shards that flew further and further away from each other. For all intents and purposes it was just like any other Sunday, or any other recent day for that matter. Bill and Terry were at the Andersons, Bill working on something or another with Dennis and Terry playing games with DJ. Melissa had gone with Sandy Dobson and her mother, Linda, to the Dairy Queen for ice cream, and Linda was going to take the girls to the mall afterward. All of which left Heather alone to do her housework and of course, when that was done, to chat.

Bored Like Hell was jammed packed that day, and on her first attempt Heather had not been able to log into the room. All the regulars were there that afternoon, including Kitty and Betty. Freddie was online too, sending her messages as she chatted. Heather had also been exchanging IMs with a couple of dominants in the room, getting their views on the lifestyle and submission, as Kristen had suggested. So she felt as if she were being pulled everywhere in chat at once between the room and all the IMs.

Though she had been talking more with the Dominants who visited Bored Like Hell she had still not come up with a new ID. Heather had a couple of ideas in mind, but she still had not thought of one that she really felt suited her. At least not yet. She kept in mind one of Kristen's earliest suggestions about taking a nickname. It would have to be something in the middle of the alphabet, in keeping with Kristen's observations that, too close to the top she would be bombarded with IMs and too close to the bottom no one would ever get to her.

New chat nicknames seemed to be the topic of the day in the room, with Halloween approaching in a month's time.

sensualmaiden1999: check this out

Maiden disappeared from the room and was replaced within a moment by another ID close to the one she had been using.

ghostlymaiden: tada!
ghostlymaiden: :)

sweetandshaven_mo: good one maiden

topazblue48: lol

Master_Vyper2000: love it maiden

spiritland2000: very good maiden

sweetandshaven_mo: how about this?

Kristen then disappeared from the room. She was gone for a couple of minutes before she returned with a new ID.

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: how do ya like my costume?

Master_Vyper2000: lmfao @ sweet

frankensassy67: omg
frankensassy67: lol

rose_tyler_uk_sub: oh my lol

fields_of_heather: lol

ghostlymaiden: lol sweet

topazblue48: lol
topazblue48: very creative sweet

Not everyone was quite in the Halloween spirit though.

fat_sweaty_betty: not to sound like a party pooper or anything
fat_sweaty_betty: but aren't halloween names a little childish?

Master_Vyper2000: I don't think so
Master_Vyper2000: it's all in fun

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: i likes bein' nekkid

topazblue48: lol

ghostlymaiden: come on
ghostlymaiden: lighten up bet-bet

Heather decided to throw a suggestion at her best friend.

fields_of_heather: why don't you give it a try bet-bet

fat_sweaty_betty: you think so?

topazblue48: it would be fun

rose_tyler_uk_sub: and men love girls with a sense of humor

fat_sweaty_betty: ok
fat_sweaty_betty: fuck it
fat_sweaty_betty: why not?

ghostlymaiden: that's the "spirit" bet-bet

topazblue48: this one will try a new name too

fat_sweaty_betty: i'll race you back with a new name hag

topazblue48: :P @ betty

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: now girls play nice

fields_of_heather: yes you two play nice

Shaking her head she brought up her profile and clicked on the box which said ADD ID. *No need to be the one left behind with the name changes*, she thought. A slight smile crossed her face as she came up with a Halloween ID.

The IM chime went off just before she began to type in her holiday ID. She glanced to see which one it was. It was Freddy.

fancy_freddy: so what's going on now mommy?

Heather typed in **fields_of_horror** in the blank line and clicked on submit before answering. She gave a slight frown at the automated message that came up on her screen.

USER ID **fields_of_horror** ALREADY EXIST

fields_of_heather: everyone is picking out halloween names

fancy_freddy: lol … already?
fancy_freddy: it's just the first

Heather typed in a variation of the id she had just tried.

USER ID **fields_of_horror2** ALREADY EXIST

fancy_freddy: so you making one too mommy?

fields_of_heather: as we speak

fancy_freddy: lol

She typed another variation in and smiled to herself as it was accepted.

USER ID **fields_of_horror666** HAS BEEN ADDED TO YOUR PROFILE

fancy_freddy: so you found a master yet?

fields_of_heather: no still not yet

He was trying to push her buttons on purpose that day. He asked the same thing every ten minutes. Freddy was either trying to get her to laugh or make her mad, because his response to her reply had also been consistently the same each time.

fancy_freddy: so when do we hook up mommy?

fields_of_heather: :P

She stuck her tongue out at the screen, laughing a little to herself. Closing out the ADD ID window she saw that Betty had made it back into the room.

betty_kruger_on_elmst: i'm back like eric bischoff
betty_kruger_on_elmst: and i beat the old lady

frankensassy67: betty kruger lol
frankensassy67: that's really good bet-bet

betty_kruger_on_elmst: why ty :)

Kitty was only a few seconds behind on her return.

topazboo48: one is back

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: well wb topaz

Master_Vyper2000: cute topaz

fields_of_heather: wb topaz

ghostlymaiden: wb topaz
ghostlymaiden: great name

the_goblin_tmc: lol topaz

Heather was about to switch to her new ID when another IM chime went off. It was from Master_Rope_Binder. He was a tourist who had never been in to Bored Like Hell before that afternoon. They had been chatting on and off, both through IM and in the room. For the most part, as he seemed now, he was a little impatient.

Master_Rope_Binder: you still there?

fields_of_heather: yes Sir

Master_Rope_Binder: what are you doing right now?

fields_of_heather: a girl was adding a halloween id Sir

Master_Rope_Binder: what for?

Shaking her head Heather rolled her eyes. She had definitely had enough of this guy. No one was so straight-laced that they would have to ask what she wanted a holiday ID for. As Kitty and Kristen suggested, anyone who took themselves too seriously were probably not seriously Dominants. At the very least this guy was not for her.

Heather was about to make some excuse to break off the conversation when the IM chime went off again. Again it was Freddy.

fancy_freddy: that looks like you want it soon mommy
fancy_freddy: :P :P 69 baby

fancy_freddy: lol

Heather typed lol back, but she could feel the slight pulse of a vein in her head. Today his joking around was leaning toward her having a headache. *"Rope Binder"* was not helping either. As the IM chime went off again she let out a little gurr. But looking back to the screen she found herself a little surprised to have an IM from someone else.

MrTag_N_Bag: greetings heather

Looking at this new IM box on her screen Heather blinked. Instead of going once again to the SWITCH ID box and starting to change to her new ID, she clicked on the box and responded.

fields_of_heather: greetings Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: are you busy?
MrTag_N_Bag: I noticed that you had been quiet for a few minutes

fields_of_heather: no, Sir, this girl is not busy
fields_of_heather: one is just working on a halloween id

MrTag_N_Bag: I see

MrTag_N_Bag had been visiting Bored Like Hell fairly regularly over the past three weeks or so. He could be serious, funny and a little flirty, especially with Kitty and sassy, but he was always polite, he was never rude or went too far with his flirting. This was the first time that he had sent her an IM. As far as she knew it was the first time he had sent any of the room regulars an IM.

MrTag_N_Bag: I hope the PM does not bother you
MrTag_N_Bag: in fact One was hoping for a chance to get to know you a little better
MrTag_N_Bag: that is if you don't mind

Heather could feel a big grin on her face. She clicked the VIEW PROFILE space on his IM box. Then she placed her fingers on the keyboard and typed in her response.

fields_of_heather: no Sir
fields_of_heather: a girl would not mind getting to know You better at all

-2-

NAME: with time in r/l
NICKNAME: Mister Tag & Bag
OCCUPATION: semi-retired
AGE: 52
SEX: male
LOCATION: Forrest Green, FL, U.S.A.
HOBBIES: tagging and bagging sub girls for One's personal collection, oral and anal, rope bondage, spanking, flogging, breast torture, hot wax and open to any suggestions of things new and unusual.
ABOUT ME: One has recently stepped down from His position in management at a large department store chain to work part-time and pursue the life. I have been in the lifestyle for over 20 years and am very knowledgeable about a great many things some of which One has done, some of which One has no intention of doing, and some of which One would still like to try. Seeking novice to experienced submissives between the age of 25 and 45, size and marital status no problem.
QUOTE: I am going to tag you and bag you and make you obey My every desire.

There were several bits of Mr. Tag N Bag's profile which drew Heather's attention. The first was the location, Forrest Green, which was only about 45 minutes away. The second thing was *size and marital status no problem*. Finally in his "hobbies" she noticed oral, rope bondage and spanking, three subjects that she had become very aware that she was interested in through the months of listening to Kitty relate her experiences in the lifestyle.

For some reason she felt very affected looking at his profile information. Heather's heart was racing. In that instant she felt as if perhaps she had found

exactly what she had been looking for. In fact, for no reason other than seeing it stated in the profile, she felt certain she had found what she was looking for and desired.

There were three pictures on the profile, none of which showed Mr. Tag N Bag himself. The main picture was a close-up of a pair of women's hands, tightly bound together by a length of rope at the wrist labeled, MY SPECIALTY. The other two were close-ups of breasts, two distinct sets. The first, rather large and milky pair, was crisscrossed with thin red stripes. This was labeled, Beaten With Switch. The other was of a small and perky pair covered with splatters of red and labeled, Wax.

Heather sighed to herself, feeling slightly aroused by looking at them, though the subjects were nothing which she had really thought of as erotic before, though over the past few months she had seen many similar pictures on BDSM and fetish websites.

The IM chime went off as she sat there looking at the pictures, temporarily lost in though.

MrTag_N_Bag: I understand that you are from FL
MrTag_N_Bag: I am too

Heather typed back.

fields_of_heather: yes Sir
fields_of_heather: one lives in citrus grove

MrTag_N_Bag: Citrus Grove, really, Bennick County?
MrTag_N_Bag: that's less than an hour from Me
MrTag_N_Bag: though no distance is really too far for Me

Heather felt a broad smile cross her face.

fields_of_heather: ty Sir :)

MrTag_N_Bag: yw heather

Her heart leapt. It was as if each of them were saying exactly what the other wanted and expected to hear.

MrTag_N_Bag: have you been in the lifestyle long?

fields_of_heather: no Sir
fields_of_heather: not at all

MrTag_N_Bag: I see
MrTag_N_Bag: do you have a Master?

fields_of_heather: not yet Sir :(

MrTag_N_Bag: I see
MrTag_N_Bag: married?

fields_of_heather: yes Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: how many years?

fields_of_heather: almost 16

MrTag_N_Bag: any children?

fields_of_heather: two Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: boys?

fields_of_heather: a boy and a girl

MrTag_N_Bag: how old?

fields_of_heather: 14 and 8

MrTag_N_Bag: I see
MrTag_N_Bag: I was married 32 years and divorced

MrTag_N_Bag: 4 sons, 30, 29, 25 and 18

fields_of_heather: big family
fields_of_heather: was your wife a submissive?

MrTag_N_Bag: no, she had no interest in the lifestyle

fields_of_heather: this girl can relate to that Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: ah, I see

Heather found her eyes drawn back to the "*Beaten With Switch"* picture. She tried to imagine what it must have felt like. Was the switch a branch or limb off of a tree like her grandmother had used to threaten her with when she was younger? Or was it something manufactured like a thin dowel or conductor's baton? She could just imagine the feel of swift and thin wood across an exposed nipple. The thought made her shiver once more.

MrTag_N_Bag: so what is drawing you to the lifestyle?

fields_of_heather: this girl wants to know what it feels like to be totally controlled
fields_of_heather: she wants to give up control to a strong Master
fields_of_heather: she has fantasies about being bound and used
fields_of_heather: verbal abuse
fields_of_heather: spanking
fields_of_heather: oral service
fields_of_heather: and other things

MrTag_N_Bag: naughty things heather?

Heather twisted back and forth in her seat, smiling again.

fields_of_heather: a girl thinks so Sir :)

MrTag_N_Bag: well those are all things I could certainly help you with

fields_of_heather: :)

MrTag_N_Bag: that is if you find yourself so inclined

fields_of_heather: a girl sure could be tempted Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: I feel sure you can be heather

The IM chime went off again. It was Freddy.

fancy_freddy: you found a master yet mommy?

This time she had a painfully huge smile on her face as she clicked on his box and typed in her reply.

fields_of_heather: yes i have

fancy_freddy: really?

Heather nodded at the screen. *Yes, really.*

-3-

That evening Heather was distracted and inwardly giddy as she sat to eat with Bill and the kids. Melissa was acting bratty, Terry was complaining about that and Bill was doing his best to separate them while Heather was off in her own little world. Her thoughts dwelled on the conversation with Mr. Tag N Bag. It had been friendly, educational and flirty all at the same time. So far she had not had that kind of conversation with any other Masters in chat, either in Bored Like Hell or through IM. It was this difference in the way they had chatted to one another, and the fact that he lived close, which made her a little more certain that the two of them would definitely meet.

"You ought to be a witch for Halloween," Terry was saying.

"Well you should be a little girl, 'cause you act just like one," Melissa added.

"Enough!" Bill finally yelled.

Hearing her husband's raised voice was enough to snap Heather back into reality. She looked to him across the table to see a distressed, and slightly pleading, look on his face.

"A little help would be nice," he suggested.

"What is the problem now?" Heather sat her fork down on her plate.

"Melissa is being herself and it's getting on my nerves," Terry complained.

"Melissa-," Heather began.

"I can't help it my brother's such a gayford and can't take it," Melissa interrupted.

"Melissa!" Heather found herself shouting.

That's enough. Off to your room with no more dinner. She couldn't help but remember Scarlett Hannigan's punishment on the first day that Kitty had been in Master Chambers' house.

"No TV for the next two days."

"But, *Mom*-"

"You want to make it three?" Bill added.

"Fine!" Melissa made a scowl and folded her arms. Then she huffed and kicked the table leg closest to her. "I'm done." She was up from the table with her plate, taking it to the sink.

"I'm done too," Terry announced. He rose and took his own plate to the sink.

Both kids were down the hall before either of the adults could say anything else. The sound of Terry's GameCube starting up drifted down the hall, followed quickly by his protest that his sister get out of his room.

"Gayford?" Bill asked his voice a slight groan.

Heather found herself grinning and shrugging.

"Where did she get that from? Betty?"

"I don't know, Bill," she said, shaking her head.

He went back to eating his meal, but part of Heather wished he would go on. Maybe to suggest additional punishment for their errant daughter. Though she was, on a deeper level, hoping that he might suggest punishing her for not having the girl under control.

I'm going to tie you to the bed and whip your tits with a stick.

Of course she knew that that was never going to happen. Bill would never think of, or even suggest, doing anything like that.

But, she was sure, Mr. Tag N Bag would.

Thinking this gave Heather a slight flutter in her stomach.

"What are you thinking about?" Once again Bill's words brought her back to reality.

"Nothing", she replied.

Bill took her answer at face value and went right back to eating. Heather found that she was not surprised by his actions at all.

-4-

That night, after Bill and the kids were in bed; Heather had gone to the spare room with a cup of hot chocolate and sat down at the computer. She had left it on when she had left to start dinner, so all she had to do was bring it out of sleep mode and unlock the modem. As soon as she logged into her Peeplchat messenger several offline IM's popped up on her screen.

betty_kruger_on_elmst: so let me know what the bag man said

topazboo48: going to bed
topazboo48: call me tomorrow and let me know all about the Master you were talking to
topazboo48: nite-nite heather

fancy_freddy: so I guess this means I have no chance huh mommy?
fancy_freddy: mommy?
fancy_freddy: guess you're gone
fancy_freddy: again :(

spiritland2000: hey girlfriend, a certain Master is looking for you

frankensassy67: this girl thinks you might have found a Master
frankensassy67: you certainly made an impression
frankensassy67: good luck :)

Master_Rope_Binder: are you still there?????

ghostlymaiden: Mr. T&B has been in here looking for you

ghostlymaiden: flashes her boobies at you (oYo)
ghostlymaiden: lol
ghostlymaiden: see you afterwhile :P

MrTag_N_Bag: One is about to go offline for a while
MrTag_N_Bag: I hope that you are here when I come back later tonight
MrTag_N_Bag: I have greatly enjoyed O/our chat
MrTag_N_Bag: and I hope W/we can continue to get to know each other better
MrTag_N_Bag: be well heather

Heather looked over Mr. Tag N Bag's message, smiling to herself. She was about to type in a response to his message, in case he wasn't back by the time she went to bed, when she noticed a final offline message, this one from Kristen.

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: you need to call me sis
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: RIGHT NOW!

Looking at the two lines in the offline IM box Heather felt a little perplexed. In the months they had been chatting together and gotten to know each other as friends she had never posted or said anything that sounded urgent. And inside she knew whatever Kristen wanted to talk about it had to be something that she considered important. Heather quickly closed out all the IM boxes, with the exception of Mr. Tag N Bag's, and then picked up her cell phone and dialed Kristen's number.

"Hello," came Kristen's husky, and somewhat tired, sounding voice after a couple of rings.

"It's me, Kristen," Heather said. "Did I wake you?"

"Yeah. It's okay. Hang one a sec." There was the sound of another voice on her end of the line, followed by a muffled, "It's okay, Susie, I've got it." This was followed by the sound of Kristen shifting on her bed. "Okay, I'm back."

"Okay. What's going on? I got your message. Is everything all right?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine, sis."

"Then what's going on?" Heather asked.

"You apparently," Kristen replied, her tone a little stern.

"Me? What do you mean?"

“Mister Tag and Bag,” Kristen said.

“What about him?” Now Heather was definitely curious to know. Just what was on the other woman’s mind?

“He came back into Bored after you got off earlier,” Kristen explained. “He seemed really jazzed up. Just what were the two of you talking about?”

Heather found herself feeling slightly on the defensive. “Nothing really. Just getting to know each other. Average stuff. We didn’t cyber or anything.”

“Did you talk about meeting with this guy?” Kristen asked.

Heather cocked her head slightly. “We kind of skirted the issue. Nothing serious though, sis. We were both being flirty.”

“Is he local to you?”

“About an hour or so away,” Heather replied, trying to sound casual.

“Jesus,” the other woman sighed on her end of the line.

“Kristen, what is it?” Heather demanded. “What did he say when he came back into Bored that has you so worked up?”

“Nothing that amounts to too much,” Kristen replied. “He just seemed to me too confident and full of bravado. Like a meeting between you and him was a done deal.”

“Well, things haven’t gone that far. Maybe he was happy to have my interest. He hasn’t had a submissive for over a year.”

Not like any of this is any of your business, she found herself thinking, more than a little defensively.

“That’s what he told you,” Kristen said. It was definitely a statement and not a question.

“Damn it, Kristen, what’s the problem?” Heather questioned, not doing much to mask the fact that her friend was making her feel a little angry. She was sounding worse than her mother. *And what gave her the right?* She had admittedly hooked up with the first guy she had talked dirty to online before her husband had barely been out of the house.

“The problem is,” Kristen began, bringing her own tone slightly lower and slower, “is that something doesn’t feel right about this guy.”

“Kristen-”

“Hear me out, sis. Please.”

“Okay,” Heather said, nodding with the phone in her hand.

“This guy started showing up in Bored a couple of weeks ago. He seems to fit in nicely with the regs. He’s knowledgeable, polite, not an overt perv or

anything. He's talked about the lifestyle and other things, but has never mentioned anything about having subs or being on the lookout for any. Then today he starts talking to you in private, which he hasn't done with anyone else, and you talk a long time once he knows you live close."

"Which makes him no different from any of the usual regulars in the room."

"But after he talked in private to you there was a change in his attitude," Kristen said. "When he came looking for you earlier he was more like some kid, bragging. He seemed 100% sure that he was going to meet with you. And, even though he didn't say anything bad about you, per se, he kept saying that he definitely had plans for you."

"And neither one of us would do the same thing if we had been talking to someone who really got our interest?" Heather asked.

"Yes. But I don't really think in that way, sis." There was a pause on Kristen's end of the line for a moment, as if she were thinking. "Did you read his profile?"

"Yes." Oh, yes she had definitely seen that. She had hardly been able to keep her mind off of it.

"Didn't it strike you as odd?"

"No, why?"

"The part about him *tagging* and *bagging* subs for his own personal collection. That part makes him sound like a stalker or something. It just makes me think he's out for nothing but his own pleasure. You know, another notch in his belt."

"And what if he is?" Heather questioned. "Jesus, Kristen, I'm married, with two kids at home. I'm not divorced, or even planning on getting divorced, like you. Maybe, I'm not looking for anything lasting, at least not to start with. Maybe I'm just looking for someone who wants to fuck me and control me for a little while. Did you ever think about that?"

There was a pause on the other end of the line, followed by a ragged breath and a sob. "I'm sorry," Kristen sputtered her voice full of tears.

"Kristen," Heather whispered. Her heart sank in her chest, and she felt low at taking a slight jab at her friend's situation. "I'm sorry-"

"No, it's okay," Kristen said. "I didn't mean to sound-. I don't know.

"It's just that you're the only person I've ever met that is just starting out. I know you don't have any experience, with any of this, meeting guys online,

much less meeting a Dom. I don't want you to get hurt, Heather. And I don't want anything bad to happen to you."

Heather used the back of her hand to wipe away tears that were rolling down her cheeks. "Nothing is going to happen to me. I'm going to be very careful, sis. I promise."

"I don't know what I would do if anything happened to you," Kristen cried.

"Nothing is going to happen to me."

"Please don't meet with this guy, Heather. I don't feel like he's safe."

"I can't promise you that," Heather replied. She did her best to fill her response with the same kind of logic and wisdom that Kitty would use. "I have to find out for myself, Kristen. I'm going to get to know him a lot better before we talk about meeting. If I feel right about meeting with him, then I am going to do it. But just one day of chatting isn't enough for me to know that." Though secretly she had to admit that inside her thoughts on that subject were completely different.

"What if he's just a jerk?"

"Haven't you met jerks before?"

"Well, yeah," Kristen admitted, her voice starting to sound a little more normal. "The first guy, he was really just out to add another notch in his belt. And that black guy, he mainly just wanted to score some white pussy. I know. I know.

"Just promise me one thing, okay, sis?"

"What's that?"

"Please talk to Topaz about all this. Let her know everything this guy says to you, and tell her how I feel."

Heather shifted in the desk chair. "I gather that you're not going to go to Kitty yourself and tell her what you think."

"Not as long as you promise me that you will talk to her about it, sis," Kristen replied.

Heather nodded with the phone pressed to her ear. "I promise. I will tell her everything that is bothering you about him. Okay?"

"Okay."

"You don't have to worry about me, Kristen," Heather went on. "Kitty has told me so much about her life and the things that she's been through, stuff you know that she didn't have anyone to talk to, or to guide her through. I know what things to avoid, and what mistakes not to make."

Heather had no idea at the time that ahead of her lay a pathway paved with many of the same mistakes that Kitty herself had made.

"Okay," Kristen said. "Knowing you have your mentor to talk to makes me feel better."

-5-

After she finished talking to Kristen Heather decided she was not going to stay up any later. She left an offline message for Mr. Tag N Bag, saying she would be back in the morning, and then shut her computer down. Then she took her mug to the kitchen and washed it out. As she started back down the hall she paused at the phone table in the hall and gave Giggling Gary a slight push.

"La, la, hee, hee, hee", the little toy's voice echoed in the hall.

-6-

La, la, hee, hee, hee

Whips and chains,
They give me pains…

Heather's eyes snapped open, and she found herself in a dark room lit by candles. It felt real, but she knew she had to be dreaming again. She was aware that she was naked, arms and legs spread open, hard and cool wood against her back. She felt certain that she was bound to a St. Andrew's Cross.

Turning her head she could see Melissa standing in the gloom. It wasn't her daughter as she was now, but when she was younger, perhaps two or three. She was dressed in a pair of pink pajamas, a footed one piece that zipped up the front. Little Melissa was holding Giggling Gary. She giggled, and then ran her hand across his flat base to make him work.

"La, la. Mmmm, hee, hee, hee, hee."

Melissa giggled again. Then she turned and ran from the room, the pads on the feet of her pajamas scraping and slapping across the bare floor and echoing in the darkness.

"That girl is a bad little girl," a voice said.

Heather turned her head to the source of the voice and found herself looking at the man in the zipper faced black mask. He was shirtless, as he had been when she had first dreamed of him before, the *not quite* Crimson Executioner. There was something in his hands, though she could not yet make out what it was. As she looked at him she could tell that she was trying to project what she thought Mr. Tag N Bag might look like on him, but his well muscled chest gave him away as definitely not being a man in his 50's.

"No, Sir," she found herself saying. "She's a good girl. It's just that sometimes she does bad things."

There was something a little dark in the face, though the mask made it impossible to tell what it was, or what the expression underneath might be. "She lacks discipline," the masked master observed. "It would seem to be something lacking in the mother as well."

"Yes, Sir," Heather found herself agreeing. "This girl lacks proper discipline. That is true."

"Why?" he asked.

Heather struggled slightly in her bonds. "This girl has never learned proper discipline. She has not had a proper Master to show her the way."

The masked Master stepped closer to her. In his hand she could make out what looked like the slim branch of a tree. It looked as it if had been straightened and stripped of its thin bark.

You want me to have to stripe your little ass up with this, Heather? she could almost hear her grandmother's voice in her head.

"You want to learn discipline, girl?" the Masked Master asked.

Heather nodded where she was bound. "Yes, Sir," she begged. "Please."

In that instant she became aware of a second figure standing behind the Masked Master. He was slightly taller, but there was nothing more she could tell about him. He stood in the shadows, his head and face shrouded by a black hooded robe. In an instant she was sure that this other person could be no one other than J.J. Chambers. "It is time for you to go girl," he said, his face still in darkness, "Down the rabbit hole and through the looking glass."

"Yes, Sir," Heather breathed. "There's no turning back now."

It was true!

La, la, hee, hee, hee…

The Masked Master looked back and gave a nod in the direction of *"Master Chambers*". "It is true," he said.

Could he hear what she was thinking?

"What, Sir?" she asked, begging. "Please, tell me."

"You will serve another," he replied. "One greater than I." He shifted, and then stepped closer to where she was bound. "And it's not *me*. It's *this girl*. Never *me* or *I*."

Heather swallowed hard. As the Masked Master came closer "*Master Chambers*" seemed to fade away. "This girl is sorry, Sir. She's truly sorry for her error."

"Even so," the Masked Master said, "you still must be punished."

"Yes, Sir," she said. "A girl understands. Please, Sir. Discipline this girl as You see fit."

Without a word the Masked Master drew back and brought the switch down across her bare breasts. Heather twisted in her bonds, which only seemed to infuriate him. He beat her breasts over and over with the switch, stinging her exposed flesh and her sensitive nipples. For Heather every swat was pure ecstasy. The Masked Master beat her breasts and chest until tears blurred her vision and her pussy began to ache with need.

-7-

"I had a dream about Master Chambers," Heather told Kitty a couple of days later. She had walked down to the older woman's house to talk for a while and to give her a hand with her laundry.

"You did?" Kitty questioned as they folded towels.

"Not really about him, I guess, but he was in it."

Kitty smiled. "What was the dream about?"

"It was about the Master in the mask I dreamed about before."

"The one that reminds you of the man in the video you bought?"

Heather nodded. "Yes." Then she described the dream, adding in the story of what had happened at the dinner table that night so the other woman would know the full story. After that she told her everything she had talked about with Mr. Tag N Bag over the past few days, and her phone call to Kristen.

"It sounds as if your waking world finds its way into your dreams," Kitty observed, once she was finished. "I think the picture in his profile has struck a

chord with you."

Heather nodded. "You have had your breasts beaten before." She knew because she had told her.

"Many times," Kitty replied with a smile. "It's very erotic." She paused, her smile growing ever wider. "But a girl likes to be beaten. Within reason of course." She let out a little laugh.

Heather found herself laughing along with her. Then she asked, "Do you think Kristen is right about him?"

Kitty shook her head and gave a shrug before dipping back into the dryer and grabbing a few more towels and whites. "It's hard to say, really. She is right that you should be cautious."

"But what do you think about him?" Heather asked.

"He has seemed a little full of himself a couple of times when you weren't in the room," Kitty admitted. "But all men, Dominants and otherwise, can be that way. It could be part of his personality. Which doesn't mean he's a loon, but it also doesn't mean he's completely harmless either." She placed a neatly folded face cloth on a pile and looked to Heather. "How does it make you feel, knowing he talks a little differently about you in the room, than the way he talks with you and about you in private?"

Heather smiled, and she could feel herself blushing a little. "It kind of turns me on. I feel like he really likes me, but not as an equal. You know? Not like a girlfriend or a wife, but like-. A possession. A conquest."

Kitty's smile grew wider still. "Yes, this girl knows." She quickly folded another towel. "What do you think would happen if you were to meet? Don't think about an answer, Heather. Just say the first thing that comes in your mind."

"I'm pretty sure we'd fuck," Heather said. She could feel her cheeks burning red from embarrassment at how fast she said it.

Kitty gave a nod. "Well, my suggestion would be not to do that. In fact you probably should do nothing sexual when you first meet. And you should meet somewhere public."

"You're probably right."

"I think you have a lot to learn about self-control," Kitty went on, "and it's not something you're going to learn from listening to me."

"I guess it's safer that way too," Heather added. She frowned slightly as she folded another towel. "What if he isn't safe?"

“You’ll know,” Kitty said. “It just won’t feel right. You’ll get that feeling in the pit of your stomach, and you’ll just know.”

Heather sat her towel down as Kitty pulled the last few from the dryer. “Have you ever been where things didn’t feel right?”

The older woman seemed to freeze for a split second. Her motions became a little slower. She nodded. “Yes. Yes, I have been.” She sat the towels down and looked at Heather. “I was in a bad situation once, about a year after Master Chambers died. Which is proof that you don’t have to be inexperienced to make a mistake.”

“What happened?” Heather was almost uncertain she wanted to ask, and suddenly felt less certain that her friend would want to respond.

“I answered a personal ad,” Kitty began. “Old fashioned sounding, I know, but it was still before the Internet took off. A master in St. Augustine, seeking a submissive, and he seemed to fit the bill for what this girl was looking for and needing at the time. We exchanged letters for about a month or so. Then we started talking on the phone. He was charming, sounded very pleasant, I was totally disarmed, maybe because I had been with Master Chambers for so long, my senses were dulled. I agreed to go to his house to meet him for the first time, and that was a huge mistake.”

Kitty paused and took a deep breath. “I should have known as soon as I went through the door that it wasn’t right. He locked the door behind us. When he took me to the living room there were two other men there, and I should have left then, but I didn’t. He was still pleasant and casual, and he introduced us all around and we talked. So I just passed it all off. I let myself be disarmed again, thinking that he just had company, and they would leave and we would talk more once we were alone.

“After we had our third round of wine, another thing I knew I shouldn’t have done, he informed me that it was going to be a gang bang. His tone and wording were enough to imply that I didn’t have a choice without him coming out and saying it.

“I was terrified of what might happen to me if I tried to resist, Heather. I still barely knew anyone where I was living, had no close family, was in no position to defend myself. I just let them do what they wanted to me and I left as soon as I was given leave to do so.”

“Kitty,” Heather breathed. She didn’t know what to say, had no idea of where to begin. “Didn’t you tell anyone?”

The older woman shook her head. "I should have known better," there was the sound of bitter anger in her voice, anger apparently directed at herself. "I went there of my own will. What happened I let happen. Maybe it sounds like I'm trying to rationalize it into something else, but I really don't feel as if I am. From a legal stand I doubt rape would have held up in court, and I have never allowed myself to think of what happened as a rape in my mind. It was a case of very poor judgment on my part, a mistake I learned from and will never let myself repeat again."

"Kitty-"

"You just need to remember what I am telling you now and take Kristen's advice," Kitty said. "Be very careful."

"I will be."

"Never put yourself in a situation where you don't have control. Even if you're a submissive you have to have a degree of control over the situation. That is the way that things really work."

Kitty folded the last of the towels and put them on the stack. "I can put these away in a little bit. Let's get something to drink and take a break."

Heather could tell from the sudden change in her tone, to her usual light Georgia peachy self, that discussion on this particular subject was now closed in her mind. "Okay."

They went out to the living room. Heather sat down on the couch and waited as Kitty poured them each a fresh glass of lemonade. Once she came back with their drinks she lit a cigarette and they sat quietly for a few minutes.

"Do you think I am doing the right thing?" It had been several weeks since they had discussed the topic of Heather going outside of her marriage to learn about the lifestyle firsthand. Kitty had not been very keen on the idea in the beginning, and Heather found herself really wondering what the other woman thought about it now, especially with her newfound interest in Mr. Tag N Bag.

"My answer to that question can't really dictate what you do," Kitty said.

"But what do you think?"

Kitty took a drag off her cigarette and exhaled. "I guess I am of two minds on the whole subject. As a submissive I understand your needs, the things you're feeling. I've experienced it firsthand. I have known many married men and women in the lifestyle who don't share it with their spouses, and I have never been judgmental.

“But on the other hand you’re a friend, who was a friend before she knew anything of the lifestyle. And it isn’t just you who I consider a friend, but Bill has been a friend to me and Earl since we moved here.

“And I think it’s that which makes me feel as if I should say something, I suppose.” She sat her cigarette down in an ashtray on the coffee table and picked up her glass and took a sip. “This makes it new, even to me.”

“I think that’s fair, Kitty.”

“I have told you many times to be careful,” the older woman went on. “But I guess what I haven’t told you is that you have to be sure that you can live with what you do, or think of doing.”

“And if I’m making a mistake?”

“I will always be here for you, Heather. No matter what.”

Heather smiled, and she saw Kitty smile too. Hearing her say that felt comforting. It made her realize that if no one else understood then Kitty would, or at least she would try. She didn’t feel there was anything else she could ask for from her friend, and mentor.

But then again, maybe there was just one more thing.

“What if I find out the lifestyle really isn’t for me?” she asked. “What if it’s like Betty says, that I just want to have a fling with someone other than Bill just to find out what it’s like and that gets it out of my system?”

“Then I will still be here for you,” Kitty assured.

“Thank you.”

“You are always welcome, Heather.”

-8-

Another couple of weeks passed. The anniversary of Kitty’s final collaring came and passed. And in that time Heather spent more and more time chatting with Mr. Tag N Bag. The warnings and advice to proceed with caution from both Kitty and Kristen were in her mind, but most of the time they were in the back of her mind. She didn’t feel as if she were going too fast. Everything within her was telling her that she was going at just the right pace, and that everything was flowing naturally.

In that period she spent most of her time chatting with Mr. Tag N Bag via IM in the afternoons, when Bill and the kids were gone. In the evenings she chatted with the others in the room, though they still IMed back and forth while they

were in Bored Like Hell together. Their conversations varied from family and domestic situations, to the lifestyle and sex. Sometimes he seemed very surprised about the things she would reveal.

MrTag_N_Bag: you've never engaged in oral sex?

fields_of_horror666: no Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: never??????????

fields_of_horror666: well, not really, Sir
fields_of_horror666: one tried early on, but

MrTag_N_Bag: have you ever received?

fields_of_horror666: a couple of times Sir
fields_of_horror666: a long time ago

MrTag_N_Bag: not with your hubby?

fields_of_horror666: no Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: but you want to try sucking cock now?

fields_of_horror666: very much Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: then I will have to see about making it happen

fields_of_horror666: :) ty Sir

Then she found herself asking that question which always seemed to eventually worm its way into any chat relationship.

fields_of_horror666: Sir a girl was wondering

MrTag_N_Bag: yes?

fields_of_horror666: how big are you Sir?
fields_of_horror666: * BLUSHES :) *

MrTag_N_Bag: 7 ½

Heather looked at the screen and found herself blushing. That was a little bit longer than Bill. She closed her legs and rubbed her knees together.

MrTag_N_Bag: I have a nice fat knob on the end
MrTag_N_Bag: heavy balls
MrTag_N_Bag: all shaven
MrTag_N_Bag: are you shaven like a good girl heather?

fields_of_horror666: * :) BLUSHES :) *
fields_of_horror666: yes Sir :)

MrTag_N_Bag: then I shall have to lick you there when you suck My hard cock

Pumping her legs up and down Heather let out a squeal. She had the feeling she was going to go early that afternoon to play with her little toy.

Other times when they chatted things didn't seem to surprise him at all.

MrTag_N_Bag: you're not too satisfied with the way things are with your husband

fields_of_horror666: not really no
fields_of_horror666: well what one means is she loves him
fields_of_horror666: it's just that things are never exciting in bed anymore

MrTag_N_Bag: unless you press things?

fields_of_horror666: exactly Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: you always initiate sex don't you?

fields_of_horror666: yes Sir
fields_of_horror666: it has been like that for a while

MrTag_N_Bag: since you had your girl?

fields_of_horror666: yes Sir
fields_of_horror666: that's exactly when he started to lose interest

MrTag_N_Bag: how does that make you feel heather?

fields_of_horror666: unattractive
fields_of_horror666: one is sure he never found her attractive

MrTag_N_Bag: surely you are wrong there
MrTag_N_Bag: he wanted to marry you

fields_of_horror666: he was in lust then one supposes :P

MrTag_N_Bag: I am sure that was not the case
MrTag_N_Bag: and though he might not see it I am sure you are very attractive

fields_of_horror666: * BLUSHES :) *
fields_of_horror666: ty Sir
fields_of_horror666: but One has yet to see me to know

And from that statement came his suggestion that they swap pictures. Heather assured him that she was not much to look at, feeling this to be true. She stepped into the master bedroom and went through a box of pictures to find one with just her in it. She came back to the spare room with one of her Bill had taken a couple of years before at a Fourth of July party in their back yard. The irony of the date of the picture was not lost on Heather as she ran it through the scanner and sent it to her e-mail.

fields_of_horror666: here it comes Sir

fields_of_horror666: it is a couple of years old
fields_of_horror666: a girl hopes you have had lunch already

He IMed her back once he had had a chance to look at the picture.

MrTag_N_Bag: you are very attractive heather

fields_of_horror666: * BLUSHES :) *
fields_of_horror666: ty Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: I am sending Mine now
MrTag_N_Bag: I have to warn you I am not alone

fields_of_horror666: np Sir

Heather sat back and clicked ACCEPT when the FILE TRANSFER window popped up. It took a minute for the file to be sent to her computer and once it finished she immediately clicked on it to open it.

The picture showed him sitting in a chair. His chest wasn't chiseled and muscled, but slightly hairy and a little flabby, just as she had imagined the chest on a man his age would look. He was bald, with a short and trimmed beard, gray with patches of a darker color she assumed was red because his head was covered with freckles. The other person in the picture was a brunette woman with a nice figure who had to be in her late 20's or early 30's. She was on her knees, wrists bound behind her back, full reds lips parted around his cock. If he was indeed 7 ½ inches she was taking him deep because only a small bit of his shaft was visible above a pair of plump and tightly skinned balls.

As she sat and looked at the picture she sighed. Mr. Tag N Bag was not attractive, or even very good looking, but the picture still made her feel flushed. Instantly she found herself wishing that she was the woman in the picture, on her knees, wrist tied behind her back, her mouth full of his cock.

No.

HIS cock!

She found herself in envy of the nameless woman in the picture, and she wondered if it was the same thing that Kitty said she had felt toward Dinah and Scarlett when she had first arrived at Master Chambers' house.

MrTag_N_Bag: did it come through ok heather?

fields_of_horror666: yes Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: and what do you think?

fields_of_horror666: that is a very happy and lucky girl Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: it could be you

Heather let out a sigh and ran a hand between her legs. *God, could it be?*

fields_of_horror666: * BLUSHES :) *
fields_of_horror666: that would be nice Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: then W/we seriously need to work to make that happen

fields_of_horror666: this girl would like that very much Sir

-9-

The next morning as soon as Heather got online she found him waiting for her. She had barely had enough time to see what people in her Friend's List were on before the IM chime went off and a message box from him was on her screen.

MrTag_N_Bag: greetings heather

fields_of_heather: greetings Mr. T&B

MrTag_N_Bag: are you all by yourself?

fields_of_heather: yes Sir
fields_of_heather: the kids left about 30 minutes ago

MrTag_N_Bag: good
MrTag_N_Bag: I think we should really talk now

fields_of_heather: on the phone Sir?

MrTag_N_Bag: yes

Heather could feel her heart racing. She had been dying for him to suggest it for the past three days, and especially since she had seen the picture of the woman sucking his cock the night before. She picked up her phone and turned it on. Then she took a pen and paper from the corner of the desk. As she did the IM chime went off again and a box from Kristen opened up.

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: mornin' sis :)

For an instant she considered ignoring it completely. Then she decided to send a quick message to let her know what was about to happen.

fields_of_horror666: hey, sis. i'll be back in a little bit. T&B wants me to call him

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: ok
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: let me know when you get back
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: and good luck

fields_of_horror666: ty

She paused again. She was sure that Kristen meant it, telling her good luck. But she was sure that her friend still had serious reservations about her getting involved with Mr. Tag N Bag. She pushed it out of her mind and went back to him.

fields_of_heather: what is your number Sir?

He sent her his number and she wrote it down. Then she changed her online status to AFK before she took her phone and entered in his number. There were

butterflies in her stomach. She found she had no idea of what to expect. It had been a long time since she had called a man she had been talking to online, and all of those times it had been platonic as it had always been with Freddy. This time, she was keenly aware, was something different.

"Hello, Heather," he said as soon as he picked up the phone. His voice was deep and smooth, and it seemed to flow through her ear and curl around and around before traveling down her spine and setting off a slight flutter in her stomach, continuing on down to send a slight, electric, pulse between her thighs. "How are you this morning?"

"Hello, Sir," she replied, her own voice coming out in a dreamy and somewhat husky tone. "A girl is doing well this morning."

"Good, good."

There were so many things that she wanted to ask him. There had been so many things that she had planned to ask him, but at that moment all her thoughts were jumbled. There was a daydream instantly in her head of being tied up at his feet, listening to him tell her, in this voice she just now learned belonged to him, of all the things he was going to do to her, and make her do to him, and herself.

"May a girl be so bold as to ask your name, Sir?" she found herself asking. The words just seemed to flow out, and she wondered if this was how it was for Kitty and others, knowing what to say and how to say it.

"My name is Richard Davis," he replied, with that deep and smooth voice.

Oh, that voice!

"Most people call me Rich."

"Rich," she repeated, her voice still husky-dreamy.

"*Master Rich*," he corrected.

Heather could feel her heart pounding in her chest. She shivered in her chair as a chill ran up and down her spine. "Yes, Sir," she purred. "Master Rich."

"What is your last name girl?"

"Ford, Sir."

"And your maiden name?"

"A girl's maiden name was Zane, Sir."

"I see."

His voice. *His voice*. She was hearing it, finally. And now she found she wanted to hear it truly, in person. The thought made her more excited. It made her feel-

So fucking hot!

"What are your plans for today?" he asked.

"Not too much, Sir," she breathed. "One was going to chat for a little while. Then she was going to go to the grocery store and do the weekly shopping."

"I see."

It was different. Very different. Hearing him and hearing herself, instead of thinking it in her head, or hearing herself say things in dreams. She was doing it. She was finally doing it. A cautious part of her suddenly surfaced, making her quickly wonder if it was indeed going too fast. But that moment was a fleeting one. They were already on the phone.

There's no turning back now.

"What are you wearing, Heather?"

She felt herself smile and blush as she ran a hand lightly down the front of her shirt and between her breasts. "A big t-shirt, Sir." She rubbed her knees together, slightly raising her butt off the seat of the chair. "And a pair of sweat shorts."

"Not going to town clothes," he observed.

"No, Sir," she replied with a laugh. "Not really."

"I see." His breathing changed a little, like he was shifting in his own chair.

"Can a girl be so bold as to ask what you are wearing, Sir?"

"I am sitting here with nothing on but a pair of boxers," he replied. "The right leg is pushed up a little, and the fat head of my cock is peeking out. It's slightly hard. I have been giving it a rub through my boxers."

He gave a split-second pause that she knew could be for nothing more than effect.

"Thinking about you."

Heather closed her eyes and sighed as she listened to him talk, his voice dropping to a deeper level of low smoothness. She was just conscious of moving her free hand down between her legs and rubbing herself through her shorts with the heel of her palm.

"Are you wearing anything underneath your shirt and shorts, girl?"

Heather closed her eyes and shook her head. "Nothing, Sir."

"Are you playing with yourself?" His voice seemed to become smoother still.

"No, Sir." Her face now felt burning red. She was excited, embarrassed.

"But you are touching yourself a little, aren't you, girl?"

Heather let out another slight sigh. *Just how did he seem to know?* Self-consciously she took her hand from between her legs. "Yes, Sir. Just a little."

"There's no need to stop on my account," he said.

Jeez, it was as if he could see her.

Her thoughts went back to Kitty's advice from a couple of weeks before, that nothing sexual should happen when they first met. But they weren't meeting right now, were they? They were on the phone, maybe about to discuss meeting. So if they were just on the phone, talking about meeting, and were not right now meeting, then sexual stuff was definitely okay, she reasoned.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, her voice a slight whisper.

"I am going to listen to you, girl," he replied. "I am going to take off my boxers and listen to you, and I am going to slowly stroke my cock until it is nice and hard. And I am going to tell you about my hardness, and about how long and stiff my cock gets."

Oh, God. Already she had the side of her hand between her legs again, pressing against the fabric of her shorts.

"We are going to talk and I am going to listen to you tell me things. You'll tell me what you're doing there, and of what you would like to do with me. We'll talk about other things too, as you play. And after we get off the phone I am going to come. I don't want you to hear me come until we meet." He paused a moment, taking a slight breath. "That is if all of this is agreeable to you."

"Yes, Sir, Master Rich," she replied in a husky tone. She responded instantly, not taking any time to think about her answer, the same way she had with Kitty in her laundry room. "That will be fine."

"Good," he breathed. "Good. I am going to take off my boxers now. I would like for you to undress as well."

"Yes, Sir," she replied. She got out of her seat and crossed the room to close the door. Just in case. And then she shimmied out of her shorts as she went back to the desk. Out of her shorts she pulled her shirt over her head, as quickly as she could without putting down her cell phone. "A girl is ready, Sir."

"Good," he said. "Why don't you rub your pussy for me?"

"Yes, Master," Heather breathed. She opened her legs wider and began running her middle and index finger over her labia. After a couple of light strokes she began to tickle her clit with the tip of her index finger.

"It feels good, doesn't it?" he crooned.

"Yes, Master."

Oh, God it felt nice.

"My cock is getting harder now," he said. "I am imagining what it would feel like for you to have your soft hand around my cock, slowly stroking it. And then opening your mouth to take it in. Sucking the fat round head." He sighed.

"That would be so good, Master." Closing her eyes Heather could see it in her head. She was there with him, on her knees as he sat at his desk chair. She could feel her hand stroking up and down on the soft and warm skin that covered his hardening cock. She opened her mouth, imagining taking the head inside as he suggested. Licking it, kissing it and sucking on it before she put her mouth over the whole thing.

Heather brought her hand back to her face and licked the end of her thumb to wet it. Then she put it back between her legs, opening them slightly. She let out a small sigh as she dipped her middle and index fingers into her pussy, rubbing her thumb against her clit.

"Are you fingering your pussy, girl?" he asked.

"Yes, Master," she sighed.

"How does it feel?"

"Good, Sir. So good."

And it did feel good. And it did feel really nice.

So fucking hot!

"You want this hard cock in your mouth, don't you, girl?"

"Yes, Sir," Heather gasped.

"You want to take it all, don't you, girl?" He took a slight breath. "You can tell me."

Heather shifted in the chair, working her fingers in and out of her moistening pussy. Closing her eyes the words seemed to flow out. "I want to suck your cock, Master Rich. I want to take your cock all the way in my mouth. I want to swallow every inch."

"Yes," he breathed.

"I want to get you off, Sir. I want you to come in my mouth and make me swallow it all."

"Yes?"

"Yes, Sir."

Heather turned the chair away from the computer screen. She leaned back until the back of the chair touched the desk, then she pulled her left leg up into

the seat. All the while she continued to finger herself and listen to Master Rich's voice and breathing. She felt both excited and relaxed. It was almost like being drugged.

"You want to meet soon so you can do it," he said.

"Yes, Sir." She worked her fingers a little faster, a little more urgently. "When?"

"What are you doing next week?" he asked, his voice low and suggestive.

Next week?

The first thing that Heather thought was that, her period was coming next week. The following week would be better, she knew, the week before Halloween. The Friday before the kids were going to a party at the Andersons', and after the boys would be sleeping over there, and the girls would be sleeping over at the Richters'. Also that weekend Bill and Sammy were going to some property that Sammy owned near Poe City, for a little father-son bonding, as well as a little out-of-season hunting.

Yes, it would be better in two weeks.

However-

You should probably do nothing sexual when you first meet, Kitty's suggestion came to her.

Heather's lips curled slightly as her insides started to tingle under the pressure of her fingers. It was hard to think about this and that too.

Next week would be fine, Sir, she could hear Kitty say in her head.

She gasped as she thumbed her clit a little faster. "Next week would be fine, Sir," she breathed.

"Really?" he asked in his creamy smooth voice.

"Yes, Master Rich," she breathed. She worked her fingers harder and faster. It was something about his voice that made her want to go further. It made her want more.

Control, Kitty said in her head. *You need to learn self-control, and you're not going to learn it from listening to me*.

No, she wasn't, but she could try to practice it. Master would like her better that way.

"Sir, a girl thinks we should meet somewhere public for the first time," she went on. "And keep away from the sexual until we learn more about each other."

"I have no problem with that," he said. "Yes, we should go somewhere neutral, where we can sit and talk."

Heather took her hand from between her legs and rubbed it across her bare breasts and nipples. She was well aware of a warm and light trail of liquid that she was leaving across them. It made her feel hot, *so fucking hot*, and more than a little bit dirty. She was aware that she wanted to lick them, to taste herself from them, but she was also keenly aware that it was something that she wanted to hear him tell her to do before she did it.

"How about McClarke Park?" he asked.

Heather sat for a moment, his words not quite sinking in. Then she realized that he was talking about a place that she knew. "In Winter Retreat?"

"Yes. Do you know where it is?"

"Yes, Sir. We used to take the kids there all of the time."

"Good," he said. "Then it is a good place to meet then?"

"Yes, Sir. A girl thinks so."

"Then we can meet there, say one week from today."

Next Tuesday!

Her period would definitely be going strong then. They could meet and talk, and not get carried away the first time.

"Heather?"

"Yes, Sir," she breathed. "Next Tuesday would be fine, Master Rich."

"Good. Then we'll have to come up with a time that would be good for the two of us to meet."

"Yes, Sir."

Next Tuesday, McClarke Park. Nice and public, nothing sexual.

Well, nothing sexual unless she wanted to-

"Are you still there, Heather?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, Sir," she replied. "A girl is still here."

"Good," he said. "I thought you drifted off. You became so quiet."

"Lost in her thoughts, Sir, Master Rich."

"Ah. Is that why you stopped playing with your pussy?"

Heather smiled, knowing and feeling her face was turning beet red. She was now very aware that she was in the spare bedroom with the door closed, naked in the chair, holding the cell phone to her ear with her left hand, while her right hand rested on top of her bare breasts. She let a slight laugh escape as she tried to imagine what she must look like at that moment. "Yes, Sir."

“I would love to hear you get off for me, Heather.”

She closed her eyes and his voice seemed to caress her cheek and then slide down her neck. “Yes, Sir.”

“What are you going to do?” he questioned.

“A girl is going to finger her pussy and rub her clit for you, Master Rich,” she gasped. Her hand was already moving down her stomach and down between her open legs as she spoke. Closing her eyes she ran her fingers over her moist nether lips, nearly dropping the cell phone as she shivered from her own touch, imagining it was him.

“And what are you going to think about?”

“Sucking your cock, Master,” she replied in a half-whisper. “Thinking of how it feels in my mouth. It’s shape. How it taste.”

“Yes?”

Heather plunged her fingers back inside her hot and wet pussy, moaning. “Thinking about how it will feel when you cum in a girl’s mouth. How good it will taste.”

It continued on this way for several minutes. Heather described the things she imagined and masturbated herself as Master Rich commented, offered guidance, and talked about how hard his cock was as he stroked it. Other than the telephone masturbation session and her imaginings of what it would be like to suck his cock they talked about little else. It was hot and erotic, and satisfying, though she still needed her toy for another series of orgasms after they got off the phone.

-10-

The question came as Betty had been taking a sip of her drink, and had caught her so off guard that she had laughed with a mouth full, spraying it out of her mouth and nose, across the table they were sitting at, and down the front of her shirt and apron. Kitty was on her feet with napkins, wiping the table and dabbing the other woman’s chin as she continued to laugh. Heather looked down, sliding a napkin to the center of the table, feeling her cheeks flaming red.

“You want to know how to what?” Betty asked, laughing and coughing.

Heather was aware that a lot of the other people eating at The Wolf Pack Sub Shop, located inside the Superior HyperMart, were looking their way. It only served to increase her embarrassment.

“I want to know about giving blow jobs,” Heather whispered in a slightly nasal tone.

-11-

Heather had called Kitty after she had finished playing with her little silver toy and showering. She knew that her mentor needed to do her grocery shopping for that week as well, and she suggested that she ride with her to Superior HyperMart together. On the way she had talked about her conversation with Master Rich, omitting the part about masturbating for him. She told her about their plans to meet the next week at the park, and the older woman seemed pleased that, even though she thought she was going a little fast, at least they were meeting in a public place where nothing would happen.

Fate would have it that Betty was just going on break as they walked through the door, so they had gone to The Wolf Pack to get a table and wait for her to clock out. Once she had returned they had ordered and sat down for lunch. And as they ate Heather had turned over the idea of the one thing she might still want to do with Master Rich, even if it was only their first meeting.

Oral sex.

And now here she was with Kitty and Betty at the same time, two women, who she knew, had to know more about cock sucking than she could imagine.

“Do you think you can tell me about sucking cock?”

There it had been. She had just blurted it out.

And that had caused the eruption of Mount Bettylaya.

Betty was still laughing and coughing, holding a hand up and trying to calm herself as Kitty, and now Heather, wiped her face and chest. She looked to her best friend with a big smile once she had herself under control and was sitting back at the table.

“Oh, my God,” she was finally able to say. “I can’t believe that you’re asking that. You of all people. And while I’m at work yet.” She threw her head back and started laughing again.

“I guess that caught me a little off guard as well,” Kitty admitted, a big smirk on her face.

“Okay,” Heather said. “Bad timing. But you’re not exactly at work, just in the same building.”

Betty shook her head and laughed. Then she unrolled her sub, its wrapper dotted with drops of her drink. "And you're asking us because we're such close friends, right? Or is it because we're both soooooo experienced?"

Heather leaned forward and rubbed her forehead with the palm of her hand.

"Perhaps a little of both," Kitty suggested.

Heather nodded.

"And you needed to hear it from the *mouths* of experience?" Betty asked, saying it loud enough for the people at the tables closest to them to hear.

"Well, yeah," Heather replied through gritted teeth.

Betty leaned back and took a bite of her sub. She paused long enough to chew up and swallow most of her first bite. "Well, sister, you came to the right place."

Just the wrong time, Heather thought.

"She's probably right," Kitty agreed.

Heather already knew she was looking at two different schools of cock sucking. One refined and highly disciplined. The other wild, with an okay let's get it on attitude.

"So, what do you want to know?" Betty asked, around another mouthful of sandwich. "Big, small? Fat, slim? Cut, uncut? Long, short? I can tell you the best way to suck any cock." She smiled, her left cheek stuffed like a squirrel's. "How about you, grandma?"

Kitty smiled politely. "A girl never discusses such things as size, shape and length."

Heather cleared her throat and looked to her mentor. Size, shape and length were things she brought up every time she talked about a different master she had been with.

"In public," Kitty quickly added.

"I don't know what I can tell you here," Betty said. "It's kind of a more show you type of thing." Grinning, she looked to the counter. "Maybe they have a banana at the dessert bar. Or I could just run over to Produce and grab something that'll work."

"Oh, God, no," Heather said, hiding her face.

"She is right," Kitty said. "I think you would need a demonstration and an explanation of how things work."

"This isn't like the how to put on a condom thing from Sex Ed," Heather observed. "I don't think I can handle watching either of you sucking a banana

or a cucumber."

"Nonsense," Kitty said. "You can come over tonight and I will show you how I suck Earl's cock."

"Or you can come in the back and watch me suck off Jerry," Betty offered.

Heather shook her head. "You two, are putting me on. I can't believe that you're having fun with this."

"Well I don't know about granny here, but I'm serious," Betty said. "Jerry would have no problem with the two of you watching me suck his dick, and he wouldn't say anything about it, so it wouldn't get back to Donald."

Donald was the guy from work who Betty had been seeing for the past few weeks. Heather was sure he was no doubt aware of her reputation of being a little wild, and not quite faithful to one man.

"Men like it when you use your tongue," Kitty said, saving her. "That and when you do things other than just straight forward cock sucking."

Betty nodded. "Mmmmmm. They like to have it kissed all over, shaft, balls and head."

"Licking, kissing and sucking on each of the parts," Kitty added.

"Especially the head."

"Yes, a girl has been with many men who like their cockhead sucked on."

"And running your tongue in their slit."

The other women stopped and looked at Heather. She was sure she must have had a mortified look on her face. Her cheeks still must have been red, and she felt like crawling under the table they were sitting at.

"What?" Betty asked. "You're the one that wanted to know."

Agreeing, she nodded and unrolled the wrapper of her own sandwich. As she ate she listened as Betty and Kitty gave her advice, observations and pointers on sucking a man's cock. She caught the most important sounding parts, like stroke the bottom half while sucking and licking the top half and when you feel the head swell in your mouth you need to start getting ready to swallow.

Above all Kitty warned her, "Always swallow when you're with a Master, no matter what. If you don't think you can handle swallowing cum oral sex is a route you do not want to go."

Betty nodded. "All guys want you to swallow their load. That's their big pay off from getting sucked off." She took another bite of her sandwich and casually added, "I love drinking down every drop anyway, so I never spit."

Heather felt like crawling under the table again as she realized that the little old man sitting at the next table was looking at Betty and smiling at her. *Oh, God*, she though. *Never ask them anything in public together again*.

-12-

The week would pass quickly, though at some points it would seem to pass slowly. Betty and Kitty were resolved to the fact that the meeting was going to take place. Kristen still sounded unsure if she should do it, and continued to preach caution. The Friday before the meeting she had talked to Freddy on the phone, and he had advised her to be careful as well, and he told her he expected her to tell him all about it once she got back home that day.

After Bill and the kids had left Heather cleaned the kitchen table and washed the dishes. Then she took a long and hot shower, doing her best to relax herself. The day had arrived, and she had not come this far to stop.

There's no turning back now.

Finished in the shower she sat down at the computer with a cup of hot chocolate, dressed in nothing but a pair of panties, a towel wrapped around her hair. The message she was expecting came just a few minutes after she sat down.

MrTag_N_Bag: greetings heather

fields_of_heather: good morning Master :)

MrTag_N_Bag: are you ready for today?

fields_of_heather: yes Sir
fields_of_heather: very ready
fields_of_heather: a girl only needs to finish getting dressed

MrTag_N_Bag: good good
MrTag_N_Bag: I will be leaving shortly then
MrTag_N_Bag: I will be at the park in half an hour
MrTag_N_Bag: remember where we are to meet?

fields_of_heather: yes Sir

MrTag_N_Bag: I will be waiting for you there then
MrTag_N_Bag: I will have My phone on if you need Me

fields_of_heather: a girl will have her phone as well Master

MrTag_N_Bag: then I will see you there
MrTag_N_Bag: safe journey girl

fields_of_heather: be well Master

She watched the screen as he went inactive in her friend's list. She felt excited and giddy. Once she drained the last of her hot chocolate she shut the computer down and went back to the bedroom and dressed.

As Heather passed back down the hall on her way to the front door she moved Giggling Gary to make him laugh.

"La, la, la. He, he, he, heeeee."

It was time to go.

There's no turning back now.

-13-

It was a gray morning, much like the setting of the dream she had had right after Kitty had mentioned BDSM for the first time. It was briskly cool outside, and Heather turned on the heat as soon as she got on the highway. She was wearing a pair of purple sweats to keep warm in. Glancing in the rearview mirror she noted her face was as pale and plain as the day, her hair pulled back in a sloppy and ungraceful ponytail. Her clothes and lack of make-up were in part Master Rich's suggestions. They were meeting in the park and his idea had been she might as well come as she was and be casual, since it was their first meeting.

When she pulled into the parking lot outside of McClarke Park it was 9:03 according to the clock on the dash. She had gotten there a few minutes earlier than she had anticipated. That was still okay though. Master Rich had assured

her that he would be there in time to be waiting for her, and if it only took him 30 minutes to get there then he had already been there for at least 15 minutes.

Killing the engine Heather took a breath, closing her eyes. As she did she became aware of a tapping sound from inside the car. Opening her eyes and looking down she realized that she was hitting her wedding bands against the steering wheel without thinking about it. And once she looked down at the bands of gold and the sparkling diamond on her finger she tried not to think about that as well.

We're just meeting, she found herself reasoning to herself. *And it's my period*.

But that still didn't mean that other things were not on her mind. They had been for months, so why bother to excuse it now? Besides there was that one thing she had been thinking about.

Sometimes you have to just hold it so the guy's cum drips on your tongue, and then you can suck it down with no problem, Betty's advice came back in her head.

Heather suddenly realized that she could just leave. There was no reason she had to stay. There was no obligation to Master Rich. She could just leave and go back home and wait for the kids to get home and for Bill to get off of work. She could just go home and forget all about BDSM and the lifestyle and never think about it again. It would be so easy.

All too easy, she thought. She had not learned about so much and come so far not to know more. She had come here today to find out for herself.

There's no turning back now.

Heather pulled her purse to her and threw her keys inside, zipping it shut. Then she put her hand on the door handle and opened the door. She shivered as a cool breeze blew across the back of her exposed neck. Closing the door she stood for a moment and looked at the gates to McClarke Park before walking inside.

Over the past few days Master Rich had described their meeting place and had given her directions on how to get there. Down the main path, past the playground, and the dog walk, was a secondary path. She had to take that second path until it forked off, the right branch, now a barely used jogging path. Along the path was a hedge and a few trees, and nearly to the end of that path was a bench. It was on that bench that he would be awaiting her.

As she walked through the park she would play his instructions over in her head at each part, in his smooth and deep voice. She looked from side to side as she passed through the playground, noting it had changed since the last time they had come there with the kids. *How long had it been really? Three, four years?* The metal tornado slide the kids had loved to climb backward had been taken down, replaced with a shorter version completely made of plastic. Then there was the bench swing she and Bill always sat at when they came, so they could keep an eye on the kids.

She pushed that out of her mind.

Heather came to the end of the playground and the start of the dog walk. The wind picked up as she came to the last sign along the dog walk. There was a square of grass a few feet across where the dog path ended. On the other side was where the secondary path began.

You will take the secondary path until it forks off, and take the right fork along the old jogging path.

Yes, Sir.

Heather made her way down the second path, shivering a little as the breeze picked up again. The grass was still green and shiny, but all along the path were brown and gray fallen leaves, which had dried, shriveling and rolling up. Occasionally they crunched under her feet as she walked along the path, and when the wind gusted more dried leaves rattled in the trees.

It wasn't long before she came to the fork which lead to the old jogging path. She had never realized that the park was so large before. At a guess she figured she was at least a quarter of a mile from the entrance of the park. She guessed the path she was on was disused because most other people had no idea any of it was there as well. The path itself was covered by grass, but she could still see clearly where it had been.

Heather had walked a good five minutes before the hedges on either side of the path seemed to open up into what appeared to be a mini-park. In the clearing was a swing set, and ride-on animals on huge springs. There was also a line of trees, and a bench. On the bench was another lone visitor to this part of the park.

Heather smiled to herself as Master Rich noticed her and waved her over. She quickened her pace to clear the slight distance between them. As she approached she saw that he was not too different from his picture. He was wearing a tan coat, which was open to reveal that he was wearing a light yellow

shirt and black tie underneath. Same neatly trimmed beard and bald head dotted with freckles. He was wearing a pair of wire rimmed glasses, and she noticed that his eyes were blue and a little sunken into their sockets. On the ground, by his right foot, sat a green gym bag with yellow straps.

He had a bag with him, and I hoped against hope that it was full of rope.

"Good morning, Heather," he said as she approached.

"Good morning, Master," she replied, smiling. Now she wasn't just saying it. She was saying it to him in person.

"Won't you sit down?"

"Yes. Thank you, Sir." Heather sat down next to him on the cold bench. And it was at that moment that the first little bit of doubt really entered her mind. She looked down at her feet, and then to his feet, and then finally to the gym bag. And it was that bag, she knew, that was making her uneasy all of the sudden.

What if he isn't safe?

You'll know. It just won't feel right.

"Do you smoke, Heather?"

"Sometimes, Sir."

Master Rich reached into his coat and pulled out a pack of Lucky Strikes.

Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco, Kristen had told her.

"Would you like one of mine?"

Heather found herself glancing back down to the gym bag. Then she looked back to him and the pack of cigarettes in his hand. "Yes, Sir."

Master Rich shook out two of the short and filterless cigarettes and stuck them in his mouth. Then he replaced the pack back inside his jacket and when his hand came back out there was a gold lighter in it. He opened the top and struck it, lighting both cigarettes, and then snapped it closed. He placed the lighter back inside his coat and then passed a cigarette to Heather.

"Thank you, Sir." She took a drag, immediately coughing. The taste was very strong, much stronger than Kitty's Camels.

"Has it been a while since you smoked?"

"Not really, Sir. These are stronger than what a girl is used to."

"I see," he said, taking a drag off of his.

Once again she looked down to the bag. For some reason it seemed to be out of place.

"I see you found your way alright."

Heather nodded. "Yes, Sir. Your directions were very good." She shivered a little as he placed a hand on her knee. She found herself a little startled and greatly excited in the space of a second. "You have been here before, Sir."

"Many times," he said.

"With other girls?"

"Occasionally."

Heather nodded again. And again her eyes went to the green and yellow gym bag. "What do you have in the bag, Sir?"

Master Rich smiled, and that smile made her a little more uneasy. "It's my Master Bag. I keep things that I need in it."

What sort of things?

It was a question that Heather found that she really wanted to ask, but she was also a little afraid to ask. She took another drag off the little cigarette, this time forcing herself not to cough.

You'll get that feeling in the pit of your stomach, and you'll just know.

Remembering Kitty's words now Heather was a little unsure of what she felt. Was there something wrong here, or was it just that she was finally nervous because she was actually there with him for the first time face-to-face?

"I want you, you know," Master Rich told her.

Heather found herself smiling a little, blushing slightly. "Yes, Sir. A girl knows."

"You wish I would take you." It was beyond a shadow of a doubt a statement and not a question.

Heather had to admit to herself that if it weren't for the timing that the answer was a definite yes. Again she noted he was not handsome, or even close to being good looking, but there was his voice, and what he was. There was what he represented.

No, it had nothing to do with the way he looked. It had everything to do with what he was.

"A girl would be strongly tempted, Master Rich," she finally said.

He finished his cigarette and threw it away. Then he leaned closer to her and she could feel his nose and beard tickle her ear. "I want to take you right now, right here on this bench, girl."

There was a flutter in her stomach that came from excitement. Part of her was wanting to go all the way, even if she was ragging. Part of her wanted to even though-

The bag.

He had a bag with him, and I hoped against hope that it was full of rope.

But what else was there that was in the bag?

It was this X-factor which made her feel more hesitant.

"Unfortunately it is a girl's time, Sir," she finally said, as way of a reminder.

"Yes, I know," he said. "You told me you would be."

For a moment she felt a slight sense of relief.

"Show me," he said.

"Sir?" Heather blinked, trying to think of how to respond. She took the cigarette she was holding and threw it off in front of her. *What did he really mean?*

"Pull your pants down and show me, girl," Master Rich said.

"Okay," she found herself replying, still uncertain. But she was up off the bench, part of her automatically responding, as if it was the most natural thing in the world for her to do. She bent over where she stood and pulled down her sweat pants and panties to just past her knees.

Heather was aware that her ass was very cold as she stood there, bent over in front of the bench. She was also aware of the rustle of Master Rich's clothes as he moved, shifting to inspect her. As she waited she found she felt excited, and more than a little humiliated at the same moment. She felt his warm breath on her ass, felt his gaze as he looked, and no doubt saw, the tampon string hanging down.

"You are a very good girl, Heather," he said. "I can smell it. You're not lying to me, or trying to trick me."

She nearly jumped as his warm hand suddenly rubbed along her bare stomach and caressed her Mons Venus before withdrawing.

"Nice and freshly shaved too," he added. "Okay, you may pull your pants back up."

"Thank you, Sir," she replied, once again the words seeming to come out of their own accord, as if it was the only thing she could say. She straightened herself and pulled her pants back up. Then she sat back down beside him on the bench.

"Are you nervous, girl?" he asked.

"A little bit, Sir."

"That's natural," he assured her.

Once again her eyes went to the bag by his right foot. She quickly looked back to him and smiled. Looking at his bearded chin she wondered what it would feel like when she kissed him, if she could bring herself to kiss him. She had never kissed a man with a beard, or even a mustache, before.

"Would you like to see what Master has for you?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir," she replied, with a nod. Hearing her own voice she was sure that he must know that she was feeling very uneasy. However a big part of her wanted to see what his cock looked like. It was something that she still just had to know.

"Very well," Master Rich said. He shifted on the bench, reaching to his waist and unhitching his belt. Then he unbuttoned his fly and pulled the zipper down. Shifting slightly he worked his pants and boxers down to his knees. "Here it is."

Heather looked at his cock. It was as long as he had claimed, pale white with a couple of noticeable veins. The head was a light pink color, swollen and round, twice the size of Bill's. He was not quite hard, so it still rested against his leg. Master Rich put his hand around it and gave it a couple of strokes, making it rise a little higher. She could see his balls now, together enough to overfill her hand, the sack of his scrotum tight and close to his body. She also noticed, that as he said, his cock and balls were both cleanly shaved. "It is very nice, Master," she breathed.

"Would you like to suck on it?" he asked. "Are you ready to lose virginity in your mouth, girl?"

"A girl would like to try sometime, Sir," she replied. Her eyes drifted past his manhood and back down to the bag by his foot.

"I can tie your hands behind your back."

"No, Sir," Heather said. "One is not sure she is ready for that." In fact she was beginning to feel like it may be a good time to go.

"That's fine, Heather," he said. "I respect your limits."

And for some reason him saying that was just enough to make her reconsider leaving.

Master Rich sat back and slowly began to stroke his cock, making it grow even harder. "I have been thinking about you a lot, Heather."

"You have?"

He nodded, still stroking himself. "I think of you every day since we started talking about meeting. I think of how nice it will be when we finally have a

chance to explore together. How good it will be to put this in you." He sighed a little, working his cock in long strokes, moving his hand loosely along it, from the balls, all the way to the head, almost covering it with his hand with each stroke.

"Yes?" she asked. She was suddenly excited again. Curious. Heather was aware that her mouth was watering, and that her nipples were hard.

"I have jacked off thinking about you, every day," he confessed. "Even on the days we talk. Sometimes I have to get myself off three or four times, thinking about being with you."

"You do?"

"Yes." He stroked it a little more slowly, sighing.

Heather found her eyes were glued to Master Rich's cock as he masturbated himself. She sat, strongly fighting the urge to reach out and touch it. "I play with myself thinking of you, too," she admitted.

Master Rich leaned closer to her, still stroking himself. With his free hand he grabbed her sweat shirt and pulled it up. Heather moaned as he put his hand on her left breast and started rubbing it through her bra. She closed her eyes as he kissed her cheek, his beard brushing against her skin. He moved slightly, this time placing his mouth over hers. Her lips parted and his tongue went inside, probing. It made her blood rush, and she let out a slight sigh into his mouth.

As the kiss intensified Master Rich pulled the cup of her bra up to expose her breast to the cold. Her nipple was very hard now. As he continued to kiss her he kneaded her breast, pinching the nipple, Heather's right hand and arm seemed to move of their own accord. She found his other hand, which felt tight and tense, and put her hand around his and began to help him as he stroked his cock.

"Take me," he breathed as soon as he broke the kiss.

Heather was aware that her heart was pounding, and that she felt warm all over despite the coolness of the air, and her stomach and breast exposed to the cold. She swallowed slightly, breathing harshly. "Sir, what if someone comes?" she whispered in question.

"No one ever comes here," he said.

His voice was smooth and dreamy. It was confident and assured. His statement seemed to be an assurance that everything was okay. But on another level there seemed to be a thinly veiled warning there, a warning that if she had not been so hot and taken in by him she would have probably heeded right then.

Heather found she could say nothing. Part of her was indecisive, still considering the green and yellow gym bag at his feet. Yet she continued sitting there, looking into his eyes and helping him stroke his cock in the cool morning air.

"Suck *My cock*, girl," he said his voice just above a smooth whisper.

Her motions were automatic. Heather sat back from Master Rich and they both let go of his cock. He grabbed her sweat shirt and began to pull it over her head, and she took it when he had made it halfway and helped him get it the rest of the way off. As she shrugged it off her arm he reached around her and unhooked her bra. Once it was undone she slipped it off her shoulders and let it drop to the bench beside her.

Heather found that her thoughts were non-thoughts. She wasn't thinking about the possibility of being caught by some passerby, or even worse, by someone who knew who she was. She was not thinking at all about the possible consequences of her actions. Also gone from her thoughts was the mysterious "*Master Bag*" that Master Rich had brought with him. Her thoughts were replaced by a sudden and urgent set of needs. The need to serve. The need to obey.

Master Rich leaned back, positioning his hips up slightly. Heather leaned across him on the bench, rubbing her breasts over his hard and warm cock. She raised herself back up and kissed him, taking his cock in her hand and stroking its firmness. He moaned in her mouth as she kissed him, pressing her bare and cold breasts against his shirt and tie. And then she broke the kiss, moving back down, trying to remember everything that Kitty and Betty had told and suggested to her.

Heather slipped off the bench and got on her knees between Master Rich's legs. She stroked his hard cock all the way up until she slipped her mouth over his fat knob of a head. Then she breathed harshly through her nose as she took him further into her mouth, doing her best to lick the underside of his shaft with her tongue as she went all the way down.

"Oh, yes," he sighed. "What a good girl."

His voice seemed to come from some place far away, as if he were somewhere else and merely watching her perform. Heather felt dizzy, once again feeling drugged as she heard him speak to her.

"Yeeeessss. Suck that cock, girl."

“Mmmmmm,” she moaned around him as she sucked, experimenting with a rhythm she had tried several times on her little silver dildo. In that moment she felt a little proud of herself, knowing now she had been practicing the right way for several months.

Heather’s head swam slightly as she sucked him, working a hand between them to stroke his cock as she sucked him, like Betty had suggested. She was surprised that it tasted different from the rest of him, the way he had tasted from their kisses. She didn’t remember the cocks of any of the few men she had attempted to suck off before tasting any different, and it made her wonder if it was like this with all men. Did their cocks all taste different from the rest of them? Did Master Rich’s cock really taste different from the rest of him? Or was it just some trick of the mind?

“Thatsssss it, girl,” he gasped. “Go faster.”

And Heather did, sucking him harder and deeper. She stroked him faster as she did. As she continued she could feel something soft and very warm touching her chin. It could only mean that she was doing it. She was sucking him deep enough for his balls to touch her mouth.

“You love that, you little bitch?” he questioned.

“Mmmmmm,” was the only reply she could give as she sucked him.

“I can make it better,” he gasped. “I could tie you.”

Heather’s eyes came wide open. It sounded so hot, so appealing.

But yet-

And the bag once again entered her thoughts.

“Uhmmmmm,” was the sound she found herself making, slightly shaking her head “no” as she continued to suck him.

Apparently that was understood because he said, “Okay, Heather. Perhaps next time.”

Once again she began to feel uneasy, and she realized that she was trying to see where the bag was and determine what he was doing as she sucked him.

It did strike her that she was still sucking him off despite the fact that he was making her feel ill-at-ease. She began to raise her head off of him when she felt his hand on her head, his fingers lacing into her hair. It was a hot and scary moment at the same time, and her legs began to quiver slightly.

“Yeah, that’s it, bitch!”

You want a better gag, cunt?

Do, you?

Heather sucked him harder and faster, stroked him harder and faster. She could sense his urgency. She could also feel his cock grow a little more ridged in her mouth. Was it swelling as Betty, Kitty and Kristen had all suggested to her it would, or was the swelling merely a trick that a woman's mind played on her when she could tell a man was almost there?

She moaned as he tightened his grip on her hair, pulling it as he helped guide her to suck him faster. Heather opened her mouth slightly to let him slam it in and to catch a little bit of air. Again it was both a hot and scary sensation.

"You ready, baby girl?" he questioned.

"Mmmmmm," Heather moaned.

"Here it comes, girl! Here it comes!"

Heather could feel his body tense. He leaned his head back and bucked his hips up slightly as he pushed her head down.

"Yeah," he gasped. "Yeah! Aun! Aaaaahhhhhhaaa!"

There was an eruption in Heather's mouth. She felt a hot and sticky burst of liquid coating the back of her tongue and throat. It was followed by a second burst. Then a third. It had a taste that was bland and creamy at first, followed by saltiness. Even though after the third hard burst the flow began to slow down in amount and intensity it was still a bit too much for her to take. She attempted to rise off of him and let it coat her tongue as Betty had suggested, but she was stopped by a downward yank on her hair.

"No," Master Rich said. "Take it. Take it! There's just a bit more."

Heather squirmed a little, doing her best to get into a position to take a slight breath through the side of her mouth. It was everything she could do to keep from gagging. Still she did her best to keep swallowing as well. Master Elias had done the same thing to Kitty when she first swallowed him, she knew, and he had harshly fucked her mouth when he had been training her to perform oral on him.

Finally Master Rich let out a sharp breath and he relaxed his grip, letting go of Heather's hair. Letting him slip out of her mouth she drew a breath of her own. She was still stroking his cock, a seemingly automatic action. There was one last little spurt of semen as she took her mouth off of him. It landed on her chin and two big drops came off of it, landing on her neck.

After she caught her breath Heather stood up and wiped the cum on her chin up so she could lick it into her mouth. Master Rich was lying back on the bench, panting, his cock slowly deflating. Heather moved over him and brought

her face to his. She closed her eyes, intending on kissing him, when she felt the palm of his hand on her lips and pushing her away.

"No!" he said, gasping. "Not on the mouth."

Heather turned her head slightly and kissed his cheek, just above where his beard stopped. Then she sat down beside him on the bench and found her bra as he sat up and began to straighten out his pants. After she had gotten her bra and sweat shirt back on she looked at him to see that he seemed to have a far off gaze on his face, as if he were somewhere else. Then she looked down and saw that he was running his foot back and forth against the side of his "Master Bag".

Once again the feeling of unease crept back upon her. And this time it came with force and a higher sense of urgency.

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As she had during the whole encounter Heather did not get up and excuse herself immediately. There was part of her that had the need to pass what she was feeling off as her inexperience. However Kitty's words kept coming back to her.

You'll get that feeling in the pit of your stomach, and you'll just know.

At the moment Heather's stomach was churning up a storm.

Master Rich, for his part, seemed to be acting normal, with the exception of rubbing the bag with his foot once he had gotten his pants zipped. Well, it was normal in the fact that it was the way Heather was used to men acting after sex. He looked calm and a little tired.

It doesn't mean he's a loon, but it doesn't mean he's harmless either.

He took his cigarettes out and offered Heather one. She refused, not so much because she found she wanted to get away, but because she still wanted to somewhat savor the brand new taste of a man's cum in her mouth. She even said as much, thinking it would put him at ease. Although Heather was not quite sure if there was any reason to be making him be at ease or not.

You're being silly, she thought.

But what it you're not?

They did talk as he had a cigarette, and then another. He asked her if she had enjoyed it as much as he had. (Which she had on some levels.) He was also interested on what they might do the next time they met and when that next time would be.

“I’m going to have plenty of time next week, Heather,” he said. “What about you?”

Heather shrugged and tried to sound coy and girlish. “A girl is not sure, but one never has too many things planned during the day.”

Master Rich smiled. “Good. Very good.” He pitched his cigarette away, quickly going into his coat to get yet another. “Everything will be clear by then. Then I can really have you.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Would you like to come to my house next time?” he asked. “We can have privacy and get to know each other all day long.”

“That sounds like a lot of fun, Sir,” she told him. She was beginning to wonder if it was wise to continue on like this. The part of her mind telling her she had really better go was becoming a lot louder.

Heather pulled her purse close to her and used the motion as an excuse to glance at her watch. “It’s almost 11, Sir,” she said. “A girl needs to go and get the house ready before her kids get home.”

Master Rich nodded. “Okay,” he said, rising from the bench. “I have to go to the bathroom. There’s one a little bit further up the path. If you’ll wait for me to go I’ll walk you back to your car.”

Heather nodded. “Okay, Sir. One likes that idea.”

Her insides told her that was a terrible idea.

“Okay, Heather. I will be back in just a minute. You wait here.”

“Yes, Master.”

Master Rich reached down and picked up his green and yellow bag, and for Heather that was the final confirmation that something was really wrong about him. Were he simply going to the bathroom and coming back to walk her to her car then he would have no need to take the bag with him. If that were all he was going to do he would simply leave it there for her to watch.

If he was taking the bag with him, she reasoned, it could mean only one of two things. Either he was going down to get something out of the bag that he would bring back to use on her, or there was something in the bag that he did not want her to see if she decided to look through it while he was gone. Sitting there, watching him go, neither idea appealed to her.

Heather let Master Rich go the rest of the way down the old jogger’s path until he disappeared. And then she was on her feet, running back the way she came. Her blood was now rushing much faster than it had been earlier. All the

way up the path she kept looking behind her, and all around, afraid that he might be waiting somewhere in this forgotten public place which he seemed to be all too familiar with. She didn't stop running until she reached the dog walk, and even there she only slowed her pace slightly.

It was not until she finally saw someone else that she began to feel secure. Halfway along the dog walk she ran into two young men in their early 20's, holding hands and walking a huge Great Dane. She must have looked distressed because one of them called after her.

"Are you okay, lady?" came a slightly lispy voice.

"Yes," she called back over her shoulder. "Just out for a jog."

Hence the sweats.

"Oh, all right!" he called back.

"Come on, Turner," she heard his partner say, no doubt to the dog. "Let's see if we can find some squirrels to play with!"

With that she continued on, slowing her pace once she was halfway across the playground, and not stopping until she reached the car and was inside with the doors locked.

-15-

Heather had not gone straight home from the park. She had driven around Citrus Grove for several minutes once she had gotten back into town, still trying to rationalize that she had just been silly and had done something really stupid. She drove to the Stop & Go down the street from the house and bought a pack of Marlboro, her first official pack of cigarettes since she had found out she was pregnant with Terry. Then she sat down on the hood of her car and smoked three before getting in and going the rest of the way home.

Heather felt pretty sure what would be waiting there when she got home, and she knew that was probably why she had wanted the cigarettes and to take her time. Locking the door she walked down the hall, giving Giggling Gary a slight push as she walked by his spot on the phone table.

"La, la, ma, ma."

Once inside the spare bedroom she sat down and turned the computer on. Once it booted up and she logged into Peeplchat an offline IM from Master Rich popped up on her screen.

MrTag_N_Bag: Heather what happened to you? You weren't there when I got back. I am really worried. I've tried calling your cell but you don't answer. Call me and let me know you're ok. OK?

Heather closed the box out and then went to the search bar and entered in McClarke Park, Winter Retreat, FL. A list of several pages came up. She browsed through them until she found what she had been really hoping not to find. Swallowing she went to the page which flashed up the headline from *The Winter Retreat Democrat* dated June, 17, 1987.

SECOND WOMAN ATTACKED ON JOGGING TRAIL

She scanned the article, her heart sinking as she took in the details, several of which jumped out at her.

A bald and bearded man in his mid to late 30's.

The victim was tied and bound.

She said he seemed to know the jogging trail well.

He carried a green gym bag with yellow straps.

Heather covered her mouth, unable to read any more. She shot out of her chair, bolting down the hall to the bathroom. There she bent over the toilet and emptied her stomach until she had nothing left. And after that she continued to try until she could do nothing but dry heave.

Oh, God, she thought. *I went to the park to meet a rapist!*

-16-

The next couple of hours after she calmed down were a flurry of activity. The first thing Heather did was go back and do a search on Richard Davis of Forrest Green, Florida. She paid her $40.00 to the background check site and discovered that he had indeed been caught and jailed in connection to several rapes which had occurred in several parks in the surrounding area over a seven

year period, and within only the past year he had been released on parole. He was a registered sex offender, and everything about his job history that had been implied on his profile had been totally bogus.

Knowing what she did she went back into Peeplchat and deleted him from her friend's list. Once that was done she added him to her ignore list, completely filling in the REFUSAL OF CONTACT message.

REFUSAL OF CONTACT COMMENTS: You made me very nervous when we met today, and my feelings were right. I came home and found out everything about you. I know "THE TRUTH". Please do not attempt to contact me online or on the phone again. Please do not send any messages to any of my friends attempting to contact me. Do not come to Bored Like Hell, or any other BDSM rooms for that matter, ever again. If you call my phone again or try to harass me I WILL CALL THE POLICE!

That done she called Betty and asked her what she should do. She had expected her best friend to be no nonsense about the whole thing, and she was.

"You should call the cops."

"But-"

"That guy's a sicko, Heather. He'll try it with someone else."

"I know, but-"

"You think Bill will find everything out?"

Heather sighed. "Yes."

"I'm sure there's an anonymous tips line you can call."

"Well-"

Betty huffed, and Heather knew that her best friend knew her all too well, anticipating her answers and excuses before she could give them. "Fuck it! I'll do it!" In the background one of her coworkers said something about her watching her language. "Mind your own business and lick my twat, Howard!"

Heather couldn't help but smile at hearing Betty be herself.

"Okay, give it to me," she said.

Heather gave her his name and phone number as well as an e-mail address he had given her in addition to his Peeplchat one.

"Okay," Betty told her after she wrote it all down. "Let me go, and Bet-Bet will take care of it. Okay?"

"Okay." She paused before hanging up. "And Betty-"

"Yeah?"

"Thank you."

"Hey, Heather, you know it's no sweat."

Heather had the feeling that her best friend secretly wanted to add that this was something that Kitty or Kristen or any of her friends from Bored Like Hell would not do for her. In a way she knew it made her feel a little happy, knowing that she was the first one she went to before she went to anyone else.

Done with Betty she called Kristen, beginning her conversation with, "I owe you a very big apology, sis."

Kristen was concerned and understanding. Mainly she was relieved that she had discovered the real truth about "Master" Rich before she had agreed to meet with him again. She could tell the other woman was in mother mode, talking to her the way she was sure she would talk to one of her own daughters.

Finally she called Kitty, only to find that the other woman was not at home. *Oh, well*. She decided she could try again later.

Looking at her watch she saw that it was after three and the kids would be getting home soon. She walked out into the hall and gave Giggling Gary a push.

"La, la, ma, ma."

Then she headed to the master bedroom. Heather walked through and into the bathroom where she removed her sweats. (Which she intended never to wear again). Then she filled the tub with steaming water, running it nearly to the top. Heather slipped into the tub and rested her head against the back, closing her eyes and doing her best to really relax.

CHAPTER TEN:
Hot Monkey Love!

-1-

Betty had dropped by the house after she got off of work between the time the kids got home from school and when Bill was due home from work. She had given her a big hug, making sure that she was okay, before they sat down at the kitchen table, talking in hushed tones. Luckily Terry and Melissa were not at each others' throats at the moment, but Heather knew that could change because they were both in Terry's room playing video games. The news from Betty was not as good as she expected.

"They took note of everything, but I get the feeling they can really do nothing to this guy without having you there," she said.

Letting out a sigh Heather frowned. "I knew it."

Her best friend put a hand on the table, tapping the nails on her meaty fingers against the place mat in front of her. "So what are you going to do?"

Heather shrugged. "If I do anything Bill will find out." She looked across to Betty. "There's nothing they can do without me getting really involved?"

"I'm sure they have to call his parole officer and inform him, but who knows where it might go from there." Her best friend got up and went to the refrigerator and got out a couple of Bill's Coronas. Then she fished through the top counter drawer and found the bottle opener. Once she had the bottles open she put the opener away and sat back down, passing one of the bottles to Heather.

They sat for a couple of minutes, sipping on the beers, before Betty finally said, "I should have known this would happen with you getting into this S&M shit."

With another sigh Heather shook her head. "It isn't like that," she found herself saying. "This guy is not what the lifestyle is about."

Betty raised a hand before she could go on. "Okay, sorry." She shifted the top of her body, doing a comical pantomime with her hands. "I forget, I don't know about *the lifestyle*." She punctuated the last two words with air quotes.

"Betty," Heather sighed, rubbing her face.

"Look, all I am saying is that there's plenty of strong, dominant, guys around without them being into all this spacey crap."

"I don't want to have this discussion right now."

"Well, just think about it, Heather, is all I'm sayin'."

Heather gave a slight nod and took another sip of beer.

"Don't you feel any different after finding out all this bad stuff about this creep?"

"I do," Heather admitted. "But only about him."

"Ah." Betty then tipped her bottle back and drained down some more of the contents. "How far did stuff go with you two?"

Taking in a breath Heather looked over her shoulder to make sure neither of the kids were coming. "I went down on him."

"All the way?"

Heather nodded.

"Did you swallow?"

"Damn it, Betty!"

"Well, did you enjoy it?" she asked. "Before you got all creeped out and found out about him?"

Heather found herself making a scowl and nodding. "Yes, I did." Part of her felt ashamed and another part reasoned that it was not Richard Davis she had enjoyed doing it to, but just the act itself.

"You still frustrated?"

Her cheeks turning red Heather turned her head away from her best friend, rolling her eyes. "Okay. Yes, okay!"

"Then here's what you need to do," Betty said. "Let your period get over with, suck Bill off, fuck his brains out, and then forget today ever happened."

"I don't know-," Heather began.

"Oh, jeez!" Betty slammed down the rest of the beer and sat the bottle in front of her on the table. After a pause she went on. "You know, what this really boils down to is that you want to get in on with someone else. You need

to get seriously boinked, and get it out of your system. You're a classic bored housewife, Heather. It has nothing to do with wanting to be a slave, or servant girl, or whatever crap granny down the block has filled your head with. You need to get out of this house, you need to get fucked, and then you need to come home and let it all ride.

"I know you, Heather. You want someone stable to love and take care of, and you want some hot monkey love romance. So get fucked, get it over with, out of your system, then you're back to being Mrs. William Ford, because that, my friend, is the only thing you are destined to be.

"A housewife. Not a sex slave."

Heather once again took a look down the hall to make sure that the kids were still busy playing games and not creeping toward the kitchen. Then she picked up the bottle and drained the rest, thinking over what her best friend had said. "Maybe you're right about one thing," she finally agreed.

"What's that?"

"I need to get out of this house."

Betty gave her a smile. "Damn straight. And getting out does not mean going to have lunch at Red Lobster, or shopping at the mall. It means really getting out."

Heather thought that over for a minute. "So where would I go to get out?"

"Club Electronica," her best friend offered.

Heather did not know anything about Club Electronica, other than it was a club in Lake Trinity that had opened up about four months ago, and the radio called it, *East Central Florida's number one hot spot!* And, *The number one dance club in the Five Counties!*

"What the hell would I do at a club?"

"The same thing we used to do at Skate Dimensions when we were in junior high school."

"Skate backwards during the couples skate and singles waltz and sit in a booth eating nachos?"

Betty laughed at this, and it was enough to finally make Heather smile and laugh for the first time that afternoon.

"No, dumb ass," Betty said once she calmed down. "I mean listen to music, maybe a little dancing. And something we couldn't do at Skate Dimensions, have a few drinks from the bar. And it is the place you might be able to find Mr.

Monkey Love." She punctuated Monkey Love by adding, "Ooooh, ooooh, ooooh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh!"

Heather shook her head. "Okay and when would be a good time for me to do this?"

"Come on," Betty said. "Next Friday. Me and Donald are going to go. And you're going to be all alone, right? Isn't that when the kids are going to the sleepover, and Bill and his dad are going to go do bonding or swamp deer hunting, or searching for the Ariana Skunk Ape, or whatever the fuck it is when guys go out in the woods together with guns? It would be perfect."

Heather put her hand around the empty Corona bottle and slightly caressed it, wetting her hand with its sweat. After thinking for just a minute she said, "Okay."

Betty smiled. "Great." She got out of her chair and walked around to Heather, embracing her.

"Betty?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you have any idea where Melissa would have picked up the word, gayford, from?"

Betty was silent for a moment as she held her. Then she snorted and began to laugh.

-2-

That night, after dinner, Heather informed Bill that she was going to go out with Betty to Club Electronica the next weekend. His response was only a slight shrug and an okay, which let her know that the really didn't think too much of it one way or the other. Seeing there was no need for further discussion or explanation she cleared the table and began to do the dishes.

She was finishing the last pan when the phone rang. A second later Melissa appeared in the kitchen with the phone. "Mom, it's Kitty McClain."

Heather quickly dried her hands on her blouse and took the phone. "Hello."

"Hello, Heather," Kitty said. "I just got home and got your message. Is everything okay?"

"It is now." She frowned to herself and looked back to see that her daughter was still standing there as if she were waiting for something.

"You can't talk right now?"

"Well, not really." As she said it Bill came into the kitchen and went into the fridge. "You know how it is."

"Hey, who drank all the beer?" Bill asked.

"There's still one, Bill," she said, putting her hand over the phone.

"Can you come over for a minute then?" Kitty asked. "One gets the feeling you still need to talk."

Heather looked to Bill as he took the last Corona and its empty case out of the refrigerator. Then to Melissa to see that she was finally headed back to the living room. "Okay. I'll be down in a minute."

"Okay, Heather. Be well."

Turing off the phone she looked to Bill. "I'm going to run down to Kitty and Earl's a minute."

"Alright," he said. "You walking or driving?"

"I was just going to walk down. Why?"

Bill shrugged. "No reason. I just figured if you were going to drive you could take the truck down and fill it up, but I can just do it in the morning."

"Okay. I'll be back in a little bit."

"Okay." Bill nodded. "We'll be here."

Heather took enough time to put socks and shoes on and grab a light jacket, and then she was out the door and headed down the sidewalk. As she walked along she could see that Kitty was standing outside, smoking. When she reached the steps the other woman held up her pack of cigarettes, but Heather reached into her jacket pocket and flashed the pack she had bought earlier. She opened it up and got one out to light as she stopped beside the other woman.

"That bad?" Kitty asked.

"A little," Heather admitted.

"What happened?"

Heather took a drag off of her cigarette and exhaled into the cool evening before she started. She told Kitty everything that had happened that morning, from her arrival at the park and her meeting with "Master" Rich, to what she had found out about him, and finally to talking to Betty, both on the phone and at the house.

"I'm sorry that had to happen to you," Kitty said, her voice full of concern. She placed a hand on her shoulder. "Are you really alright?"

"I think so," Heather replied with a shrug. "I mean, I don't know if I read everything right. What if I was wrong about him?"

“Oh, dear, you weren’t wrong about him,” Kitty said. “A predator never changes, Heather. The park, the bag, the whole situation. It was all, at least part, of the way he operated before he was caught. If he didn’t have bad intentions today then he most certainly still harbors them.”

With a sigh Heather covered her mouth, and finally the tears came. “I don’t know what I should do, Kitty. Part of it was like what I wanted. I really liked it. I really liked him.

“But then after I found out all that stuff-

“I feel dirty being with someone like that, because he hurt those other girls and made them have sex with him.

“What should I do? What do I do? If I go to the police Bill will have to find out about everything?”

Kitty rubbed her shoulders and tip-toed up so she could rest her chin on Heather’s shoulder. “What is your motivation, Heather?”

“What do you mean?”

“I need to know if you’re afraid of Bill finding out because he will know you’re planning on cheating, or if you’re afraid that once he knows that you will no longer be able to pursue the lifestyle?”

“I don’t know,” she sniffed. “Both?”

“I see.” She stood back and then stepped around Heather to hug her.

“It’s selfish for me to think that.”

“It is,” Kitty said. “But being selfish is a part of human nature. It’s a part not easily stopped, and it makes things a lot harder because usually the things we are selfish about are things we usually keep inside and never let out.”

Heather drew a ragged breath and sobbed. “I can’t let him hurt anyone else.”

“I agree,” Kitty told her. “Maybe I can help you make sure he doesn’t hurt anyone else without you being involved.”

Heather stood there in Kitty’s arms, not sure of what to think. “What do you mean?”

Kitty gave one of her slight, Georgia peachy laughs. “Well, I’m not going to have him killed or anything.”

Her face against the older woman’s neck Heather found that she couldn’t help but laugh as well.

“I know people in the community who are in law enforcement and the legal system,” Kitty went on. “I am sure that someone can start investigating him and

keep an eye out to make sure that he doesn't hurt anyone else."

"Could someone really do that?" Heather found herself asking.

"Get me his name and number, and everything else you know about him," Kitty said, "and I'll find out if anything can be done."

"You promise?"

Kitty tightened her embrace on her. "I promise."

Heather smiled as Kitty held her. The other woman's embrace and words were the first things that made her feel truly secure about the situation since everything had begun that morning.

"Now let's go inside for a minute and warm up before we both catch a little cold," Kitty suggested.

"Okay."

-3-

When she got back to the house Bill was in the shower and Terry was in his room. Melissa sat on the couch watching TV, and *Alice in Wonderland* was just starting on The Disney Channel. Heather stayed in the kitchen until Bill came back out. She had no desire to watch *Alice in Wonderland*. It was her second least favorite Disney cartoon after *Robin Hood*.

She did find that talking with Kitty made her feel a lot better. But there were still many thoughts in her head. What if things had gone further that morning and something bad had happened? What if she was all wrong about "Master" Rich and he was about to get into trouble based on nothing more than his past? What the hell was she doing, going out to the club with Betty next week? What if she met someone there? What if she didn't?

After Bill was out of the shower Melissa retreated to her room to watch the rest of the movie and he changed the channel to a show about the Empire State Building on The History Channel. Then after Melissa went to bed Terry came out of his room and he watched *WWE Extreme Championship Wrestling* with Bill.

The whole time Heather sat with them on the couch, half doing a crossword puzzle, but mostly lost in her thoughts. There were a couple of times that night, when she was alone with Bill, that she considered telling him everything, about her interest in BDSM, about what happened in McClarke Park that morning, everything.

But she found that she couldn't. She just couldn't.

Heather knew if she told him anything it would close the door on the lifestyle forever.

You're being selfish, Kitty's voice said in her mind. *It's human nature. There's nothing you can do to stop it.*

You're just a classic bored housewife, Betty's voice told her. *You need to get seriously boinked, and just get it out of your system.*

And if the lifestyle really isn't for me? she had asked.

Then I will still be here for you, Kitty had told her.

Mr. Monkey Love! Betty shouted in her head. *Ooooh! Ooooh! Ooooh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!*

Then she had a sudden vision of her best friend in her head. Betty was wearing tight spandex and her hair was gelled up wildly on top of her head and sprayed with glitter. *"Just remember what Shawn Michaels said,"* Betty was saying, slightly swaggering and coming to a stop. *"D X marks the spot!"* She started doing the crotch chop, which at one time, much to Meredith Ford's horror, she had taught both Terry and Melissa to do when they were fairly young. *"Monkey love! Ooooh! Monkey love!"*

"Honey," Bill said, touching her shoulder.

Heather nearly jumped out of her skin. She had been so lost in her thoughts that she had really paid no attention when Terry got up and went to bed, other than to automatically tell him, "Goodnight." She had merely been sitting there with them on the couch, lost in her own little world.

"You coming to bed?"

Heather shifted on the couch, glancing down at the crossword puzzle book. "Not yet," she said. "I have a little bit left."

Bill nodded. Then he cast a glance toward the hall and the door of the spare bedroom. "Sure."

Quickly she placed the book and her pencil on the coffee table and started to rise. "It's okay. It can wait."

"No." Bill shook his head. "You can finish that and then go talk to your buddies online. It's okay. You don't have to make any excuses. I know you'll be in bed later."

Heather found herself feeling a little nervous. She also found herself feeling very guilty. "Are you sure?"

“Sure. I’m sure.” He nodded. “If you want to talk to your friends just talk to your friends, is all. Don’t tell me you’re doing something else. I mean I know it’s what you’re going to do.”

Heather nodded. “Bill?”

“What, hun?”

“I’m sorry.” And as she said it she felt herself so close to just opening up and telling him everything. It was the closest that she would ever come.

“There’s nothing to be sorry for.”

BIG GUILT.

“I’ll see you afterwhile, okay.”

Heather nodded.

“I love you.”

“I love you too, Bill.”

She eased herself back down on the couch as he walked on down the shadowy hallway to their bedroom. Once he was gone she sat for several minutes, not moving and feeling unsure of what to do. Yes, she still did love Bill. However she was painfully aware that it was not the same as it had been before, and that it would never be that way again.

-4-

Heather finished the crossword puzzle, but she continued sitting on the couch for another hour after she was done. In a way it was as if she were testing herself to see how long she could stay away from the computer. Without the puzzle or anything else to do an hour, it seemed, would be it. It was a little after 12:30 when she rose from the couch and walked to the spare bedroom to turn the computer on.

Logging into Peeplchat she found that the only person on her friend’s list that was on was sassy, and when she got into Bored Like Hell she found that she was the only person in the room.

frankensassy67: greetings heather :)

fields_of_horror666: greetings sassy

Within a second the IM chime went off and a box from sassy appeared on the screen.

frankensassy67: sweet told me what happened
frankensassy67: are you okay?

fields_of_horror666: yes, i'm fine now

frankensassy67: do you want to talk about it?

fields_of_horror666: not really
fields_of_horror666: not right now

frankensassy67: if you change your mind i'm here
frankensassy67: you know that P/people in the lifestyle really aren't about that?

Yes, she knew. She had tried to tell Betty as much when she had been at the house earlier.

fields_of_horror666: yes, i know

frankensassy67: okay

From there they had gone back into the main room and chit-chatted as other people began to drift in and out. Part of her wanted to talk, but she really wanted to talk to Kristen. She considered phoning her, but even though the other woman had assured her to call anytime that she needed to she still did not want to unannounced twice in one day. At least not unless it was a real emergency.

The ding to announce that another of her friend's was online went off, and Heather clicked on her messenger box to see that it was Freddy. She was about to send him a message when the IM chime went off with a message from him. He had beaten her to the punch.

fancy_freddy: hola mommy :)

Heather smiled and typed in her response.

fields_of_horror666: hey freddy

fancy_freddy: how did things go this morning?
fancy_freddy: huh? :P

fields_of_horror666: not so good :(

fancy_freddy: hey, what happened?

She went to work, proceeding to tell him everything that happened. Heather realized that she was beginning to lose count of how many times she had had to tell what went on, but Freddy actually only made the fourth person she told. She told him that he had not been a real master, and what they had done, and then about finding out he was a serial rapist.

fancy_freddy: that's some heavy stuff mommy
fancy_freddy: you sure you're okay?

fields_of_horror666: yes

fancy_freddy: you want to call me and talk?

fields_of_horror666: okay
fields_of_horror666: just give me a minute

fancy_freddy: okay

Heather got up and went to the kitchen, getting her cell phone and cigarettes and lighter out of her purse. It was a little cooler outside than it had been earlier when she had gone to talk to Kitty, and she found she regretted not grabbing a jacket or a housecoat. She sat down on the cold steps, lit a cigarette and dialed Freddy's number.

"Hola," he said.

"Hey, Freddy."

"So you sure you're okay, Heather?"

She nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine."

"That's good, 'cause I don't want no one messing with my favorite mommy."

Heather could not help but let out a little laugh. "Thank you."

"Ay, it's no sweat," he told her. "I'm sorry it's been so crappy for you today."

"I know." But she knew it was a lot crappier than anyone else knew. There was her indecision about coming out to the police about checking Richard Davis out, along with her indecision over whether to tell Bill the whole thing or not. And then of course there was the sudden realization that, no matter what, things would never be the same between her and her husband ever again.

"Maybe you need to get out somewhere, you know," he suggested. "Do something else and clear your head."

Heather found herself smiling slightly. "That's what my best friend suggested. I'm supposed to go to some club with her and her boyfriend next week, but I don't know."

"Why not? Sounds like a good idea to me, mommy. You should go."

"I told her I would, but I don't know if I would have any fun. So I just might stay here."

"So is this club someplace I've heard of?" Freddy asked.

"Club Electronica."

"Hey, yeah. I been there before, mommy. It's a real happenin' place."

Heather sighed. "Well then I definitely would not fit in at a *real happenin'* place. I haven't gone dancing or bar hopping in years."

"Okay," Freddy said. "It's not so happening that you're going to be lost. They play a lot of music, different kinds, not just recent stuff. Most of the people there are our age. Not really as many kids as you think."

"Are you trying to sell me on the idea?" Heather asked. She took another drag off her cigarette and exhaled.

"Well what if I am?" he questioned. "Me and your friend think you getting out would be a good idea."

"And that's another thing," Heather said. "It would be me, her and her boyfriend."

"And that's bad why, mommy?"

"Two's company."

"Naw," Freddy said, rolling the word off his tongue. "Come on. What is it?"

"Oh, she thinks I'll meet someone for a night of hot monkey love, and get the whole idea of meeting a master out of my system."

"Which would be bad why?"

Heather laughed. "I have no idea how to pick guys up in clubs. That's her thing."

"So you need a date?" he asked.

Rolling her eyes slightly she laughed again. "A date?" Oh, he was so silly sometimes. Worse than Betty.

"Sure," Freddy told her. "It sounds perfect to me."

"What does?"

"Your best friend and her guy," he said. "And you and me, at long last. Huh? Huh?"

This caused Heather to laugh hard. So hard in fact that she had a coughing fit because she had been smoking a lot more than usual that day.

"Well, you know, thanks," he said. "Usually women wait till I got my pants down to start laughing like that."

Heather covered her mouth, trying to calm down her coughing and laughing. She laughed so hard that her eyes began to tear, and she was afraid that she might wake Bill and the kids. "No, they don't," she said, once she calmed down.

"You're right, mommy," he told her. "But I had to make you laugh real good. Really they usually cry when I get my pants down. They say, *Oh, Freddy, papi, that thing es too beeg. You gonna hurt me cha-cha*."

And again Heather found herself gripped by a sudden fit of laughter. "I bet they don't say that either," she said, once she calmed back down.

"Only one way to find out, mommy." He laughed a little on his end of the line. "So, we on?"

"What, you mean seriously?"

"I never been more serious, mommy," he replied. "It would finally be a chance for you and me to meet up. We could go out and have a good time, and you wouldn't have to worry about being a third tire or anything like that. And of course if it all clicks maybe I can give you that funky monkey love your friend's been telling you about."

Heather though for a minute, rubbing her cigarette out on the side of the step. It would be nice to finally meet him after all this time. If he was there at least she would have someone to talk to. "Okay," she said. "I'll go if you come with us."

"Great, mommy."

"But that doesn't mean anything will happen," she said. "Besides, you wouldn't really want to anyway. I sucked another man off today."

Freddy laughed. "Please, mommy. You could have done the full nasty with that guy and I'd still want to."

"Freddy," she laughed.

"Hey, mommy, I wanted to bust your pussy for a long time now."

"Freddy!"

"Okay, okays," he said. "So it's a *date* but all nice and platonic. But I can't promise you I won't try to get you with my manly charms."

She smiled, a warm sort of chill coming over her as she listened to him. "Okay. Fair enough."

Heather had another couple of cigarettes and they talked some more. And already they decided they would have to meet at Betty's house in Winter Retreat since it would be on Freddy's way to Lake Trinity. It didn't occur to her that the idea of them finally meeting had come about and been agreed upon so fast. For the moment it gave her something else to think about, other than what had happened with Richard Davis in the park that morning. And it gave her something to look forward to as well.

-5-

"Mom." It was a voice, slightly above a whisper.

"Mom?" a little louder.

Heather's eyes popped open and she jumped slightly under the covers. She narrowed her eyes to slits as she rolled to face the light spilling in from the hallway. Silhouetted in the doorway stood Terry. She sat up, knowing that something was wrong. "Terry? What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Mom," he replied. "You overslept."

Heather threw the covers off and started to get out of bed.

"No, it's okay," Terry told her. "I got Melissa up and made breakfast. We're ready to go."

“I’m sorry.” She overslept. She never overslept. She was always up. If not when Bill got up, then shortly after he left to get the kids up and ready.

“It’s okay, Mom. I just wanted you to know we were going to the bus stop.”

“Okay.”

Terry glanced back down the hall for something. Then he stepped into the room and came to the bed. He held up something in his hand, and Heather realized it was her pack of cigarettes. *Shit!*

“I found these on the table,” he said. “I got them up before Melissa was out.”

Heather reached out and took them. “Thank you.”

“Are they yours?” he asked.

Swallowing, feeling embarrassed, she nodded. “Yes. Yes they are.”

“You don’t smoke,” Terry observed as she sat up and placed the pack on the dresser.

“No, not usually,” she found herself confessing. “It was just a rough day yesterday and I bought them because I was stressed.”

Terry just stood there a moment. Then he nodded silently. “Are you okay, Mom?”

Sitting there in the bed with her son looking at her, so full of concern, Heather found herself feeling embarrassed and more than a little guilty. She knew, she was certain, that she hadn’t sat them on the kitchen table last night. Bill must have found them sitting on the steps when he was on his way out. And that would mean that he was no doubt going to ask her about them when he got home.

“No, everything is all right,” she said. “I just had a problem with the vacuum cleaner and I got really stressed out before I got it fixed.”

It was a lie. She was lying to her son.

It was the first time I had ever lied to my family about anything. Kitty’s words came back to her.

But it really wasn’t the first time that she had lied to her family. Heather had been doing it for months. And the lies had gotten bigger, and she knew they were going to get bigger still.

“Okay, Mom,” Terry said. “Just please don’t do it anymore. It’s no good for you.”

Heather nodded. “I know. Just don’t let your sister know that I did it.”

“Oh, I won’t,” he said.

She followed him out and down the hall to where Melissa stood at the front door waiting for him. Then she told them she loved them and goodbye and to have a good day at school.

Once she was alone she wanted to kick herself for being so stupid. What the hell was Bill going to say about her buying a pack of cigarettes? He had not been too keen on her having cigarettes when she had been visiting with Kitty. There was no way he was not going to say anything about finding a half of a pack on the steps.

Damn it!

She went to the phone table in the hall and gave Giggling Gary a slight push.

"La, la, he, he."

-6-

After the kids left Heather did the dishes and cleaned the kitchen. Then she made herself a cup of hot chocolate and sat down on the couch and watched *Good Morning America* for a little while. Once it was over and she had finished the last of her hot chocolate she called Betty to let her know that she was definitely going to go to Club Electronica with her on Friday and that Freddy was going to be coming with them.

"The Mexican guy?" Betty questioned.

"Puerto Rican," Heather corrected.

"Whatever," Betty said. "It's the same thing."

Heather thought about telling her that it was different, just as BDSM was different from tying women up and talking dirty to them.

"It's no big deal," Betty went on. "If it makes you feel better about going it's cool with me.

"So you gonna do anything with him, or are you *just friends*?"

"We're going as friends."

"Right," Betty said.

"Really."

"Yeah, really," Betty agreed with a yawn. "So how big is his dick?"

"Betty," Heather laughed. "I don't know that."

"Oh, please," her best friend said. "You can't tell me you've been talking to this guy for a couple of years online and he never told you how big his dick is. Guys live for that shit. I know it's come up."

“Okay,” Heather sighed. “He did tell me once, a long time ago, and I don’t remember.”

“See. I told you.”

As she sat there she tried to imagine what it would be like to finally see Betty and Freddy together. They would either hit it off right from the start or hate each other. If it weren’t for Donald she would probably be interested in him. Well, knowing Betty she would still probably get interested in him.

“So Bill is okay with you going out?”

“It didn’t bother him at all,” Heather replied.

“Ummm. You know Brad was the same way.”

“I know.” Boy did she know. Probably better than anyone else. Betty’s ex had called the house looking for her once and Heather had told her that she hadn’t seen her all day and he had just given her a thanks as if it really were no big deal. He had no idea what was going on, or even acted like he suspected, until the day she had slipped up and brought her boyfriend home with her and Brad had come home sick from work and found them going at it over the arm of their couch.

“Well, I better get going,” Betty said. “I’ll give you a call after work.”

“Okay,” Heather told her. “I’ll talk to you then.”

-7-

The rest of the week went by fairly quickly, and for the most part Heather had not looked forward to Friday night with any particular sense of excitement. In a lot of ways she felt as if she was going to have just a night of getting out of the house with Betty and Donald. The only thing different about it, other than the fact she was, really going out somewhere as Betty suggested, was that Freddy would be joining them.

Of course when Bill had gotten home the previous Wednesday he had wanted to talk to her about finding her cigarettes. She had played it off the way she would have when she was a teenager and dealing with her mother. She told him that she had ended up with Kitty’s cigarettes the night before, hoping that he had never paid enough attention to know that they weren’t her regular brand, and once she realized that she had them she had decided to smoke one.

It still didn’t sound all that innocent, even to her. However, it had been enough to satisfy Bill.

When Friday came she had gone through her closet that morning, looking for something to wear. It had been around six or seven years since the last time that she and Bill had really gone out anywhere, sometime when Melissa was still very young. So looking through the closet Heather found her selection of outfits for going out to "*East Central Florida's Number One Hot Spot"* somewhat limited. She finally settled on a creamy white blouse with a black tiger that had rhinestone eyes that her mother had given her two Christmases ago, and an old black skirt that was just a fit, though still a little snug. She washed her choices so they would feel fresh when she put them on later.

Bill had taken the day off and left with Sammy the night before. He was not due back until Sunday evening, which gave her plenty of time to relax without worrying that he would be looking over her shoulder, or suddenly pop up at the club to see that she was there with another man. Even if it was just as friends she knew that that would not go over with her husband well at all.

After school she helped Terry and Melissa get ready for the Halloween party. They were both going to be zombies, which had been a real bone of contention between them all week.

"Why does she have to be a zombie?" Terry had protested. "She's just copying me."

"She's doing it because she wants to be like you," Heather had assured him.

"And to get on my nerves."

"And to get on your nerves," she had agreed.

Of course Terry had been a little easier to please. He made his costume out of some of Bill's old clothes that he used when he worked around the house. Terry had taken them outside the day before and had drug them on the ground and over the sidewalk so they would be a little more messed up. "That's how they do it for the movies," he had told her.

Melissa, of course, had been a little more problematic. Heather had taken her to the Superior HyperMart and the mall the previous afternoon looking for something that said "zombie" to her. Unfortunately what spoke zombie to Melissa was a pair of $165.00 designer jeans with holes in the knees. Heather steered her away from those and eventually into a store that was selling costumes, but by the time she was through, factoring in a wig and make-up she ended up spending a total of $70.00 on Melissa's outfit.

The last bit of the dueling zombie crisis came as it was getting close to time for them to go. Terry had bought liquid latex, which he had put on his face and

then pulled at after it dried so it would look like rotten skin. Of course Melissa refused to go anywhere unless she could have the same kind of make-up on her, and it wouldn't have been Melissa and Terry if Terry had not initially refused to share the latex with his sister, despite the fact there was more than enough to go around.

Once that situation was settled Heather had gotten dressed and did her hair and make-up. She put on a gold chain that she hadn't worn in years and a pair of black onyx earrings that seemed to be a good match for the black tiger on her blouse. She stood in front of the bathroom mirror and looked at herself. Heather noted that even thickly coated with lipstick her lips still looked crooked. She was even sure that the color made them look worse.

For a moment, as she stood there, she considered taking off her wedding bands. She moved them back and forth with her fingers, and then decided that it just would not be right. Besides, it wasn't as if she were going out and pretending not to be married.

Finally satisfied she grabbed her purse and turned out the bathroom light. She went down the hall, rolling Giggling Gary as she went by.

"La, la, mama."

Heather felt a smile on her lips.

"Mommy, you're so pretty," Melissa said as she reached the living room.

Her smile widening, Heather nodded. "Thank you."

"She's always pretty, dumbass," Terry said.

"Terry," Heather sighed.

"Well, you are."

As he stood up from the couch Heather placed her hands on his shoulders and smiled at him. "Thank you."

They all went outside and got into the car for the short ride down the street to the Andersons'. Karen Anderson met her at the door, wearing a long black dress and a witch's hat. "More goblins," she said, stepping back to allow the kids to enter her already filling house.

"Zombies," Melissa corrected as she stepped past her.

Karen straightened her glasses and smiled. "Oh, zombies, right."

From inside Heather heard D.J. Anderson comment, "Sweet, Terry!"

"You're all dressed up too," Karen said. "You look really nice, Heather."

Feeling herself blushing slightly Heather once again said, "Thank you."

"Big date tonight?" Karen laughed, her laugh motherly and sweet.

"No, just going out with Betty."

"Well, I have your cell number in case anything happens."

"I'll have it on."

"That won't be necessary," a familiar voice called from behind Karen. Kitty stepped past a couple of the other neighborhood kids and came to stand in the doorway with Karen. She was dressed in a form fitting, Morticia Addams type, gown. "If anything happens you can just call me and I'll take care of the kids. I've given everyone my number."

"Thanks, Kitty."

Kitty looked her up and down. "You look very nice, Heather."

"Doesn't she though?" Karen asked.

Again Heather found herself saying, "Thank you."

"I was just saying she looks like she has a hot date tonight," Karen said. She leaned out of the door giving Heather a slight nudge with her elbow. "Huh? I'll bet she has some hot young stud lined up that Bill knows nothing about."

Heather was aware that her cheeks were burning red.

"Oh, nonsense," Kitty said. "She's just going to cut loose a little bit."

"Hey, Mom, where's all the chips?" D.J. called from somewhere inside the house.

"Be right there," Karen called back. She turned back to Heather and shrugged. "Duty calls, I guess. We'll see you tomorrow."

"Okay. And if the kids are any problem, you still call me, no matter what Kitty says."

"Okay, but they won't be," Karen assured her. "Bye."

"Bye, Karen."

Once she was gone Kitty stepped outside, pulling the door closed behind her. "So, ready to get out and party?"

Heather shrugged. "You know how it will be."

"Far from boring if you're going to be with Betty all night I'll bet." Kitty pulled out her cigarettes and lit one. "You still going to spend the night at her house?"

"Yes, instead of coming all the way back."

Kitty nodded. "Well I want you to go out and have fun, because I agree with her, you don't get out often and it should do you some good.

"And I wanted to let you know that there is someone looking into the Richard Davis situation."

"And?"

"A friend has an acquaintance in law enforcement who works with a team that monitors sexual predators online and sets up sting operations. He assured me this afternoon that this Richard Davis would be a top priority. He lives in Hodder County, and there's quite a bit of ongoing online sex sting operations there to begin with."

"Thank you, Kitty," Heather said, putting her arms around her. "Oh, thank you."

"There's no need to thank me," the other woman assured her. She stepped back and looked Heather over once again. "Are you okay?"

Heather nodded. "Yes."

"Good. You go have fun. I'll keep an eye out on the kids."

They stood there, looking at each other in an awkward silence for a moment.

"Are you sure everything is okay?" Kitty asked.

"Everything is fine."

Kitty's face twisted in a slight scowl. "Then why do I get the feeling that you're not telling me something? It's not just now, but I've felt this way most of the week."

Heather felt, as she looked at the other woman, that her Number One instincts must be kicking in. The look on her face seemed to say, *Now don't try to lie to me, girl*.

"Has he tried to get into contact with you?"

"No, it's nothing like that."

"Then what is it? Heather, you know you can tell me anything."

Heather nodded. "Well there is something that I haven't told you about tonight."

"What is it?"

"Betty and I aren't going to the club alone," Heather admitted. She had told Kitty about her decision to go out with Betty. She just hadn't told her that Freddy would be going along with them. It hadn't seemed important, but even so, she had not told Kitty because she had been afraid that her mentor might be disappointed with her. "Her boyfriend is coming with us."

"And?" Kitty prodded, no doubt sensing there was more.

"And Freddy is going to meet us at her house."

"Your friend from online, Fancy Freddy?"

"Yes."

Kitty shook her head with a slight smile. "Is that all that's bothering you?"

"I thought you would think-"

"It doesn't matter what I think," Kitty told her. "So you're going out with your friends, why would it bother me?"

"Because I'm going out with a man."

Kitty dropped her cigarette and ground it out on the Andersons' lawn, letting out her polite little laugh. "Heather, there's no reason to worry what I'm going to think about that."

Then she asked, "Is there anything else that you think I should know?" She cocked her head slightly. "Are you and Freddy planning something?"

"Well, no, there's nothing planned."

"But something might happen?" Kitty asked.

Heather shrugged. "Betty thinks I should plan something. To get it out of my system."

"Oh, I see. What about Freddy?"

"He says it's just as friends. Unless I can't resist his male charms."

Kitty let out a hearty laugh. "Well he admits he's a man, so that means he's secretly hoping for something."

"But I haven't been thinking about it that way, Kitty," she told her. "It's really been the farthest thing from my mind all week."

"How would you feel about something happening though?"

Again Heather shrugged. "Like I said I haven't tried to think about anything happening. I guess if something happens it happens."

Kitty nodded. "Just be careful either way, okay."

"I will be," Heather assured her. "We've been friends for a long time."

"Good," Kitty said. "Now give me a hug."

Heather embraced her friend and she felt herself going warm. Kitty's cheek was against her neck, and for the first time in weeks she found herself wondering what it would feel like to lay next to her naked, their bodies pressing together. There was a slight stirring down below and this made her step back and break their hug. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Okay," Kitty said. "Come over after you get home, before you round up the kids, and let me know how everything went."

"I will," Heather promised.

"Be well, Heather."

"Be well, Kitty."

As she drove to Betty's house Heather suddenly found herself going through a range of thoughts and emotions. She was very aware, for the first time since she had met "Master" Rich in the park, that she was feeling hot and bothered, in big part due to that final embrace between herself and Kitty. As she drove the first few miles she imagined the other woman naked, which was not as hard to do as it used to be since she had now seen many nude pictures that Master Chambers had taken of her. She placed them in Kitty's play room, lying on the bed, kissing and fondling each others' breasts, and then down lower.

Her thoughts shifted from hot and bothered to depressed and disgusted as she got closer to Winter Retreat, driving the same route she had driven the previous week. She remembered sucking Rich's cock and the way it seemed to taste different from the rest of him. Thinking about that made her feel a flash of heat, but it also made her feel sick with herself because of what she had learned about him after it had happened.

When she finally passed McClarke Park she tried to get those thoughts out of her mind and concentrate more on the night ahead. Getting out was something she hadn't done in so long that it seemed new and different. In fact the idea somehow felt more alien to her than BDSM had a few months earlier. It made her realize that if Freddy had not suggested coming that she would have probably changed her mind and not gone at all. At least with him she was guaranteed conversation, instead of being stuck holding a table while Betty and Donald danced the night away.

As she got closer to Betty's she turned her conversation with Kitty before she left over in her head. True, she had no plans to do anything with Freddy, but somewhere in the back of her mind it had always been a possibility. She had even had a couple of light fantasies about dancing with him and kissing him on the dance floor, a couple of which involved some heavy petting, but she hadn't been too wrapped up in them to imagine what it would be like to go any further.

How would you feel about something happening though?

If it happens it happens.

That had been one of her thoughts early on when she had begun learning about the lifestyle and wondering if she would ever delve into it.

Now she found herself, for the first time, wondering if she really wanted something to happen with Freddy.

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Betty greeted her at the door wearing a green shirt with puffed sleeves and a black skirt. The skirt was a little high, about three inches above the knee, and the shirt came to just below her belly button, something that Heather felt a woman of her size and shape had no business wearing. However, it was Betty, and big or small she never felt like any of the rules applied to her. Her lips were thick with dark maroon lipstick and her face was a powdery white under her make-up, with the exception of the dark eye shadow over her eyes. She had her hair teased and gelled, and rolled up into big curls.

She took her in and introduced her to Donald Grimes, who Heather had to admit to herself was so much of an ugly duckling that he was cute, especially when she saw him next to Betty. He was about four inches shorter than her, black receding hair that was shaved to the length of about a half an inch, and deep brown eyes. Donald was wearing a white dress shirt, with a black and silver striped tie, and black slacks. Together they looked like a perfect match, though knowing Betty it was destined to last a couple of months more if that.

Don't let short guys fool you, Betty had once said. *They're like donkeys. Little legs, long fat dicks*.

"Hey," Donald said. "It's good to finally meet you, Heather."

He seemed sweet and polite, a total opposite to Betty. It was another thing which indicated they were a good match, and furthered the illusion they were really cute together.

"It's good to meet you, too." Heather was very aware that she was almost about to add sir.

Betty went to the coffee table and picked up a zippered CD carrier. "I got some stuff burned this morning for the car," she said. "It'll be just like old times."

Heather wondered if her best friend had picked out a musical selection close to the one they used to listen to when they were cruising around and going to Skate Dimensions when they had been in high school. "Cool," was the only comment that she could think to make.

“Have a seat”, Betty suggested. “All we have to do now is wait for your Mexican.”

“Puerto Rican,” Heather again corrected, rolling her eyes slightly.

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Freddy was knocking on the door less than ten minutes later. In the short time that she had Heather had been sitting on the couch with Donald, getting to know a little more about him. He seemed so intelligent and well mannered, a far cry from her best friend. It made her wonder what he was doing with her, if he indeed had any inkling of her reputation as being loose and unfaithful from work.

Heather leaned forward on the couch and watched around Betty as she opened the door. Indeed it was Freddy, and he was dressed in an outfit similar to the one that was on his profile picture, if it was not indeed the same one. It was that same cream colored suit that looked a little too big. Under the jacket he had on a black dress shirt and a silk white tie with a large, grayish, paisley pattern on it. Heather found herself feeling slightly pleased, because even without telling him what she was going to wear, they nearly matched. In his hand were two roses, one red and one yellow, which he had no doubt picked up at some gas station on his way there.

“Hola, mommy,” he said.

“Well, *hola*, yourself,” Betty purred. “You must be Freddy, being that you’re so fancy,” she commented.

“And I guess you’re Betty,” he replied. “But you don’t look sweaty.”

Even from her awkward vantage point Heather could see that Betty was definitely checking him out. And as the evening progressed she would make it fairly plain that she was liking what she saw.

“Well, the sweaty part comes later,” she said, a mischievous smirk on her face.

Freddy plucked the yellow rose from his left hand with his right and held it out to her. “A little something for the hostess.”

She took the rose, still smirking and looking to him, batting her eyes. “Thank you.” She held it under her nose and gave it a long and slow sniff. “Why don’t you come in?”

He stepped across the threshold, Betty closing the door behind him, and walked straight to the couch. Heather and Donald both rose as he approached, Heather taking a chance to quickly look him over. Freddy hadn't changed too much from the picture on his profile at all. The only difference that she could find right off was that he had maybe gotten a little fuller in the face since it had been done. Otherwise he was familiar, same pockmarked cheeks, and a little too big lips which made him look a bit goofy when the slightly bucked teeth and thin mustache were factored in. His eyes were more alive that they were in the picture, deep pools of brown so dark that they were almost black. She could smell his cologne when he was still a few feet from her. It was something that was strong and cheap, and yet, as he got closer, she could tell it was not enough to cover up his own natural smell, which itself was very strong and heady.

"Well, hello, at last," he said once he stopped in front of Heather.

"Hello, yourself," Heather replied. Her tone was slightly coy, and she caught herself turning away from him as if she were suddenly shy.

"This is for you," Freddy told her, handing her the red rose.

"Thank you." She took it and held it under her nose as Betty had hers, sniffing it. It had that rosy and flowery smell she had expected, but she also had his smell in her nose still. It was hot, musky. Without thinking about it she found herself suddenly giggling like a teenage girl. She smiled back to Freddy, showing just a little bit of teeth.

"Hi, I'm Donald Grimes," Donald said as Freddy took his hand. "Good to meet you, Freddy."

"Freddy Perez," Freddy replied, pumping Donald's hand.

Heather just stood there, beside Donald and in front of Freddy, with the rose still beneath her nose. She felt giddy, and more giggly. It was as if she were in a daze.

"Ay, you got a hot woman," Freddy said, giving Donald a tap on the shoulder.

"Yeah, I'm lucky," Donald told him. He had a slightly nasal voice which made him sound like a kid and no doubt added to his ugly duckling cuteness. "Betty is great."

Freddy looked Heather in the eyes and smiled. "So, we gonna get this party rolling?"

"Yes, in just a minute," Betty said, coming over to where they stood and taking Heather by the wrist. "We'll put these in water and then we can head

out."

Heather looked over her shoulder, smiling to Freddy, as Betty guided her out of the living room and into the kitchen.

Betty let out a squeal once they were in the kitchen and out of earshot of the guys. "Oh, my God, Heather, he's so fuckin' hot."

So fucking hot.

"I had no clue he'd be like that in person."

"Me either," Heather said, her voice still dreamy.

"And he brought us flowers like he's a high school kid. How cute."

Heather brought her rose up to her nose and sniffed it again as Betty pulled a chair in front of the sink and got up on it to search the cabinets for a couple of vases.

As she waited new fantasies were swirling in her head, the kind of fantasies that had never before centered around Freddy. Through all the years of online chat and talking on the phone she had never seen him as anything but a friend, but now that she had seen him in person, felt and smelled how much he radiated raw sexuality, interest in something other than friendship entered her mind. If nothing else she found herself, at least, curious about what he might be like in bed.

Betty found a couple of dusty vases and sat them in the sink. Then she got off the chair and turned the water on to clean them up. "So, now that you've seen him do you think you'd do it with him?"

Heather found herself giving her neutral and passive response. "If it happens, it happens."

To this Betty gave a wink and a smile. "Monkey love! Ooooh! Ooooh! Ooooh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!"

-11-

After the vases were cleaned and the flowers were in them, and Betty had taken another minute to put them away, they had rounded up the guys and gotten into Betty's Lincoln. Again Heather found herself feeling a little giddy and somewhat shy as she found herself in the spacious backseat with "Fancy" Freddy Perez. It was just after dusk as they pulled onto the highway and headed south toward Lake Trinity. Kiss was singing *'Crazy, Crazy Nights'* on Betty's homemade CD as they left her house.

On their way to Club Electronica the conversation in the car was a lot of average chit-chat. The four of them were doing their best to get to know each other on their drive, most of the talking being reverse paired, Betty talking to Freddy and Heather talking to Donald. Then after a while the women talked to each other and the men talked to each other, neither saying too much to their respective "dates" until they got to the club.

Club Electronica itself was huge, a converted warehouse Heather was sure. As Betty found a parking spot, close to the edge of the lot, she already was sure that she was probably going to be lost inside, and in more ways than one. Despite Betty and Freddy's assurances, most of the people she saw walking across the parking lot appeared to be in their early 20's, most of them probably all of 21 or 22. All the girls were in baby tees and short skirts, and Heather found herself feeling not at all in the league of the club's other patrons.

"Come on, mommy," Freddy said, opening his door. He got out and leaned back in, holding his hand out to her. "Let's go have some fun."

Heather found herself flashing a giddy little smile as she looked at him standing there. At his full height, standing in the harsh illumination of the parking lot, with his hand out to her, he suddenly appeared as strikingly handsome. She reached up, taking his hand and letting him help her out of the backseat of the Lincoln.

Once she was standing beside him she shivered, wishing she had brought a jacket along with her, because with the falling of darkness it was getting much colder outside. Freddy must have noticed her discomfort, because the first thing he did was shuck his jacket and offer it to her as Betty and Donald put their money together so she would not have to carry her purse in. "Here, mommy, put this on."

Heather took the offered jacket and slipped it on. It was still warm from his body and it reeked with the smell of him and his cheap cologne. It was enough to make her feel a little warm down below as well. The jacket was almost a perfect fit, though the sleeves were about an inch too long.

She pulled the lapels closed over her chest and looked him over. Though they looked to be the same height she realized that he was just slightly taller. His arms were long, and his hands ended with long fingers which could easily engulf her own hands. She wondered what it would feel like to have his hands on her, to touch what they would feel like. And as if he were sensing her

thoughts he reached over and put his hand on one of hers, touching her fingertips at the end of his jacket sleeve.

"Okay," Betty announced. "Let's go."

The wind picked up a little as they made their way across the parking lot, causing Heather to pull the jacket closed a little more tightly across her chest as they walked. The closer they got the more she could feel the thump and pump of the music from inside the club, but from the outside she could not make out what songs were playing, or even if she knew what songs they were for that matter.

Everything went from sounding muted to full blast in her ears once they had paid their entrance fees and bar cover and passed through the small foyer. Coming through the door Heather found herself inside the expansive club. Ahead she could see that the dance floor was packed, bodies undulating to the beat of the music as lights flashed and strobed over them. J.J. Fad's *'Supersonic'* was playing as they entered. The music was almost so loud it was deafening, and just above it there was the murmur of voices and conversations.

"Go up to the right and follow the walkway up," Donald shouted. "We'll go up to the next tier, there's tables, good tables, overlooking the dance floor, close to the bar."

"Okay," Heather called back, raising her voice.

As they began making their way around *'Supersonic'* faded into Twenty Fingers' *'Short Dick Man'*.

"Hey, they're playing my song," Betty yelled. " '*Cause I don't want no* one of them."

Heather laughed, but the music seemed so loud that even she couldn't hear it.

Once up on the second tier they found a couple of empty tables that looked down on the dance floor. They took one and sat down, and a waitress was there before they even began to get settled. She placed an occupied sign in the center of the table, and then took an order for their drinks. Freddy spoke up and said that the first round was on him.

They chit-chatted a little more as they waited for the waitress to come back. Heather got a piña colada that was heavily laden with rum. She sipped along on it in silence for the most part, listening to the others talk, and stealing glances at her date.

"Wanna dance?" Freddy finally asked.

Leo Sayer's *'You Make Me Feel Like Dancing'* had just started, something not too fast and not really too slow. "Okay," Heather said.

She let him take her hand and guide her down the stairs to the dance floor. Betty and Donald were close on their heels. Down on the dance floor they found a fairly clear area and Heather turned to face him. "I haven't danced in forever," she called.

"It's no sweat, mommy," Freddy told her. "Just grove."

Heather lifted her arms over her head and started to move her body to the beat. At first Freddy did the same thing, dancing just a little off from her. Then he moved closer, slipping his arms around her and pulling her to him. His body touched hers in various places as they danced, and she could feel her face becoming flushed and her blood starting to rush. The way he was moving caused his pelvis to rub hers, and as it did she could feel the bulge of his cock. She put her arms around him.

"See, mommy, you're getting the hang of it."

Heather nodded, aware of the pounding of her heart and a sudden moistness growing between her legs. As they danced around she caught sight of Betty, who gave her a knowing smile.

The next song was even slower, Bon Jovi's *'Never Say Goodbye'*. They both slowed down with the music, Freddy pulling her even closer. Heather just followed his lead, becoming a little more aware that as they danced closer his cock grew a little harder between them. For a moment, near the end of the song, she briefly entertained the idea of kissing him, but decided against it. They had not been there that long, and the night was just getting started. There was no need to push things too fast.

-12-

Two hours later Heather was sitting at the table with Donald as Betty and Freddy were burning up the floor below. The house speakers were blasting out The 2 Live Crew's *'Me So Horny'*, which was enough to make some of the younger people there hoot and yell as the song played. Heather looked at her best friend and her "date" as they moved below, keeping up with the younger members of the Club Electronica scene. She took another sip of strong piña colada, her fourth, and noted that they looked good together too, just as she had always thought.

Another song started to play. It was one she hadn't heard before. The patchwork of mixed statements caught her attention and made her squirm slightly in her seat as the words hit home.

"Welcome *to the* dungeon *of* cries. *Take off* your *clothes* and get on *your knees*, girl," came the string of patchwork words.

"Ohhhhhhh! Yeah!" followed a man's voice.

"Mmmmm," came a woman's muffled voice, followed by a whip crack.

For the first time that evening there was something to remind her of the lifestyle, and she was already so horny she couldn't help but squirm a little more. As the evening progressed the idea of anything happening with Freddy went from the farthest thing in her mind to the only thing on her mind.

"Here, they come," Donald yelled. He leaned closer to her. "I got to run to the bathroom. Tell Betty I'll be right back."

"Okay," she called back. Her voice was somewhat strained from trying to talk over the music, but at the same time the drinks seemed to help numb it.

A minute later Betty plopped down in the chair beside her. Freddy had stopped off at the bar to make sure their next round of drinks were on their way.

"He had to go to the bathroom," she told Betty as she looked around.

"To pee?"

"I didn't ask."

Betty laughed. Then she leaned up closer to Heather. "Freddy's fuckin' hot."

Like herself Heather knew that her best friend had been getting strong drinks, and she had been downing more of them. "You told me earlier."

"Yeah," Betty said. "I know, but he's fuckin' hot." She bobbed her head up and down. "Yeah?"

"Yeah, he's hot," Heather agreed, giggling a little.

"So, you gonna do something with him?" Betty glanced to his back as he stood at the bar. "Monkey love!" she yelled, a little too loudly.

Heather had a hand on her arm making sure she didn't get out of her seat. She was laughing again, hoping that her best friend wouldn't get loud enough to get them all thrown out. "I don't know," she said.

"Well, you better tell me if you're going to do something," Betty told her, "because I think I need to suck his dick."

Heather slapped her shoulder and started laughing.

Betty looked to the bar and Freddy looked back to her with a smile on his face. "Don't tell me you haven't noticed it."

"I have," Heather admitted.

"Hell, he ain't even all the way hard, so he's bigger than you think."

"Betty!"

It wasn't enough to keep her from going on. "I also found out that Ricky Ricardo there has a nice set of *Babalus* down there for you, too, if you know what I mean."

This time Heather laughed until there were tears squeezing out of the corners of her eyes. Leave it to Betty to cop a feel of her best friend's date's jewels. She took a second to catch her breath and looked at her. "You are so bad."

"Just looking out for your best interest," Betty said. "And mine. So I got to know, you gonna do something with him or not? Because if you're not then I need to get an excuse to drop Donald at his place on the way back."

Heather found herself suddenly processing and weighing what her best friend was saying. And what it boiled down to was that she really though Freddy was hot and wanted a go at him if she didn't want to, and if she could ditch her boyfriend. She wondered if she had said anything to Freddy, and then she wondered if maybe he had been the one making the suggestion. Heather was unsure of the former, knowing Betty, and doubted the latter, though she knew between the two of them anything was possible. In the end it didn't matter either way. Freddy had come out that night for her, and she wasn't about to let Betty have him just because she thought he was hot.

Which he was.

Very fucking hot! Thank you very much!

Heather took the last sip of her drink and nodded. "Yeah," she said. "Yeah, I'm going to do something with Freddy tonight."

"Wooohooo!" Betty cried. "That's my girl!"

At that moment, both Donald and Freddy made their way back to the table. Donald had apparently stopped at the bar on his way back, because he had his and Betty's drinks in hand while Freddy had his and hers.

"So what are you two talking about?" Donald asked, taking his seat.

"Nothing," Betty replied.

Freddy put Heather's drink in front of her and put an arm over her shoulder. "Nothing at all, mommy?"

Heather let out a small laugh and grinned, shaking her head. Then she leaned close to Freddy and put her lips to his. At first he was hesitant. Then he opened his mouth to let her in, and she opened hers to return the favor. As his tongue probed her mouth she felt her blood rushing, and her nipples beginning to grow hard. She moved her hand over his leg and gave him a slight squeeze.

When they separated he looked her up and down with his big brown eyes. Then a slight grin spread across his face. "Well, hola, mommy."

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They left Club Electronica just after midnight. By that time Heather had had six and a half piña coladas, and Betty had had enough to be totally lit. She laughed and stumbled across the parking lot, with Donald following behind her, snatching her keys away. Heather and Freddy walked along a few paces behind them, holding hands and stopping a couple of times to kiss and run their hands all over each other.

Freddy had her back pressed up against the car as Donald worked to get the doors unlocked. She moaned as they kissed again. He had one hand squeezing her breast through her blouse and his knee was in her crotch, and grinding. There was no doubt in her own mind now that something was going to happen with Freddy tonight.

The drive back to Winter Retreat and Betty's house was a blood racing and hazy blur. Betty was loud and laughing in the front seat as Donald drove. And from past experience Heather knew that any time that she was drunk and horny it was always a miracle she and the people she was with got home safely, (although it would be some time before she pondered this, because that night she had her own things going on). They were probably halfway to their destination, Lita Ford's *'Kiss Me Deadly'* blaring from the Lincoln's speakers, when Betty leaned across the front seat and unzipped Donald's pants. Heather could not see it going on when it happened, but it didn't come as a surprise, Betty had a long history of sucking guys off as they drove somewhere with other people in the car.

Most of Heather's attention was centered on what was going on in the back seat of the Lincoln though. Freddy was kissing her, and he had her shirt and her bra raised up to expose her breasts, occasionally dipping his head down to kiss her nipples. He had also helped her push her skirt up as high as she could. As

they rode along, kissing, he had her panties pulled aside, drilling her wet pussy with a pair of long fingers.

God it felt good. Hot.

Betty raised her head off of Donald and glanced into the back seat. Heather could see her face flash up with each passing street light. "How's it going?"

Heather found that all she could do was nod her head and moan as Freddy worked his fingers into her. She had maneuvered her arm between them and started to rub her hand over his rock hard cock through his pants.

"Goin' good here, mommy," Freddy told her, looking back over his shoulder.

"Woooooh!" Betty yelled. "*Monkey love*!"

Her sudden yell was enough to startle Donald, who swerved slightly as he drove.

Freddy went back to kissing her on the mouth and finger fucking her pussy. He kissed her cheek, and then again closer to her ear. He moaned as she applied more pressure on his crotch. "You want that, mommy?" he asked, his voice low and husky.

"Yeah", she replied, her head in a daze. "I want it. I want it."

Freddy kissed her again, his tongue probing her mouth and making her breathe faster and rub his cock harder through his pants. "You gonna get it, mommy," he whispered. "You gonna get it good."

Oh, God.

She almost couldn't wait.

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When they finally made it to Betty's both couples were each a tangle of groping and kissing. Betty and Donald were stumbling down the hall, leaving Heather to attempt to shut and lock the door as Freddy rubbed his hand between her legs and kissed the back of her neck. Her best friend and her boyfriend were in the master bedroom already and with the door closed before she got the front door shut. With no directions from their erstwhile hostess she assumed that the spare bedroom would be okay.

It took some time to get there though. Freddy pinned her to the wall with a knee between her legs and kissed her on the mouth, making her breathe raggedly, as well as making her blood rush and her head swim. He kissed her neck and the hollow of her throat, making his way down. Her bra was still

pushed up from the ride home, so he raised her blouse back up and kissed her breasts and nipples. He worked lower, sinking down, kissing her soft paunchy stomach and licking her belly button.

Heather gasped again as she felt him run a hand up each leg and then up underneath her skirt. She shifted around a little to help him as he worked to get her panties down. She almost thought she was going to come as she stood there, feeling her damp panties come to a rest around her ankles. Heather felt his hand give them a slight tug and she lifted each foot out of them, keeping her shoes on.

"You're really hot, mommy," Freddy said, rising back up.

"Yes," she gasped.

"You got your panties all wet." He held them up in the dark, holding them in front of her face. "Your pussy is all wet. Touch it and see, mommy."

"Yes." Heather reached down with her hands, pulling her skirt back up with one hand, and rubbing her cleanly shaven pubic mound with the other.

Still holding her panties up in one hand Freddy reached down and put his other hand over hers. He urged her to touch herself lower. "You can do better, mommy. Touch it. Put your fingers in."

It was all so hot, but for the briefest of instants Heather found herself feeling a little self-conscious. She had never played with herself in front of another man before, except with Bill, and with him she had always used the silver toy he had given her and had never used her own fingers.

Closing her eyes Heather opened her legs a little wider and moved her arm down so she could get a finger between her swollen labia. It was a little awkward, doing it while standing. Instead of trying to finger herself the way Freddy had in the car she just worked to get the tip of her finger on her clit and started rubbing it.

"Oh, mommy, that's so hot," Freddy whispered. He was dangling her panties in front of her face now. "You want to see how you smell, mommy?"

Heather nodded. She felt so hot at that moment she wanted to try anything. A deeper part of herself was compelled to respond this way regardless of the circumstances. Freddy wasn't a master, but he was strong and confident, and she wanted to submit to him in any way he asked.

"Yeah, smell 'em, mommy." Freddy put her panties right in her face, and Heather sniffed. "Smell 'em good." He put her sopping panties right against her skin, rubbing them lightly over her nose.

As Heather drew a breath, taking in the reeking scent of her own musk, she shivered. It was hot, and it was humiliating, and it was exciting all within the same moment. This was exactly what she had wanted from Bill, what she had hoped to get from "Master" Rich. Somehow Freddy seemed to know what buttons to push. Her legs trembled and a strong orgasm hit her as she stood there with her back and ass against the wall, as her panties were lightly rubbed across her cheek. Her ears were ringing, and there was the slight sensation of liquid running down her thighs, as she cooed in ecstasy.

"Yeah, you getting off, mommy?" Freddy asked in a husky whisper. He put his hand between her legs and pushed two fingers into her slick hole. "Oh, yeah, you got off good on that."

Heather sighed, her head swimming even more, as he took her panties away from her face. They were replaced by his fingers after he withdrew them from her aching pussy. "You squirted, mommy," he breathed. "Taste it."

Heather had no idea what he meant by *"you squirted"* but she did know she couldn't resist tasting herself off his fingers if that was what he wanted. She opened her mouth and let him stick his fingers inside. They tasted sweet and slightly sour on her tongue. She closed her mouth over them and started sucking them, moaning in the back of her throat. She liked the taste, the way she tasted on him, and for the briefest instant she wondered if that was the way Kitty's pussy would taste too.

"Yeah, suck 'em baby," Freddy hissed. "I gonna give you something else to suck too. You want that, mommy?"

Groaning again Heather nodded as she sucked on his fingers. She was back to fingering her clit as he stood over her with his fingers in her mouth.

Freddy then took his fingers out of her mouth and grabbed a fistful of her blouse, yanking her away from the wall and causing her to take her finger from her pussy. Bending her head back he kissed her as he held her by her blouse. Then he grabbed the back of it with his other hand and worked with her until he had pulled it over her head. Heather looked at him in the dim light for a moment as she stood there, nearly topless. Then he had his arms around her, pulling her to him and kissing her again. He groped her breasts as they kissed, pinching her nipples as he broke away. "God, you got some nice tits, mommy," he breathed. Then he reached around and expertly unhooked the closures of her bra.

"I want it," she whispered as he lifted the straps off her shoulders and pulled her bra the rest of the way off.

“Get your skirt off,” Freddy told her.

Automatically Heather obeyed. She reached around her back, undoing the button and letting the zipper down. Then she shimmied out of it, taking hold of it once she got it to the floor, and accidentally throwing it over onto the couch as she snapped back up. Finally down to nothing else she kicked her flats off and moved them out of the walkway with her feet. She looked at Freddy in the dark, standing naked before him and realizing, with the exception of his jacket and tie, that he was still fully clothed.

And in an instant he was on her. He kissed her, making her moan as he grabbed her by the hair. He forced her to turn around and bend over, and Heather put her hands against the wall for support. She gasped, moaning loudly, as he jammed his thumb into her pussy, giving her a dirty Little Jack Horner. He made a harsh sound in his throat as he pounded his thumb up inside her, and it was enough to make her come again, and again she felt the sensation of liquid running down her inner thighs.

“I can’t take it anymore,” she finally gasped. “My legs can’t take it.”

Freddy took his thumb out of her and ran his hand down her naked back. “Okay,” he said. “Where we gonna go? I wanna lay you down.”

“Bedroom”, Heather panted. She walked down the hall on rubbery legs, guiding Freddy by his hands, which he had placed on her shoulders.

The spare bedroom was only two doors down from the master bedroom, the bathroom separating them. At one time it had been intended for a Betty or Brad Junior, but Betty and Brad had never gotten far enough along to have kids before things ended. So the room had always been a guest bedroom.

Once inside Heather turned on a small light that sat on the nightstand by the bed. Immediately she saw the rose Freddy had brought sitting in one of the vases that Betty had cleaned up. Her best friend must have placed it in the bedroom just in case before they had left for Club Electronica. Beside the vase was a picture of Betty and Brad with herself and Bill from Betty and Brad’s wedding. Her best friend had several of her wedding pictures up throughout the house.

Just because things didn’t work doesn’t mean that we didn’t love each other, Betty had confessed to her about the pictures one day when she was feeling depressed and had been drinking. *It’s still the happiest day of my life*.

Feeling an instant of clarity Heather took the picture and laid it face down on the dresser. She knew she would not be able to go on with Freddy if there was a

picture of Bill that she could at any time find herself looking at. And in that clear moment she hesitated for a split second.

Have I gone too far to stop?

Yes, she decided. *I have*.

There's no turning back now.

Heather turned to face Freddy to see that he was unbuttoning his shirt to reveal a muscled, though somewhat bare chest. He slipped it off his arms and dropped it on the floor. Then he undid his belt and unzipped his pants. "You gonna leave the light on?"

Heather nodded, butterflies suddenly in her stomach. "Yes. I want to get a good look at you."

He smiled to her, giving her his cute and goofy grin as he got his pants down, stepping out of them. He rose back up, dressed in nothing but a pair of silky black boxers.

"Please," she said, as he put his hands on the waistband to pull them down. "Let me."

He grinned at her again. "Okay, mommy. You go ahead."

Heather crossed the scant few steps which separated them in the small bedroom and sank to her knees in front of him. The widening smile on his face was enough to let her know that she had his approval. She ran her hands lightly down his sides and then over his waist, touching the silky material of his boxer shorts. She tugged them, pulling them down. Her eyes widened as she finally saw his cock, which was only three quarters of the way erect.

"You like, mommy?"

Heather felt as if she was going to swoon.

Freddy's cock was fat and round. She guessed it was eight inches, if not a little more, because he was bigger than Bill, and bigger than Rich Davis as well. There was a patch of black, wiry, pubic hair at the upper base of the shaft, but everything below was hairless and smooth for the most part. She put her hand on it and began to stroke him, finding that she could only just touch her thumb to her index finger.

Oh my, God! It's the biggest cock I've ever seen!

"Yeah, mommy," he moaned.

Freddy's cock became fully erect as she stroked it, and once she was sure he was as hard as he would get she let go so she could really look at it. His cock had a curve to it, and when it was fully hard it wanted to stand up and curl

around so that the head of his cock almost pointed back toward his left hip. As Betty suggested he had a big pair of "*Babalus*" hanging below the base of his cock, the sac covered sparsely by thin and wiry hairs. Her attention went from his balls back to his cockhead which made her think of an arrowhead due to its coming to a slight tip where his slit stood open, and the opening of his cock-slit looked as if it was twice as big as Bill's as well.

He reached forward and ran his hand through her hair. "Come on, mommy. Suck my ding-dong. Suck it good."

Heather didn't need any other coaxing. She took him back in her hand and gave him a couple of strokes before opening her mouth and taking him inside. Although she had not practiced on anything other than her toy she had no problem taking him down. Once in her mouth he didn't feel much wider than "Master" Rich had. She looked up to him, making a noise in her throat and instantly getting into a good rhythm. His cock, she found, had a strong and musky taste to it, and it made her feel pretty sure that all men's cocks indeed tasted a little different than the rest of them.

"So, good, mommy, and you only sucked one other cock all the way before," Freddy gasped.

Heather moaned and sucked faster. He really did know what buttons to push. Hearing him mention that she had only truly sucked off one other person, because he knew the story, made her feel dirty and embarrassed, but it also made her feel a little hotter. There was a warm fire burning in the pit of her womanhood. Putting a hand around the base of his shaft she began to stroke him as she sucked him.

"God, damn," he hissed. "You suck like a slut."

Heather sucked him faster. To her the words were a compliment and encouragement all rolled into one. She took her other hand as she stroked him and cupped and rubbed his balls as Kitty had suggested she try. It wasn't long before she could taste the salty and somewhat bland dribble of his pre-cum.

"Ahhhh," he gasped, putting his hands on her shoulders. "H'okay, mommy."

She let him slip out of her mouth, but she continued to stroke him. She kissed the head of his cock, and then she dipped her tongue into his slit. He gave her a slight push and she made a sound of protest in the back of her throat.

"I don't want to cum yet, mommy," he panted.

Heather took his cockhead in her mouth and sucked it, swirling her tongue all around it. She let him pop back out and she watched as his cock glistened,

erect, as it curved back toward his left side. "You gonna give it to me?" she asked.

"Yeah, mommy," he gasped.

"You going to fuck me good?" She put her palm under his balls and raised them slightly.

Freddy spat out a sigh. "Yeah, mommy. Freddy's gonna fuck you real good."

She rose to her feet and kissed his chest on the way up. Then she turned around and took a couple of steps toward the bed. She stopped, pausing a moment. Then she turned around and looked to him, doing the best she could to give him a "come hither" look. When he began to move toward her Heather stepped up to the bed and pulled back the sheets. She got on the mattress and turned to face him.

"I need it," she gasped. She put her hand between her legs and rubbed. "I need it so bad, Freddy. I need you to fuck me. I need your big cock hard and deep."

"Yeah," he said as he slid into the bed with her. "You think you can take all this ding-dong, mommy?"

"I'll try to take every inch," she said, just before he put his mouth over hers.

They rolled around on the cool sheets for several minutes, kissing and groping each other. When he finally came up on top Heather was ready, laying back and opening her legs widely. She shivered and squirmed as he rubbed the head of his cock between her pussy lips. Once he found the place he knew he wanted to be he pushed himself into her with a single stroke. She realized that her pussy was so wet that he had gone in with ease.

Freddy started working himself in and out of her and Heather found herself amazed that she was taking all of him. Never before had she been opened so wide, or felt anything go so deep. If it wasn't for the fact that she could feel his balls rubbing against the tight pucker of her ass as he thrust into her she would have sworn that he was not all the way in.

But he was!

She lifted her arms up, almost in a dream daze, and put her hands on his arms just above his elbows. Then she started bucking her hips up in an attempt to meet his as he pumped his hot and hard cock into her pussy. She looked at Freddy's face. His eyes were closed, and he had a look of concentration on his face which only made it more goofy than when he smiled. Had the pleasure not

been so intense Heather was sure that she would have started laughing as she looked at him.

"*God*, damn it, mommy," he finally gasped, his eyes popping open. "Your pussy *is so tight*."

"Pound it out, baby," she found herself saying. "Open it up really good."

"Stretch it like a slut pussy?" he hissed.

Heather's eyes rolled back in her head. "*God, yes*."

"MMMaaahhhh," he groaned as he pumped her harder. "Fuckin' skank."

Twisting, Heather hissed as he nailed her with a hard thrust. "Yeah, talk dirty to me. Make me your slut, Freddy."

He put his hands on her hips and grabbed tight, thrusting into her harder. "Like that?"

"Yes!" she cried.

Freddy was holding her waist tight, ramming his cock into her. His balls slapped against her ass with every thrust. He sniffed and groaned his upper lip curling. In and out. In and out. Thrust and slap. Thrust and slap.

It was hot.

It was so fucking hot!

"More," Heather panted.

"Yeah. Mmaaahhh," Freddy gasped. "You want more, you fuckin' white slut?"

"Yes!" she cried.

"You like that Latin papi ding-dong, in your cunt hole!"

"*Yes!*"

"Yeah, mommy, you like that," he groaned. He thrust harder into her, the head of his cock drilling into uncharted territory. "Can't get enough, slut? Like sucking some strange guy's ding-dong and then gettin' mine?"

"*YES!*"

So fucking hot!

"Bet you would do you old man then have me over to take a turn," he gasped. "Fuckin' white slut!"

"God," she cried. "*Yes!*" It was nothing she had thought of before, but hearing him say it put an instant image in her mind, and it made her all the more hot. She could see herself having sex with Bill and then having Freddy over after he left for work. He would fill her, take her like a dirty slut, the slut she

was. He wouldn't even want her to clean up. He would want to take her dirty just to call her a nasty slut.

"Oh, my God!" she cried. The world became nothing more than a foggy haze of sensations. This time when she came she almost didn't think it was going to stop. It was one of the biggest ones that she had ever had. As she quaked and shivered under the assault of Freddy's body some part of her memory and consciousness was telling her that this wasn't the biggest orgasm she had ever had, but she knew it sure had to be close.

"*God damn, mommy!*," Freddy shouted. "You squirted again. *You squirted all over my ding-dong*."

Heather thrashed and moaned under him.

"It's all over, mommy. I feel it dripping down my balls."

"Yeah?" Heather gasped, her mind was hazed, and she still had no idea of what he was getting at.

"Oh, yeah, mommy!" He leaned back from her, pulling himself out.

Heather let out a moan and a sigh. Lifting her head she looked at him and saw his rock hard cock had curved back toward his left side as soon as it was out of her. There was something about it, about the way it had that lopsided curve along with the length and width, that made it feel so good inside her. Already she wanted it buried back in her, nice and deep.

He reached down and pushed at her shoulder with his hand. When she tried to sit up he pushed her again. "Roll over."

For a moment she was dazed, not understanding what he meant, only knowing that she wanted him back inside.

Freddy grabbed a handful of hair and yanked her back off the mattress. "Come on. Get on your fuckin' knees, bitch!"

And for Heather it seemed that time froze. It was as if all her life she had been waiting to hear the six words that Freddy had just said. And she hadn't just been waiting to hear them. She had been waiting to hear them when they were directed at her, when they were commanded to her.

Get on your fuckin' knees, bitch!

"On my knees," she found herself whispering.

"Yeah, mommy." He had a humorous smile on his face.

"Are you-?" she gasped. "Are you-?"

"What, mommy?" Freddy asked, just a hint of concern in his voice.

"Are you going to spank me?"

There, she had said it.

Heather's head was swimming, and her chest felt tight. She was aware that she was covered with cool sweat; her hair was plastered around her forehead by it. She let out a sigh, her legs and arms feeling shaky as she waited for him to say something. Anything.

"Oh, yeah," Freddy smiled. "You like that shit, mommy?"

"Yes-," she breathed. "*Yes, sir*."

Freddy nodded as he knelt in front of her. He reached down with his left hand and took his cock, giving it a couple of strokes. There was a sheen of sweat that covered him as well. "You want it?" he finally asked. "You want me to spank that fat, white ass?"

"Yes, sir!" Heather gasped. She wanted it so bad she felt like she was going to start crying if he didn't. "Please. Please spank me."

Freddy moved his upper body back and forth slightly as he nodded again. "If you want me to spank that fat white ass so bad, mommy, why ain't you on your fuckin' knees yet?"

On your fuckin' knees, bitch!

It wasn't part of the question. Not to Heather. To her it was, at last, THE COMMAND.

As if a switch had suddenly been flipped Heather rolled over onto her stomach. She then raised her ass in the air and moved her legs up, and then placed her knees so that her pussy would be exposed and open. Then she raised the front half of her body by her arms, palms down against the mattress. She glanced to Freddy over her shoulder and gave him a pleading look.

He moved himself closer to her, grabbing a handful of her hair once more and pulling her head back. Then his other hand was on her cool ass, rubbing and caressing each moon. "Want me to spank that ass, mommy?"

"Please!"

It was a hard, swift smack, right across the middle of her left ass cheek. Heather had enough time to draw in a breath, but she didn't have time to even begin to process the sensation when he hit her again in the same spot.

"Ohhha," she cried.

"Yeah. You like it."

"Ye-"

He hit her again, harder, this time on the right cheek. He also gave her hair a tug, jerking her head back. "Yeah! You like, Papi spanking that ass!"

"Ye-"

Freddy hit her three more times, rapid fire, alternating cheeks. "You like that?"

"Yes, Papi!" she cried.

And suddenly Freddy became a spanking machine. He was pulling her hair with one hand and spanking her ass with the other to a rhythm very close to the cadence with which had had been fucking her with. As he did it Heather gasped and moaned, feeling the numbing sting of his hand every time it touched her flesh. It was so good, so much better than she had ever imagined it would be. At last she knew why Kristen and Kitty got off on it so much.

And the next thing she knew it was happening to her. In the midst of the yanking on her hair and the open palm whopping her bare ass, she could feel her orgasm suddenly peak with no warning. She cried out, moaning loudly as her body shook from inside and out. Everything between her belly button and legs tingled as another orgasm came on the heels of the first one.

"Yeah! That's it, you white bitch!" Freddy called. "You're squirting again! You're juicing *all over the bed*!"

And he punctuated each word of *all over the bed*, with a hard smack across her rear.

Heather could no longer hold herself up on her palms, and she knew she couldn't stay on her knees for much longer either. Gasping for breath, tears in her eyes, she laid herself down until her head was touching the pillow.

"I can't wait anymore, Papi," she gasped in a ragged breath, her voice a childish whine. "I need your hard ding-dong, Papi. Give it to me. Give it to me, please!"

Without a word Freddy shifted himself behind her, and Heather moaned as she felt him rubbing the head of his cock over her bare pussy lips. And then with a thrust he was in again, slamming his cock deep into her and making her come again. He had his hands on her waist, pulling himself to her. She could feel his pubic hair brushing against the crack of her ass, and his balls bumping into the top of her labia.

"That's it!" he gasped after a few minutes. "MMeeehhsss. I'm gonna cum, mommy! I'm gonna fill your slutty cunt up good, you bitch!"

"Give it to me, Papi!" she cried out, begging. "Cum in me."

"Eeeahhhh! Gonna fill that cunt up all good, mommy. Papi's gonna pump everything in his ding-dong in it, baby!"

“Mm- Ohhhhhhh!,” Heather whimpered. “Please. Pleaseeeeeeeeee!”

“Here it comes!” Freddy shouted, pumping her harder and thrusting into her even more deeply. “Here it comes, you white bitch! Ah! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

“Mmmmmyeeeeeaaaaaaahhhhh!” Heather cried. She felt the pulse of his cock and the sudden stickiness flooding her on the inside. At the same time she came again, and her insides felt as if there was a jet stream flowing through her. “Oh! Gooooooooddddddddd!”

Once they disengaged and lay next to each other on the mattress, both gasping and panting, it took several minutes for Heather’s orgasms to subside. She was able to count three, once it occurred to her to do so, after he had stopped touching her. She put a hand between her sweaty breasts, her chest heaving. She had never known sex could be so good, that it could be so intense.

She closed her eyes, intent on resting for just a moment to catch her breath. Heather drifted off to sleep, not waking until a few hours later.

CHAPTER ELEVEN:
The Thirty-Four Year Old 'Tween

-1-

Heather felt herself coming out of a deep sleep. Her biological clock was winding along, urging her body into her daily routine. In a little while it would be time to get out of bed and start Bill's breakfast as he went into the bathroom and dressed for work. Then after he was out the door and on his way for the day she would clean the dishes and get the kids up. Then it would be another breakfast, and another set of dishes to wash after they left to catch the bus. And after that she would have the afternoon to herself. She could visit with Kitty, or hang out in Bored Like Hell chatting away with Kristen and the others.

But there was still some time before she needed to get up and out of bed. Her inside clock was telling her she might have about 30 minutes. For now she knew she could just lay there, under the sheets, wrapped up in Bill's arms as he held her, his body nice and warm.

Then she realized it was Saturday. And she wasn't in her bed. And not only was she not in her own bed, but it wasn't Bill that was holding her.

Heather opened her eyes to slits and let out a sigh, turning over onto her other side. As she turned Freddy shifted slightly, loosening his arms enough for her to move more freely. She looked at him, watching as his face slowly materialized before her as her eyes adjusted to the darkness. His eyes opened after a minute, and he smiled at her. She found herself smiling back, hoping that he could see.

"Morning, mommy," he whispered.

"Good morning."

"You always get up this early?" he asked. He must have realized, even without being able to see a clock, that it was still very early. "The sun ain't up

yet, mommy."

She moved her neck back and forth, trying to make it pop. "Yes, my days are early."

Freddy gave a laugh. "You can sleep in today."

"Not really," Heather said. "I have to get back before it gets too late to pick up the kids."

"You got to get ready right now?"

"I still have a little while."

Freddy took that statement like a signal. The next thing she knew he tightened his arms around her, kissing her, and rolling her over onto her back. There was no time for her to react or even think. Her legs were open and he plunged his hard cock deep into her with a single thrust. She gasped hard into his mouth. She was dry, and it hurt a little bit from his sudden entry. But within a couple of thrusts she was wet and her pussy was lubricating itself to accommodate the invasion of her insides.

"You like that?" Freddy panted as he pumped himself into her. "You like that big ding-dong, mommy?"

"Yes, Papi," Heather moaned.

"Uhhhhhhhhhh," Freddy groaned, thrusting himself harder into her quickly sopping pussy. "Yeah! Fuckin' white bitch! Take it!"

Heather shivered, breath rushing through her teeth in a hiss. "Please. Fuck me, Papi. Fuck me so good!" Closing her eyes she gripped the fitted sheet beneath her as she felt an orgasm building.

-2-

Once they had finished Heather had ventured out of the bedroom and cautiously began to gather her clothes from the living room and hall. She just knew she would feel mortified if Donald came out of Betty's room and caught her naked. The easy solution would have been to have Freddy get her clothes, but there was a part of her that wanted to tempt fate, that wanted to be ridiculed and humiliated if Betty or Donald were to come out of the other bedroom and catch her.

After she had her stuff together she crept to the bathroom with her clothes held up over her breasts. She paused at the door to the spare bedroom and motioned for Freddy to come out. He followed her to the bathroom, carrying his

own clothes in front of him to cover his cock. She let him brush past her, and then she closed the door and locked it behind them.

Immediately Freddy threw his stuff on the floor and sat down on the toilet. Heather looked to him and shivered slightly. His cock was already hard again, all the way, curving around toward his thigh. He looked to her and licked his lips. Taking his cock in his hand he slowly stroked it. "Come on and get on it, mommy. I wanna fuck you like a dirty bathroom slut."

Dropping her own clothes Heather went to him. Because of her size it was a little awkward, trying to open her legs and squat down on top of him on the toilet seat, but he was just long enough for it to work. Somewhere she found the strength in her legs to start to ride him. The lid of the tank thumped and clanged as they fucked, and if Betty and Donald were not already up Heather had a feeling they soon would be.

With a groan Freddy pumped another load into her. Feeling his hot cum coating her insides again was enough to give her another orgasm. He held her, burying his face between her breasts as she shook and came.

"Come on, clean me up," Freddy whispered once she finally rose off him.

Once again, as the night before, she felt compelled to obey his every whim. Heather sank to her knees as he continued sitting on the toilet. She pushed her hair back with one hand, and then went down on him. His cock was hot and musky, and the cooling semen, which coated the shaft, had a salty and somewhat spicy taste to it. Heather gripped the base of his shaft and stroked him as he sucked his cock.

"Yeah," he finally moaned. "That ding-dong is all nice and hard for you, mommy."

Heather moaned with protest as he grabbed her by the hair and pulled her off his cock. She wanted more. She wanted him to cum right down her throat and make her swallow every drop.

"Come on, mommy," he hissed. "Papi's gonna fuck you in the shower."

-3-

Freddy had given her a good fucking in the cramped shower stall as she bent over and braced herself against the wall with her palms. It was hot and steamy with the water raining down on them, and when she came she felt again as if she were in a dreamy haze. Her insides felt totally alive as the water pelted her bare

shoulders and Freddy slammed his cock into her from behind, and it made her wonder if this was how actresses doing hot shower scenes in adult films felt.

If Betty and Donald were awake they gave no sign of it. Perhaps they just wanted them to have some quiet time, or maybe they were wrapped up in their own private play. It wouldn't be until later in the afternoon that Heather would learn that Donald was a heavy sleeper, but Betty had been up and listening to them as they went at it in the bathroom.

Heather and Freddy left at the same time, him walking her to her car as the sun began to burn off the light fog outside. They kissed before she sat down, and she promised to call him later in the afternoon. He shut the door as she started the car, and she watched as he went over and got into his own car. Watching him back out she was certain that this would not be the last time that they saw each other.

The drive home was dreamy. Heather replayed the previous night and morning over and over in her head as she drove. Her pussy ached. It was tender and sore, but she was very aware that she still wanted more.

How can I want more? she wondered. *You've never had it so good*.

Another dirty thought entered her mind. *What if Bill got home at a decent time tomorrow?* She could get him in bed and all hot and bothered after the kids went to sleep. The idea of being with him so close after just being with Freddy made her think of what he had said about coming to her after she had been with her husband and fucking her real good.

Bet you would do your old man and then have me over to take a turn. Fuckin' white slut.

And the idea of doing that backwards made her feel like a slut. Oddly enough to Heather the thought didn't make her feel bad. In fact it seemed natural in a way.

It was just after seven when Heather pulled into her driveway. She still had a couple of hours before she needed to pick up Terry from the Andersons' and Melissa from the Richter's, and Cindy Richter had told her to call before she came over to see if she was going to take some of the girls out for pizza for lunch.

Heather went inside and made a beeline down the hall to the spare bedroom to turn on the computer, giving Giggling Gary a push as she passed.

"La, la, ma, ma."

She went to the master bedroom and shed her clothes down to her panties. For a moment she thought about picking out something to wear for the afternoon, and then after deciding she didn't want to get dressed yet, thought about grabbing a long t-shirt or robe. In the end she decided that she didn't want to wear anything at all. So she took off her moist and musky panties and replaced them with a fresh pair before heading topless to the kitchen to make herself a cup of hot chocolate.

Heather gave Giggling Gary another pull as she went back down the hall.

"Ma, ma, he, he, hewah."

She smiled to herself as she listened to the happy toy, padding barefoot across the kitchen floor as her breasts bounced free.

-4-

Master_Vyper2000: Greetings Heather

ghostlymaiden: greetings heather

tmc31: greetings heather

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: hey sis
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: huuuuggggggssssss :)

frankensassy67: greetings heather

MasterSkullhead: greetings heather girl

rose_tyler_uk_sub: greets heather

Heather smiled at her welcome to Bored Like Hell.

fields_of_horror666: greetings E/everyone
fields_of_horror666: :)

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: sooooooooooooooooooooo
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: how did your….ahem…. "date" go

Looking at the screen she felt her smile widen. She was also aware of a butterfly flutter in her chest. Heather felt more than a little giddy.

fields_of_horror666: it went good

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: how good sis?
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: hummmmmmmmm?
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: lol

ghostlymaiden: lol

frankensassy67: lol

rose_tyler_uk_sub: lol @ you american girls
rose_tyler_uk_sub: come on and do tell heather
rose_tyler_uk_sub: inquiring minds apparently want to know

Master_Vyper2000: strongly agrees with that rosie

Heather covered her face and smiled as she looked at the screen. She felt like she was in high school all over again with Betty and Gail Brady urging her to tell all with all the other girls in their gym class standing around waiting for every little tidbit. She sighed to herself and started to type, and when she saw what she had written on the screen she realized her response screamed tenth grade as well.

fields_of_horror666: WE DID IT!!!!!!!!

For a moment there was “silence” in the room.

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: did what?

Heather moved her left leg back and forth, dragging her bare toes across the carpet.

fields_of_horror666: you know

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: you mean all the way?

Heather felt her face burning red. She was embarrassed and excited at the same time.

fields_of_horror666: yes
fields_of_horror666: * BLUSHES :) *

And the room erupted, and it definitely was just like the tenth grade girl's locker room.

ghostlymaiden: wooohooo

tmc31: you go girl

rose_tyler_uk_sub: oh my
rose_tyler_uk_sub: well then you go

frankensassy67: lol

Master_Vyper2000: rubs His chin and thinks ummmh

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: you need to fill me in on all the details later sis

fields_of_horror666: will do sis

tmc31: oh fuck that shit heather
tmc31: HOW WAS IT?

Heather snorted and laughed as the room erupted into lol's.

tmc31: well?

fields_of_horror666: it was good

tmc31: really good?

fields_of_horror666: really really good

rose_tyler_uk_sub: lol @ heather
rose_tyler_uk_sub: oh my

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: hummm

frankensassy67: wow
frankensassy67: really really good?
frankensassy67: a girl would not be opposed to a little of that

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: omfg
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: lmfoa @ sassy

Master_Vyper2000: My, oh My sassy

tmc31: holy shit!

rose_tyler_uk_sub: lol @ sassy and “really really good”

Heather laughed. Then her eyes widened as tmc entered her next question.

tmc31: so how many times?

fields_of_horror666: four, not counting messing around in the car and hall

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: oh?

tmc31: did you do it all in the same place?

fields_of_horror666: nope

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: hoookay sis

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: was going to wait for you to call but……
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: ….i thinks W/we all want to know the whens and wheres right nows

Heather covered her mouth and laughed before she typed in her response.

fields_of_horror666: couple of times in bed
fields_of_horror666: on the toilet
fields_of_horror666: and in the shower

ghostlymaiden: omfg
ghostlymaiden: lmfao

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: on the toilet sis?
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: ??????????????????????????

frankensassy67: lol @ on the toilet
frankensassy67: roflmfao

tmc31: hey, toilet sex is great
tmc31: especially in a public restroom

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: eeeeeeeewwwwwwwwwwwwwwww

Heather snorted and laughed at Kristen's response to tmc's comment.

tmc31: and how many times did you cum?

frankensassy67: tmc!

fields_of_horror666: * BLUSHES :) *
fields_of_horror666: not sure
fields_of_horror666: quickly lost count

rose_tyler_uk_sub: lol, oh my

Master_Vyper2000: rubs His chin and thinks ummmh
Master_Vyper2000: that good huh heather?
Master_Vyper2000: lol

MasterSkullhead: and this is vanilla fancy freddy?
MasterSkullhead: that guy with the goofy profile pic you showed U/us?

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: woooohhooooooooooo sis :)

tmc31: so how many times did he go?

frankensassy67: tmc!

fields_of_horror666: * BLUSHES :) *
fields_of_horror666: 6 or 7 i think

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: woooohooooooooooooo sis!

ghostlymaiden: wooooooooooo heather

frankensassy67: oh my

rose_tyler_uk_sub: wows

Master_Vyper2000: does His Darth Vader impression
Master_Vyper2000: < sends TESB 119.wav >

Heather laughed as heavy breathing and James Earl Jones's voice came over her speakers saying, "Impressive. Most impressive."

MasterSkullhead: so what does this guy eat?

-5-

Heather got out of chat and gave Betty a call to fill her in on what had exactly happened the night before, and that morning. Then she gave Kitty a

quick call before she got dressed and saw about getting the kids together. She had gotten so wrapped up in Bored Like Hell that she was beginning to run out of time, and she apologized for not having the time to run down and pay her a visit as she had promised. Her friend and mentor asked how her evening had gone, and she had giddily admitted that she had gone all the way with Freddy several times. To this she got the other woman's polite laugh and an, "Oh, my", in her Georgia peachy accent.

"Anything from the kids?" Heather asked, lying in bed.

"Not a thing", Kitty replied. "I helped walk the girls down to the Richter's at about eight. They got settled in, and Karen had the boys ready to watch some scary movies, so that was about it. No emergencies."

"Good," Heather said, smiling to herself. She ran a hand up her bare side.

"You going to pick them up soon?"

Heather rolled over on her stomach, feeling a sudden chill go through her as her bare nipples pressed into the top of the comforter. "I need to call Cindy first and see if Melissa is wanting to go with them for pizza."

"Are you going to be home after say one or so?"

"I should be. Why?"

Kitty let out another little laugh. "Come on, Heather. You're wanting to talk about last night. I can hear it in your voice." She paused. "And one must admit she would like to know more. That is if you think you'll be free to talk."

Heather had to laugh herself. "As long as the kids are occupied I can tell you a little."

"I see," Kitty said. "It got that exciting, huh?"

"Oh, yes," Heather told her, a smile on her face.

"Well then," Kitty said. "I'll come by after one."

"Okay, Kitty. I'll see you then."

"Be well, Heather."

"Be well."

Heather turned off the phone and rolled over, lying on her back and looking at the ceiling for a minute. She opened her legs and shifted them a little, again playing the previous night over in her head. Reaching up with her left hand she rubbed and cupped at her breasts. Already she was horny again.

Snap out of it! she thought. *You're not going to get anything done lying around playing with yourself.*

She sat up and turned the phone back on, dialing the Ricther's number. Cindy Richter answered after a couple of rings. The other woman told her that Melissa had been the perfect angel.

Yeah, right.

"Melissa wants to go with us for pizza if it's still okay," Cindy informed her.

"That's fine."

"We can just drop her by after we get back, unless you have to go somewhere."

"No." Heather replied. She had slid off the bed and opened her underwear drawer, finding a plain white bra and socks. Holding the phone with her chin she slipped a strap over her arm. "I'm going to get Terry from Karen's, and we might go and get something for us to eat. But other than that we'll be here."

"You could come with us if you want to," Cindy suggested. "We're going to go to Chuck E. Cheese by the mall."

Heather considered the offer for a moment. Pizza did sound good, and they hadn't been to Chuck E. Cheese in a while. But then she thought about Terry, and that he might think he was just a little too old. And it was also a chance for them both to have a little more time away from Melissa, who herself was no doubt looking forward to doing something without either her mother or brother there. "Thanks, but I think we'll pass. Terry won't want to go out with a bunch of girls."

Cindy laughed on her end of the line. "Yeah, you're probably right. Steven is the same way."

"We'll find something to eat and bring it here."

"Okay," Cindy said. "We'll see you a little bit later then. Bye, Heather."

"Bye," Heather returned. "And be sure to call me if you have any problems."

"I will," Cindy said. "But I won't. Melissa is so good."

Heather rolled her eyes as she sat the phone down on the dresser and pulled her other bra strap up. How was it that the bad child was always so good whenever they were with anyone else? Heather didn't know, and was pretty certain that she probably never would know.

After finding a long sleeved shirt and a decent pair of sweat pants Heather got dressed and drove down the street to pick Terry up from the Andersons'. The distance didn't really require a drive, or that she even pick Terry up, but the

original plan had been for her to pick both him and his sister up and drive to get something to eat. Well, even without Melissa they could still get lunch.

Karen met her at the door, and within a minute she started picking up where she had left off the previous evening. "You look a little flushed, Heather. You did have a hot date with a stranger last night." She gave her a slight elbow to the ribs, laughing her good natured laugh.

"No," Heather said. She felt sure that if Karen Anderson had any idea of how close to the truth she was that she probably would not be laughing or joking around with her.

"Well you must have had some kind of fun," Karen observed. "You're smiling."

Like a girl in the locker room telling her sexual misadventures to her friends, Heather found herself adding in though.

She looked like she had fun to Karen because she was smiling?

When didn't she smile?

Or did she not really smile at all?

It was something that Heather had never thought of before. She had never had any reason to think about it before.

Don't I smile?

There were her crooked, ugly, lips.

"Hey, Mom," Terry said, saving her from her thoughts.

"Hey, ready to go?"

"Yeah, I guess," Terry nodded.

"They were up all night watching movies," Karen informed her.

"Pretty cool?" Heather asked.

"Yeah, it was okay."

They said their goodbyes, Heather to Karen, and Terry to D.J. and some of the other boys. Then they got into the car and headed down the street. Terry was still dressed in the old clothes he had worn the night before, but he had taken off the latex and other make-up and cleaned himself up. He sat and looked out the window for the first part of the drive, his eyes revealing that his thoughts were far off.

"So, where we going?" he finally asked.

"To get something for lunch. Sally's mom is taking Melissa to Chuck E. Cheese, so I figured we could get something just for us."

"Cool."

"Anywhere you want to go?" she asked. "Sonic? Burger King?"

"Burger King," Terry replied with a smile.

"Chicken sandwiches," they said in unison.

Heather laughed and smiled. She knew her smile was one born of the joy of being a mother. It didn't have to do with having some kind of fun, or anything else.

Terry flipped down the passenger side visor and moved his finger along the CDs in the holder underneath. He found one and pulled it out, smiling. "Cool, my *Snow Day* CD." He slipped it into the dash and adjusted the volume and settings as Hoku's *'Another Dumb Blonde'* came on.

Heather thought to herself through the first notes of the song. Eight years ago it had been his favorite song.

Had it really been that long ago?

They had taken him to the movies, her, Bill and her mother, to see *Snow Day* when she was seven months pregnant with Melissa.

It really had been that long ago. It was the last movie they had gone to see before Melissa was born.

"So, what movies did you watch last night after the girls went down to the Richter's?"

"Some old school stuff," Terry replied. "Pretty tame. It was a bunch of stuff like they show on *Creature Feature*, so even the girls could have seen it. Well, most of it anyway."

"Like what?"

"*The Mummy*, *Dracula*, *Invasion of the Saucer Men*," Terry told her. "The only thing we saw in color was *Creepshow*. Now that was fu-." He stopped suddenly, faking a cough. "That was really cool."

Heather covered her mouth with a hand to hide the fact that she was smiling, and very close to laughing. Was her 13 year old really about to say, *Now that was fucking cool?* Now Bill probably really would shit a brick over that one. It was a bit more surprising than hearing Melissa say, gayford.

Of course Heather knew she was only 12 or 13 when she started using the F word and its many variations. In fact she remembered the first time she had ever said it out loud with anyone present. She was walking home from school to go to Erin Meyer's house after classes one day. They had walked out to the street, but they were not supposed to cross the road until all the school buses had pulled away from the school. Heather had just be-bopped right out into the road.

"You can't do that, Heather," Danielle Harris had said. "The buses!"

"Fuck the buses," Heather had called back over her shoulder, as if it were something that she did every day.

From that day on she had been the hero of that particular group of friends she had been part of, and the dreaded F-bombs had flowed from their mouths almost as often as "the" every time there were no adults around.

The chorus to *'Another Dumb Blonde'* came over the speakers, and for the first time Heather realized what was meant by the term "'tweens". Until right then she had never really even given the term any thought at all, feeling it was just another stupid thing people marketing at kids came up with. But now she realized that that was what her son was. He was a 'tween, in between being a little boy and being a teenager. The things happening in the car were a kind of proof. He was listening to something form his childhood he still managed to like, no doubt it was nothing he would admit to doing to any of his friends, and he was talking about horror movies. And coming close to forgetting who he was with and saying fuck out loud.

Maybe adults can be 'tweens too, she thought. *Maybe you were a 'tween of some kind where you were in between any phases in your life*. Right now she knew she was between being *Heather Ford* wife and mother, and *heather ford* submissive.

I really am between, she thought. *I can't really be both forever. Can I?*

Heather pushed it out of her mind, because she found it was something that she really didn't want to think about at that moment. Not right now, because she was having a moment with Terry. Even though she was sure that Terry would probably not understand or appreciate that moment any more than Melissa understood why she insisted on keeping Giggling Gary.

Over the course of the past few months, the past few weeks especially, she realized that she had started to become disconnected from the kids as well as her husband. *I can't let that happen anymore*, she thought.

"So what was your favorite part?" she asked.

"Huh?"

Heather smiled. "I bet it was the monster in the box."

Terry gave her a grin. "Yeah, that was cool."

"And the part where the guy had the stuff growing in his pants."

"Mom!" He turned away, a big grin on his face. "I can't believe you said that. *And no* that wasn't cool."

They looked at each other and laughed as they approached their destination.

-6-

A couple of hours later she stood around the side of her house smoking a cigarette with Kitty. Since Terry had found her pack the week before she had grown a little more leery of smoking on the front steps, especially when the kids were up. Of course that was no guarantee that she could hide the fact she was smoking if they came outside and simply walked around the corner.

Kitty lit hers and took a deep drag, exhaling a big puff of smoke. She had listened as Heather had, in hushed tones, filled her in on the events of the night before and that morning, as the kids played games down the hall. The other woman had listened very attentively, and Heather wondered if she seemed to listen with so much intensity when Kitty was telling her about her past. She felt pretty sure that she did.

"I must say, Freddy sounds very virile," Kitty commented. She shivered, and Heather was sure it was a shiver of excitement, and not due to the chill in the air.

"Are you hot?" Heather asked, her voice just above a whisper, even thought they were outside.

Kitty shot her a quick smile. "I am human. Hearing sexual stories excites me." She then took another drag off her cigarette. "The part you told me about where he said you would let him come by and have you right after Bill." She gave a nod. "That spoke to me."

They both laughed.

"I thought it might."

"Well, one is used to it working the other way around," Kitty went on. "Guest of honor first, then Earl."

"I see," Heather said. She then took a drag off her own cigarette. "About stuff speaking to you?"

"Yes?"

Heather shrugged. "There was a lot of stuff he said that, you know, spoke to me and pushed my buttons. And some stuff I did not get."

"Such as?" Kitty probed.

Heather made a slight sighing sound, and then had another drag off her cigarette. "He kept saying that I was squirting. I didn't really get that. I mean I

know I was wet. Really wet." She glanced to see that Kitty was covering her face and mouth, looking away. "Are you laughing at me?"

Kitty shook her head no, but the smile on her face said otherwise. Reaching out with her free hand she gave her a pat on the shoulder. "You've never done that before?"

"No. Done what?"

"It's okay," Kitty said. "Not a lot of women do it. I've never done it."

"What is *it*?"

Kitty waved her cigarette hand as she began to explain. "Squirting," she said, and paused. "Some people call it gushing, but it's mainly known as female ejaculation."

"Ejaculation?" Heather asked. "You mean coming like a man?"

"Kind of," Kitty said. "From what some girls have told me about it, when they're really excited they come, and it's a big gush of liquid. Some have told me it comes out in a big burst, and others say it kind of just flows out like someone turned on a faucet. Some do both."

"And you have never done it, or seen anyone do it?" Heather asked. She wasn't sure which amazed her more, the fact that it was something Kitty had no experience with, or that she could do such a thing without realizing she was doing it.

Kitty shook her head. "I know there are women who actually try to make it happen, but the ones I know haven't had any success in forcing it. It could have something to do with the person they're with."

Well, Heather could certainly agree with that assessment, given the few facts that she had. After all she had never done it before, that she knew of, and that made her feel certain that Freddy's size and ability to know what to say to turn her on had to play some part in it.

"There are a lot of videos that are supposed to show it," Kitty went on.

"Supposed to?"

Kitty nodded and took another drag off her cigarette before dropping it and grinding it out with her toe. "I talked with a Master not too long ago, and he had a great deal of experience with women who gush, and his opinion was that most of the girls in the movies were either faking it with special effects, or urinating."

"Ummm." The idea of a girl peeing on herself on DVD for a few extra dollars didn't sound very appealing.

But then as Heather considered it another way-

The older woman had her hand in her coat pocket, pulling out her pack of Camels as Heather was about to put out her own cigarette. She lit her second one and leaned back against the wall. "I had come to understand early on that you were turned on by the verbal aspect of submission. Verbal abuse turns you on. You told me that when you talked about being with Bill after we started discussing the lifestyle."

Heather gave a nod. "Yes, it does."

"And verbal humiliation as well?"

"After last night I'm definitely sure that does the job," she admitted.

With a smile Kitty let out a slight laugh. "So let's discuss your verbal bent a little more."

"Okay."

"What did Freddy say last night that, *pushed your buttons*?"

"He said a lot of things, in a lot of ways," Heather began. "Freddy is very verbal. He would tell me what he was going to do, and he would imply what he wanted me to do. When we started messing around his tone and attitude toward me was different. He shifted from being my friend, someone I was an equal with, to someone who was aggressive, a little full of himself."

"The male bravado," Kitty observed. "It makes him a natural dominant in a way. You showed your willingness to have sex with him, and he let you know, that at least while you were together that way, that you belonged to him and that he was the one in control."

Heather nodded. "He said things to me that would have made me mad if we weren't having sex. He kept telling me I was a slut, and I didn't want to disagree. Honestly, Kitty, I loved that. I wanted to prove him right." She reached into her pocket and fished out her cigarettes and lighter. "I have this need-. It's weird. I feel like I'm supposed to act dirty, slutty. I want to do it because I know that I'll get called a slut, and treated like a slut, by a strong dominant man." She got her cigarette out and lit it. "And I don't just want it to be a strong man. In deep down I know I want it to be a real master, even when I'm not consciously thinking about it."

"I know the feeling well, Heather," Kitty told her. "After Master Elias left me, that time between him and Master Ryan-. No. Really the time between Him and Master Chambers-," She paused, as if thinking of what to say. She took another deep drag off her cigarette. "I let myself be used by all those men, not just because I was searching for the right one to dominate me and be my

Master, but because I wanted it, and I craved the sex. And I knew the day would come, when I finally did find a Master, and he would use me, and abuse me any way he liked, and punish me for being a slut and a dirty whore."

Closing her eyes, Kitty shivered and paused. "J.J. was the perfect Master, Heather. Those first couple of years were sweet torment. Having to listen to Him with Dinah, and dealing with all the torture that Sister Scarlett secretly doled out. When I was a common submissive I had to serve out that role for several Masters." Opening her eyes she looked to Heather. "You know."

Heather nodded. Yes she knew. Kitty had told her several stories of being lent out as a servant or sex slave to other masters.

"He knew I would grow out of it," she went on. "He knew over time, by turning a girl out that way she would lose her sluttiness and truly be His, and know what true submission was without being clouded or confused with the sexual aspects of it." She took another deep drag off her cigarette and exhaled. "He knew, and it worked. And once this girl was elevated to His Number One she never was with anyone except for the times when He told her she must." She hugged herself, squeezing her breasts to her as she smiled. "And even that was okay, because that was what He needed of this one, and it made her happy to serve Him that way."

Pausing, Kitty let out a little laugh. "A girl didn't revert back to being a slut until after He was gone. But one knows He understands, and is sure that in lieu of being released to find a new Master this would be the life He chose for this girl after He departed."

Heather merely nodded her agreement, not knowing what else she could possibly add.

"What else did Freddy say to you that struck a chord with you?"

"He kept calling me things, which really would have upset me if we weren't in bed," Heather admitted. "He called me a bitch, and a skank. And the one thing I remember him saying the most, and I could tell it got him off to say it, and it got me going too, was that he kept calling me his white slut."

"And that excited you?"

Heather nodded, taking the last drag off her cigarette and dropping it to the ground. She quickly pulled her pack out and replaced it with another. "Have you ever-?"

Kitty looked at her, her face drawn up in concentration. Then it changed, the light coming on, as she realized what she was asking. "Been with a man of

color?" she asked. "No."

"Freddy is the only person I've been with that wasn't white," Heather admitted.

"We're both southern girls," Kitty observed.

Heather nodded. "Have you ever thought about it before?" She took a drag off her cigarette and peeked around the corner, making sure the front door was still closed and there was no sign of the kids poking their heads out. "I have thought about it before, used to have fantasies about it a long time ago. But I haven't thought about it for a while, really. Last night wasn't planned. It just happened, and, you know, Freddy just happens to be-"

"Of course I have always been curious," Kitty admitted, after Heather's pause had hung a little too long. "And I've had fantasies. Pretty hot ones." She laughed. "Earl would love to watch me get fucked by a black man."

"Really?" Heather found herself a little surprised.

"He had a threesome once with his first wife and a black man that he worked with at the time. He says he can't get it out of his head, and he would love to do it again if I was willing. We've had several offers from men online, but none of the men I've chatted with appealed to me enough."

Kitty took a step back and leaned against the outside wall of the house. A slight breeze was beginning to pick up. "Master Chambers also discussed the idea of watching me with a black man. We talked on and off about it for years, but nothing ever came of it, although we both agreed it would be exciting. He just never could find anyone He felt comfortable enough to share one with."

"Those old southern values again?" Heather asked.

"I suppose."

Heather hugged herself as the breeze picked up further, becoming a little more chilly. She put her cigarette out, standing in silence as she waited for Kitty to finish hers. Her thoughts were on their common like of aggressive men who loved to dominate them both physically and verbally. There were differences, she knew, in the ways that each of them liked it. But maybe they were closer than she thought. Maybe she didn't see things the same as Kitty because she-?

Was a newbie?

A 'tween?

Hadn't found a real master?

"Kitty?"

"Yes?"

“Have you ever been with someone that really had you, verbally, that wasn’t a master?”

Kitty shook her head and dropped her cigarette. “Not since I first moved to Atlanta,” she said, grinding the butt out with her toe. “And none of them really, you know, did *the job*.” She took a step off the wall and smiled at Heather. “Since the day the Master Chambers bought me from Master Ryan I have not been with anyone who wasn’t a dominant, with the exception of Earl. Vanilla sex, sex with vanilla people, just isn’t for me.”

“I understand.” And at her core Heather felt she had a better understanding of where she stood with the other woman, it all seemed to be woven into the last sentence. She felt Kitty was superior to her. The other woman was more advanced, whether she thought of herself in those terms or not. Heather felt her need for submission would never be meaningful unless she had a true master, and it would have to be someone Kitty would see as a true Master in her own eyes. Whether or not it was something she would admit to Heather knew that Kitty would never view her as being a real submissive as long as she was with someone who was just dominant and aggressive.

Why? She didn’t understand. *Why was it so important to be viewed as a “real” submissive in the other woman’s eyes? Why?*

Why couldn’t she be a mistress?

She knew at that moment if she was she would throw herself at her feet right there and beg her to make her her slave.

But she wasn’t.

Kitty never could be. She was a submissive. It was the only thing that she had ever known that she wanted to be.

What was it?

Heather wanted that sense of kinship she had with Kristen. A part of her felt that if she had it, if she really had that kind of kinship of true sisterhood, then perhaps Kitty would see her-

As what?

Someone she would like to have sex with?

As someone she could have a deeply intimate encounter?

“I have a story in mind,” Kitty said. “It just came to mind, about someone who knew how to push my buttons. *And Earl’s*.”

“Oh?”

Kitty gave a nod and waved her hand. “I don’t want to tell you right now,” she said. She glanced to the front of the house, indicating it would probably take longer than she wanted to with the kids around.

“It’s hot and deep?”

With a smile Kitty nodded.

Heather drew a loud breath. “Think you can make it over later on?”

“How late?”

“Well it is the weekend. The kids will probably be up until after one.”

“Perhaps tomorrow,” Kitty suggested. “If they’re busy, before Bill gets back.”

“Well, they may go out visiting,” Heather offered. “Is it good?”

Kitty again nodded, her smile growing a little wider. “Oh, yes. I believe you will think it’s good.”

“Okay, then,” Heather said. “Tomorrow.” She didn’t have any idea what the other woman was going to tell her about, but she could tell it was something good. She could hardly wait.

-7-

After Kitty had left Heather busied herself around the house. She vacuumed the bedroom and the living room. Then she had started on the laundry before fixing dinner for herself and the kids. She knew if she had everything done beforehand it would give her plenty of time to talk with Kitty the next day, and she would have the house clean and ready before Bill got back the next night.

Once she had dishes done she had called Freddy, who sounded more than happy to hear from her. She made the call from the master bathroom, just in case Terry or Melissa decided to come in, so they wouldn’t hear her, and she would have plenty of time to hear them coming. Their conversation was hot as they discussed the previous night and that morning. Freddy made it plain that he wanted to get together with her again, sometime soon, and he kept making comments about what he wanted to do with his hot white slut the next time they saw each other. Heather had not been able to keep from touching herself as she listened to him, although she tried her best to keep him from finding out. However, he seemed to sense that she was really worked up from his end.

“You rubbing that pussy, mommy?” he finally asked, his tone low and husky.

“A little,” she admitted. There was no way she could lie about it. Heather knew she couldn’t resist telling him anything he asked.

“How you doing it?”

She smiled, her face burning. “I’m rubbing it through my pants.”

“Is it wet?”

“Yes.”

“You can feel it through your pants? And your panties?”

“Yes.” She hissed out her response. She knew she probably shouldn’t do this with the kids down the hall, but she felt that she couldn’t help herself.

“Why don’t you pull them down?” Freddy suggested. “You’re on the potty, right, mommy?”

“Yes.”

“Pull them panties down for Papi, mommy. Rub that slut pussy real good.”

Heather felt as if it were a request, a command and permission all rolled into one. Automatically she raised her bottom off the seat and worked with one hand to get her sweats and her panties down to her knees.

“You got ‘em down?”

“Yes.” She felt giddy. Her head was swimming a little.

“Put your fingers in, mommy,” Freddy gasped. His tone was a sign that he probably had his own pants open and that he was stroking his big fat cock. “Make yourself squirt all over them.”

It didn’t take too long before Heather had worked herself to an orgasm by rubbing her clit. She moaned and sighed into her phone as she felt a trickle of liquid coming from her throbbing pussy. It made her wish that he was there, and that she could have him sit in her place so she could mount him on the toilet as she had at Betty’s that morning.

Jesus, it was so fucking hot!

-8-

Heather took a shower as soon as she had gotten off the phone with Freddy. She could feel the satisfied smirk on her face for the rest of the evening. Once she went back out to the living room she did her best to act casual around the kids, although she was not quite sure of why she felt it was necessary to do it. Perhaps it was because she had had phone sex with someone who was not their

father while they were both in the house and awake. Perhaps it was a form of guilt.

She waited until almost two, when she was sure they were both asleep, before she went outside and called Kristen. Again she realized that now she was not only being sneaky around Bill, but with Terry and Melissa as well. Cigarettes, phone calls, the Internet, meeting men, the lifestyle. All of the sudden she had a secret life of her own, one she had began to build without really realizing that she was doing so.

"So," Kristen began, her tone filled with mischievous glee. "Details." She had been up all night, chatting to Vyper, fan and sassy, awaiting her call.

Heather laughed. "There are plenty," she said. "More since this morning."

"Really?" Kristen questioned. "You saw him again already, sis?"

"No. I talked to him earlier."

"Ohhh," Kristen cooed, not much unlike the way Betty used to do when they were in high school and she had something juicy to reveal. "A little phone-."

Heather laughed again. "Yeah, well-"

"Do tell."

Smiling and blushing a little to herself Heather launched into the story of her phone call, and subsequent phone sex with Freddy as she sat on her toilet earlier that evening. She felt she had been alternating information between people all day long. She filled everyone in from Bored Like Hell in that morning, and then Kitty earlier in the afternoon, being able to tell the story in a much more detailed way than in chat. And now finally she was retelling it all to Kristen, now with even more details she would have to relate to her mentor later on.

"I'm thinking about going to the bathroom and pretending to be you right about now," Kristen said once she finished.

Heather shook her head and laughed. "So, talking and hearing about these things pushes both of our buttons."

Now it was the other woman's turn to laugh. "It's why we get along so well, sis." She paused for a moment. "Are you going to see him again?"

In the darkness Heather grinned to herself. "Most definitely." Then she added, "I just don't know for how long."

"I see. Because he's not in the lifestyle?"

"Yes," Heather said. "It was very good and all. Hot, very intense. But-"

"You think it will wear off because he's not what you're looking for?" Kristen asked.

“Well, if I’m already thinking it right now-”

“Then you know.”

“Right.”

Kristen made a slight cooing noise on her end of the line. “So when are you going to see him again? I get the feeling you’re going to fuck each other’s brains out until you think it’s time to move on.”

Again Heather laughed and immediately covered her mouth because it was loud enough to echo in the quiet night. “Did you switch places with Betty?”

“Come on, sis, we both know human nature,” Kristen said. “I would do the same thing if I were in your shoes.”

Heather knew that the other woman was telling the truth. And it wasn’t just her, or even just Kristen for that matter. Kitty implied the same thing about herself in her early years. Whenever a true master was unavailable sex with a master or other dominant man seemed to suffice for those lean times. Yes, on her part, was of course the answer. As long as it lasted, until she needed to move on or he moved on to his next conquest, she was, as Kristen suggested, going to continue to fuck his brains out.

Besides, Freddy was so fucking hot! She just had to have more, even if it was a little more.

“Can I ask you something?”

“You should know by now you can ask anything without having to ask if you can, sis,” Kristen told her.

“I know,” Heather said. “Sometimes I worry about getting too personal. Even with Kitty.”

“It’s okay,” the other woman told her, her voice full of understanding. “What is it?”

“Well-,” Heather began. “You’re the only person I know, other than Betty, that’s ever, been with someone outside their race.”

“So you want my view?”

Heather nodded, looking to the darkened windows of her own house. “I suppose.” She looked back around to the other side, as if to make sure that no one was coming. “I’m wondering if that was a part of it, you know, since I’ve never been with anyone who wasn’t, well white. Him calling me his white slut got me really hot. I felt like it was doing something really, taboo. I don’t think I would have even thought of it like that if he hadn’t said it. If he hadn’t said-. No-. I wouldn’t have thought of it at all because Freddy isn’t-”

“He isn’t what?” Kristen asked after she had taken a pause which was a little too long.

“Black.”

“Oh, I see,” her friend said. “People’s minds work on things in different ways.”

“I guess,” she replied. She fished her pack of cigarettes out of her pocket and opened the box up to slide one out. “I know you told me that it was no big deal, but did it, when you were with that guy you told me about, did it feel a little different?”

Kristen laughed slightly on her end. “Well, yeah, I told you it was no big deal, but the build up to get there was pretty exciting. The sex was hot, sis, with all the guys I was with it was hot, at least while it was going on. After it was done, was when it really felt like it wasn’t a big deal. So, yes. When I was with him it felt different, a little more steamy, but like you said, it was something about breaking a big taboo.”

“I know,” Heather breathed as she exhaled her first drag. *God, I know*. “That said, sis, would you try it again?”

“Eh,” Kristen replied. “If I was into it at the time, and was in your situation now I would go on. But as far as having interracial sex again, it’s not something on my radar. But I won’t say that I wouldn’t do it again.” She paused, and from the sound in the background it was apparent she was repositioning herself on her bed. “What are you thinking about? Looking for a master who’s really tall *dark* and handsome?”

“Being specifically called a white slut made me hot, sis,” Heather admitted. “I’m not sure if it would be the same to be called just a plain slut after this, or if it’s something that I’m just going to get off on while I’m with Freddy.”

“Maybe time will tell,” Kristen suggested.

Heather took another deep drag and exhaled. “Yeah, you’re probably right.” She had so many ideas in her head and was going in so many directions. Maybe it was getting harder for her to tell exactly what she was wanting.

“Stop getting ahead of yourself, sis. I think you already know from last week that you need to slow down.”

“Yeah, I know.” That was true. And things had happened real fast with Freddy, but she had already known him, at least online, a long time. Finding a master, a real master, was going to take more time.

But how long would it take? she found herself wondering.

It was a question that she couldn’t answer, and one she knew that none of her friends could answer for her.

Oh, well

, she decided. Until she felt that time was getting closer she resolved that she would have fun with Freddy, while it lasted, and hope that he didn’t become a distraction to keep her from finding a true master to dominate her.

CHAPTER TWELVE:
submissive-Cuckold Romance And Relations

-1-

Indeed Heather's relationship with Freddy Perez would only last a few months, from the end of October until the beginning of the new year, before they both decided it was time to move on. Ironically they both came to the decision at roughly the same time. Heather found that the longing to truly serve, even though it had only recently become a known facet of her life, was one that she could not resist, even for someone who made her as hot as Freddy did. And Freddy, for his part, Heather knew, was restless to move on to his next conquest. The next conquest he went after, not surprising Heather at all, was a very willing Betty.

However in those few months things were very hot, and very intense. Heather had not remembered being so intently into someone since she was in high school and had first discovered sex. Cybersex and phone sex, two things she had never indulged in through all the years she had chatted up until the time she met Rich Davis, became an almost daily occurrence from the morning after they first had sex, right up until the middle of December.

Every time she had an excuse to be out and he was off work they were together. And they had done it in a variety of places: in the back seat of her car at the mall, his house, Betty's house, and even once, when he had bold enough to show up on Friday morning unannounced right after the kids left for school, on the living room floor of her own house. The latter had been risky, especially considering how Brad had finally caught Betty, but it had been so hot. She had

answered the door and there he was standing, hot and ready. What else could she do?

But the relationship with Freddy really wasn't much of a relationship at all. Heather wasn't even sure if it really counted as much of an affair. Their friendship didn't really grow any stronger due to their close contact. She didn't find herself starting to fall in love with him, nor did she want to. Whenever they were together it was nothing but sex. Nothing but pure, unadulterated, monkey love.

Ohhh, ohhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahha!

Their meetings were not a secret from Kitty, Betty or her friends from Bored Like Hell. They all got every juicy detail from her, again like a high school girl telling her sexual escapades to her gym class in the girl's locker room. But once the tale was told that was it. The rest of the time, especially when she was chatting, she was on the lookout for a master.

Ironically, even though she continued to actively search for someone to use her as a submissive, she would not find someone until she and Freddy had stopped seeing each other. It was when the fling was over, she would later realize, that she became more serious.

-2-

The afternoon after her first encounter with Freddy, just as promised, Kitty came by to talk to her about the person she had alluded to the day before who, knew how to push both her and Earl's buttons. For the first few minutes after she arrived the two chit-chatted over cups of hot chocolate. Terry had gone to the Andersons', but Melissa lingered at the house another 20 minutes before heading down to the Ricthers'. Once the girl was gone they had the house to themselves for pretty much the rest of the afternoon, at least until Bill returned from his trip with Sammy.

Once they were alone Heather related her phone sex session with Freddy before Kitty started her own story. Again the older woman listened intently, and again Heather wondered if this was the same way she looked when Kitty told her stories about her own past.

"Now what were you going to tell me about?" she asked once she was finished.

Kitty smiled, pausing long enough to finish her cup of hot chocolate and sit the mug down on the coffee table. "It is about a person we met several years ago, not too long after we realized we wanted to be together, despite the fact we were both submissives." She paused and gave a tug at the neck of her shirt. That day, due to the cooling of the air, the older woman had forgone her usual attire for jeans and a long sleeved black turtle neck. "In fact it would be the first lifestyle oriented event that we experienced together."

The fact that she was wearing a turtle neck was not something that went unnoticed by Heather. Kitty had told her that the turtle neck was something that a Number One had worn whenever she presented the public face of Master Chambers' house. She confessed seeing Dinah in them had made her hot many times over the years.

Seeing Kitty herself in one now Heather could see why that was the case. There was something alluring about seeing her covered up as opposed to being revealed. It made her want to see her uncovered more, uncovered until she was completely bare.

"Before I get started would it be possible for you to make me another cup of hot chocolate?" Kitty asked. She pushed her mug across the table to the other side, stopping it just shy of Heather's own cup. "It is very delicious. I think the marshmallows really set it off."

"Of course, Kitty."

There was something about her that day Heather found. Something that made her wonder if the other woman was again testing her, perhaps because of her experiences with Freddy over the past couple of days. Part of it, she felt, was the turtleneck.

When Kitty had come and she saw what she was wearing it had made her feel compelled to say, *Welcome to our home*. Which was always Kitty's greeting when she went to her house. Her imitation received a knowing smile from the older woman. And now she found herself rising from her chair automatically, ready to fulfill her simple request for more hot chocolate.

God damn it, *why couldn't she be a Mistress?* Heather found herself wondering again. It would, in many ways, make things so much easier.

So Heather went to the kitchen and opened the cabinet to retrieve the hot chocolate mix. She wanted to rush, to hurry the process along, but she knew that she couldn't do it. She shouldn't do it. Things like this, anything that was

requested, was to come in the proper time. She knew that Kitty would tell her that a good master would expect no less.

"Thank you, Heather," Kitty said once she returned and placed the mug back in front of her.

"You're welcome, Kitty," she replied.

What she really wanted to say was, *You're welcome, ma'am*, but Kitty had already told her on the day that she visited her house and saw the private rooms for the first time that she never felt comfortable being called ma'am. So in lieu of actually calling her anything Heather simply substituted her name instead. If the other woman felt that her attempt at imitation of the way she spoke was unusual or out of the way she gave her no indication.

"Please, sit," Kitty said.

Heather snapped out of her slight daze of being stuck in her own thoughts. Her cheeks flushed as she realized that she was just standing over her. She turned and stepped back to the recliner. "Thank you, Kitty," she said, before sitting down.

Kitty said nothing, but Heather could almost hear her saying, *Good girl*, in her head.

"I had been with Earl, as a couple, for about two months," Kitty began. "Things moved a little fast between us once we really realized that we were made for each other. Two weeks after we decided to give it a go I moved in with him. And despite our orientation, things were, a little bit vanilla in some respects through those first months."

Kitty paused and smiled. "That was of course until we went on vacation."

"Of course it wasn't much of a real vacation, more like a weekend getaway. He brought up the idea, and neither one of us had been to the west coast, to see the Gulf of Mexico, so we both took a Friday off and we left in the morning and drove until we got to a nice resort on the beach, which we had found by checking with a travel agency."

Kitty closed her eyes, leaning her head back on the couch a little. She took in a breath, and her chest heaved, making her breasts seem to swell. And indeed, from Heather's vantage point they looked as if they had swollen another cup size, stretching the fabric of the non-revealing turtle neck.

Heather caught her own breath, and she could feel a deep tingle inside. She had seen that way Kitty closed her eyes and started breathing before. The older woman was going into her sub trance, and Heather knew whatever she was going to reveal was going to be something hot and erotic.

It was too fucking hot!

"As I have told you, once I moved to St. Augustine I became somewhat of a beach bunny," Kitty continued, opening her eyes. "So despite the fact that we lived practically at the beach I was ready to go out and enjoy the sun almost as soon as we arrived. I did feel a little guilty at first, but Earl assured me it was okay with him if I went down to the pool and sunned myself while he brought everything to the room. Knowing it would help feed his submissive nature a little I didn't push the issue, I quickly got over my guilt and got into my bikini, threw a few things into a shoulder bag and headed right down to the pool.

"It was a really nice resort, with a pool about twice the size as most would have on the beach. And it was a beautiful day, the sun was out, but it wasn't blistering hot like it is now, you could still get out in the sun and enjoy it without suffering from heat stroke.

"So I went out to the deck and found an unoccupied chair and began to set up. I took off my wrap and sunhat and took a bottle of suntan lotion out of my bag and covered my back and shoulders as good as I knew I could on my own. Then I laid out on my stomach and closed my eyes."

Kitty paused and laughed. "I didn't get too much of a chance to relax and sun my back."

"What happened?" Heather asked. Deep inside she knew it was coming.

"Well," Kitty said, "I was laying there for a couple of minutes when a male voice said, Hello, girl.

"I half turned, propping myself up on my elbow and found myself looking at an extremely well chiseled man in his early 40's." Closing her eyes again she smiled. "You know how attractive I find well built men. For the first time since J.J. had passed away I found myself looking at a man who made me want to just swoon."

A smile on her on face Heather laughed.

"Already I knew I was looking at a dominant and that he knew that he was looking at a submissive."

"Your tattoo is a blatant advertisement," Heather found herself saying. And now she knew that it really was. In fact she had had so many offers from online

Masters recently that she had been forced to finally take all of the close-up pictures of her tattoo off of her Peeplchat profile. Heather found that ironic in a way, since only in the past four months had she come to realize that that was what it was in a lot of ways.

"True," Kitty agreed, "but that was the first time that it had ever really been an advertisement." She paused, grinning. "It was a surprise, but not at all an unpleasant one.

"I looked over his square jawed face. His blue eyes were covered by a pair of dark shades at that moment, and up to a crown of sandy blonde hair. And then I looked all the way back down, to his pecs and his six pack abs, and then finally to the noticeable bulge in his blue swim trunks."

Heather laughed. She couldn't help herself.

"Well, I am a woman after all, Heather," Kitty said in her own defense. "Without J.J. I could afford to lose control just a little and be lusty and wanton. And I am sure at that moment I was sending all of the right signals. I know I removed any lingering doubt in his mind as to what I was when I finally returned his greeting with a, Hello, sir."

Again Heather laughed.

Kitty shook her head, then nodded. "A good chuckle was his first reaction too."

"I'll bet," Heather laughed.

"I'm Matthew," Kitty continued, undeterred. "Matthew Salinger. And what is your name, if you don't mind me asking?

"Kitty McClain, I replied. And, no, one does not mind. What can one do for you, sir?

"He laughed again, and it made him sound good natured. Well, nothing too overwhelming at the moment, he said. If it is not an inconvenience I would like the pleasure of your company.

"That would not be an inconvenience at all, sir," I said. "A girl would appreciate it, as a matter of fact.

"Very well, he told me. Would you care for a drink?

"Yes, sir, a girl replied, a drink would be very agreeable, thank you."

“We were on our second glasses of chardonnay before talk began to turn toward anything serious. A girl was wondering what was keeping Earl, but she decided that he was probably unpacking everything instead of coming straight down to join her at the pool. Which, of course, he was.

“We gave our respective histories to one another, how we each came to embrace the lifestyle, and one told him of Master Chambers and the years she had served under Him.

“Master Matthew gave his condolences, and informed one that he was currently without a submissive.

“Which reminds me, he said, are you here on your own?

“No, sir, one replied.

“Oh, he cooed in a sly tone. Girl’s weekend out?

“A girl laughed and blushed. No, sir.

“Family vacation?

“No, sir.

“Husband?

“One laughed again. No, sir.

“You’re with another master?

“One shook her head. Oh, no, sir.

“School field trip, he asked, rubbing his chin. Fiancée? Boyfriend?

“Yes, sir.

“He laughed, reaching out and placing a hand on a girl’s knee. Having him touch one made her feel a little giddy. However it was slightly improper at that moment, so one gently pulled away after letting his fingers linger there a moment.

“So which was it now? You’re a confusing one, Kitty McClain.

“One took another sip of her chardonnay before answering, giving a slight nod. One is with her boyfriend, sir.

“I see, he said. And does he know you’re in the lifestyle?

“Oh, yes, sir, indeed he does.

“And he is okay with you?

“Grinning widely one took the last sip of the wine. Yes, he is very okay with it. A girl leaned slightly closer to him, lowering her voice. We are a submissive couple.”

Kitty paused, opening her eyes and shaking her head back and forth slightly. “It was the first time I had ever said it. It had never been anything that had been

discussed other than between myself and Earl. In a way it felt funny to be saying it, especially to a relative stranger."

"What made you do it?" Heather asked. Surely she didn't have to.

"At that moment I was in need," Kitty replied. "I had not been with a dominant for months. And even with all the restraint in the world it can't make the craving go away." She picked up her mug of hot chocolate and took a sip. "Plus I hoped that Master Matthew would be interested, because as much as I wanted a firm hand on me I also wanted it to be something that Earl could share in, in some form or another.

"We had only batted the subject between us a couple of weeks before, trying to find a scenario, or scenarios, that would work for both of us at some level."

"And what did this Master Matthew think?" Heather asked. She felt certain that she already knew the answer. It was, after all, the entire point of Kitty's story. But she found herself, in anticipation, wanting to slightly prod her mentor along.

"He said, Intriguing.

"One was so surprised that she said, Really?, without thinking. One went to take another drink from her glass, but realized that she had already drank it all.

"Two more, Master Matthew called to the waitress, making her way around the deck. He took my glass and replaced it with his, which was still a little full.

"You get more interesting by the moment, Kitty McClain, he went on after a minute. One must tell me, how does that work?

"A girl laughed and was a little embarrassed to tell him that, Actually, one is not quite sure.

"The deck waitress came with two new glasses of chardonnay and one explained the situation. This girl told him that she had not been with Earl for very long as a couple, of how our relationship came about, and how we had decided to explore our submissiveness as a couple, the only problem being was that as yet we had not had an opportunity.

"I see, he said once one was finished. He was thoughtful and polite, a sign of a good and well experienced dominant. If One had an idea of what kind of scene you and Earl are interested in being in He might be able to help.

"And one confesses she hoped He would say something to that effect.

"So a girl filled Him in on all the scenarios she and Earl had discussed. And He listened with what seemed a great deal of fascination. And after He listened

He told one that there was a certain one of those scenarios which He found acceptable to taking part in.

“Do you think Earl will really find this agreeable?

“Yes, sir, one replied, feeling more than a little excited.

“Good, He said, leaning closer to this girl. In one’s ear, in a husky tone, He whispered, I really want to fuck you.

“God, a girl wants that too, one gasped.

“One was being wanton and slutty. It was what she wanted. It was what Master Matthew was wanting. And one knew that it was something that Earl wanted as well.

“Again he placed His hand on one’s knee, but this time she did not draw away. Listen to me, and do exactly what I say, girl.

“Yes, sir.

“One was wet. Very wet. For the first time since J.J. died one was with a master who came close to having the same effect that He had on her.”

-5-

“Earl was just getting into his bathing suit when a girl got to their room. Sorry to have taken so long, Kitty. I was just about to come down.

“One didn’t give him a chance to elaborate any further. She went to where he sat on the bed, straddling him, putting her arms around him and kissing him hard and passionately. He was only thrown off for a moment, because he returned the kiss.

“Wow, he breathed, once we stopped.

“A girl went right back to kissing him, sticking one’s tongue deep in his mouth. One rubbed herself against him, dragging the bare part of her breasts up and down his chest as one continued to grind against him. One could feel the hardness of his cock against the crack of her ass through our bathing suits.

“Wow!, he gasped once again when one stopped for breath.

“One still sat astraddle of him, reaching back to loosen her bikini top. A girl panted, out of breath.

“What is it, Kitty?, he asked. What’s going on?

“One kissed him again, this time quickly on the mouth, before answering. It’s finally going to happen, a girl said.

“What?, he questioned as one freed her breasts and pressed them to his bare chest.

“I met a Master at the pool, one replied, her voice husky and lusty. He wants us to join Him for dinner tonight. Dropping one’s tone even lower one added, And He wants to use a girl for His amusement after dinner.

“Earl’s cock was rock hard. One could feel it throbbing through our clothes. For real?, he gasped.

“One nodded.

“Holy hell, he breathed.

“A girl knows that he believed that an opportunity to share would not come for a long time. It had taken so long and there had been so little happen during both of his marriages.

“God, I’m hot, Kitty.

“One slipped off of him and off the bed. Then a girl slipped off her bikini bottom and stood before him in our cool, air conditioned room. His name is Master Matthew, and He gave a girl specific instructions. One reached down and ran a finger between her labia, touching the tip to her clit.

“What are they?, Earl asked, rising from the bed and slipping his bathing suit off. His cock was hard, and a long strand of precum was hanging from the head.

“He does not want you to touch this girl, one replied. Stepping forward one wrapped her hand around his hard shaft and slowly stroked him, making him moan. One is for Him until after tonight, but she is allowed to help you a little.

“Help me?, Earl gasped.

“Master Matthew wants you to have your edge taken off for now, one explained. You have to get off.

“Oh, God, Kitty, he gasped.

“We kissed again as one stroked him. Come here, one whispered.

“Kitty-, uh, what is it?

“A girl guided him to the other side of the room to the sliding glass door to the balcony. Master Matthew wants to watch what happens.

“What?, Earl questioned, his voice strained. How?

“He is watching from the pool deck.

“Our room was on the third floor, and it was a risky proposition, but one was willing to go through with it, and Earl allowed one to guide him by the cock to the balcony, so he was willing as well.

“Once we were in the sea breeze Earl asked if one could see Master Matthew and one found Him, pointing Him out. From the pool deck he waved and nodded His approval.

“Oh, God, Earl breathed. Is he going to fuck you?

“One went to her knees, kissing Earl’s stomach, and then his waist. Yes, Earl, Master Matthew wants to fuck this girl. One sucked his cock deeply into her mouth, just for one stroke.

“He wants to fuck this girl all night, one gasped.

“Again one sucked him in, savoring the taste of his dribbling precum.

“He told this girl He wants to fuck her like a total whore.

“Putting one’s mouth on Earl this girl sucked him down twice more.

“He wants to fuck this girl and use her like a total slut.

“A girl was jacking Earl’s slick cock up and down. One is sure we were both oblivious to our surroundings, and one is also sure that Master Matthew was oblivious to everything except the two of us on the balcony.

“He wants to fuck one in every hole, especially her ass because one told Him that you have never taken one there.

“Oh, God, Earl groaned. Kitty!

“This girl took him back in her mouth, sucking him deep several times.

“He wants to fuck this girl and then send her away after He is done, one hissed. He wants one to come crawling back to this room and beg you to take her back and forgive her.

“Again one put her mouth on him, sucking him harder, feeling him grow. Letting him slip out, a girl took him back in hand, jacking him hard and fast from balls to head.

“Will you still want to fuck this girl?, one asked, After He is done having His pleasure with her and turned her away?

“Oh, God, Kitty, yes!, Earl cried.

“At that moment he came, the first burst shooting from the head of his cock and out between the balcony railing. His second spurt hit he rail and his third and fourth spilled out all over one’s hand and slowly ran down her arm. A girl continued to stroke him, milking him until she knew he was dry.

“God, Kitty, I love that, he gasped in a whisper. I love you.

“I love you, too, Earl, one whispered back. Then added for effect said, But tonight a girl is not yours. Then one raised her hand to her face and licked his cum off the side of it.

“Kitty, he gasped.

“After using her mouth and tongue to clean his cock a girl peered out between the balcony rails to where Master Matthew was standing. Once she caught His eye He seemed to nod approvingly, then rub His hand down the front of his bathing suit suggestively. It made one sure that this was something all three of us really wanted to do, and it was going to be one hot night.”

Too fucking hot, Heather added in her head.

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Once Kitty had described the blow job scene on the balcony between herself, Earl, and a voyeuristic Master Matthew Salinger, it was cigarette time, both in the present, and in the older woman’s narrative. They went out to the steps, Heather not really caring at the time if Bill or one of the kids suddenly showed up and caught her. She really needed something to, as Kitty had put it in her story, *take the edge off*.

“Here, Heather,” Kitty said, handing her an already lit Camel.

“Thank you, Kitty,” she replied, taking the offered cigarette. The pack she had bought the day after she met with Rich Davis in the park had not lasted past the weekend. And that felt as if it had been a long time ago, when in fact it had only been a week and a half since she had gone to meet him and found out what kind of person he really was.

“You’re welcome, Heather.”

She watched the older woman light a cigarette for herself as she took her first drag. Again her breasts seemed to heave a little, swelling. Kitty was not wearing a bra and her nipples were hard, no doubt from the cold and her remembrance, two points pressing against the black fabric.

Heather was aware that her own nipples were hard as well, alive and erect inside the cups of her bra. Something else was very much alive and wanting attention too. While she waited for her mentor to continue she found herself playing the scenario she had begun over in her head, substituting Kitty, Earl and Master Matthew for herself, Bill and Freddy.

“A few minutes later we were laying in bed, still half-dazed. One was having a cigarette and rubbing Earl’s bald head. We had not finished on the balcony too long before there was a knock at the door, and Earl had thrown on

his bathing suit and answered. It was room service. Master Matthew had sent us a bottle of champagne.

"That was incredible, he whispered, for about the tenth time.

"It will only get better, one assured.

"As we lay he asked what we were going to do next. He wanted to know when Master Matthew was coming, and what the plans were.

"So a girl told him, Master Matthew would be coming around six, and that we would all go to a restaurant that He knew in the area. He had told one that it was nothing fancy, a family steakhouse which was part of a small chain." Pausing she smiled, a sly look on her face as she took another drag. "There were a couple of them fairly close to the resort we were at, but He wanted to go to one further so that we could all enjoy the drive."

"Oh," Heather commented.

"Dress was casual, but one was required to wear a skirt if one had brought one, and it just so happened that one had. It was short and tight, just right for the occasion."

Heather caught herself laughing. Sometimes Kitty sounded so funny when discussing certain sexual experiences. She often seemed to switch between a horny southern girl and the refined submissive that she had been trained to be.

She dropped her cigarette and ground it out with her toe. "Let's go back inside so I can finish."

"Okay."

They rose off the steps and went back inside. Heather walked around the living room as Kitty took her usual place back on the couch. Then, once the older woman had sat back down, she took her seat in Bill's recliner. She knew she was trying, at least in her own way, someway, to act as a submissive in the older woman's presence.

"Master Matthew arrived right on time, not too long after we had gotten finished with our showers and were getting dressed. He was dressed in a pair of black slacks and a white dress shirt, that was opened a couple of buttons. Once again one was taken by His striking and handsome figure.

"Hello, again, Kitty McClain, He greeted.

"A girl gave a curtsey, one she had learned well in the house of Master Chambers. Welcome to our room, Sir.

"He stepped in and one made formal introductions between Himself and Earl. For his part Earl looked impressed. He was very respectful toward Master

Matthew, just as he had been instructed to be by the Mistress he had served under when we met. One knew that deep down he was about to burst with excitement.

"There was some small talk between us for a couple of minutes, how had our drive been, and whether we liked the resort and such. Earl thanked Him for taking us to dinner and sending the champagne.

"Then Master Matthew asked, So, is Kitty a good fuck, Earl?

"Earl stumbled over his response, he was so excited. One was sure he was already hard once more, with precum leaking from his cockhead. Yes, Sir, he said. Kitty is really a good fuck.

"Master Matthew stepped closer to a girl, slipping His arms around one's waist. Really? He kissed one's cheek.

"God, Earl gasped under his breath. Yes, Sir.

"He kissed one on the mouth, and she opened hers to allow it to deepen. He stopped and kissed a girl, again on the cheek. You like fucking her?

"Yes, Sir.

"Master Matthew kissed one again. This time He pressed Himself even closer. His hands were on a girl's ass, and he was rubbing it, raising one's skirt over and above her moons. One had no panties on, as He had instructed, and she was sure Earl could see and was even more excited at this point."

With a sigh, Kitty paused. "This girl was very excited as well. She wished He would take her right there, or at least rub her pussy, which was getting very wet. One had no idea that a cuckolding scene would be so hot."

And Heather agreed it was hotter than she had thought it would be.

Really fucking hot.

Once again, as she listened to Kitty's narrative, she was replacing the cast of players with herself, Bill and Freddy in her mind.

"Master Matthew squeezed one's ass in his hands. Well then, I will have to find out what a good fuck she is then.

"Oh, Master Matthew, a girl said, trying to sound coy, You make one blush.

"Yes, Sir, Earl breathed.

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"It took about 45 minutes to get from the resort to the steakhouse. We went in Earl's car, which was a long white Lincoln at that time. In the parking lot,

before we left, Master Matthew had given us a simple set of instructions. Earl was to drive, and this girl was to keep Him company in the back seat.

"As we went down the road, light music playing on the radio, Master Matthew began to play with a girl. At first we kissed and He groped at one's breasts, rubbing her crotch through her skirt. Oh, Master Matthew, one gasped.

"Quiet, girl, He commanded.

"As he kissed one's cheek and along her neck she glanced to see Earl adjusting the rearview mirror. Knowing he was trying to watch made one's pussy even wetter.

"Get your skirt up, Kitty, Master Matthew said.

"Twisting in the back seat one worked quickly to obey, raising the front of her skirt up to her waist. The back went up as well, and when one sat back down after adjusting; the vinyl of the seat clinging to her bare ass.

"Master Matthew stuck two fingers in His mouth to wet them. Then He plunged them deep into a girl's pussy.

"One gasped and moaned. And Master Matthew gave her breasts a hard slap through her shirt and bra with the palm of His free hand.

"I said, quiet, girl.

"Yes, Sir, one apologized.

"You may have plenty of time to scream later.

"Glancing back up front one could see Earl's reflection in the mirror. He was wetting his lips, and a girl knew he must have wished he could stroke himself.

"Yes, Sir.

"Driving down the highway Master Matthew fingered one's dripping pussy. Then He coaxed one to lay out a little and open her legs. As He went down to lick this girl's pussy she looked into the mirror and watched Earl's reactions as He did. He was hot, one knows, doing his best to get to our destination and watch what was going on at the same time.

"Master Matthew was an expert licker, working one's clit with His tongue. One held her breath, closing her eyes so she wouldn't call out as she came in His waiting mouth.

"He stopped just as we reached our destination and sat up. One fanned herself a little, doing one's best to calm down. As the sign for the steakhouse came into view one adjusted herself in the back seat, getting her skirt straightened.

“Pull toward the back of the lot, Master Matthew instructed Earl as he pulled off the highway. There, He guided him. The corner space by the big tree.

“One looked to see a space by a big, moss covered, tree. It was a darker and fairly empty part of the lot, the tree being enough to block the illumination from a nearby light post.

“Park there and turn the car off, Earl. But just sit and do not get out. He looked to this girl and smiled, running a finger over her lips and down her chin. One is not quite ready to eat yet. But Kitty needs an appetizer.

“Yes, Sir, Earl replied. He pulled into the space and turned the car off, following His instructions.

“Master Matthew sat up and turned toward this girl. Then He opened his pants, pulling the zipper down. Reaching inside He fished out his cock. It was nice and long, with a fat swollen head. Looking at a girl, and then up front, into the mirror, He said, Suck Me, girl. Don’t you stop until you drink every last drop.

“Thank you, Master, one gasped. She moved toward Him, half sinking into the floorboard of the car. He let out a groan and put His hand on the back of a girl’s head as she took Him inside. His cock was hot and throbbing.

“That’s it, He moaned. Show Master how good you can suck a dick, Kitty. I know you’ve been wasting it on Earl for too long. Suck it. Suck it!

“A girl did as she was told, turning it on as she had learned to do through years of practiced training. One sucked up and down in long strokes, using her tongue, and wrapping a hand around the shaft at the base, above His balls, stroking Him as she sucked.

“Oh, yeah, Master Matthew crooned. She gives good head, doesn’t she, Earl?

“Yes, Sir, Earl replied, his voice sounding hoarse.

“Yeah, suck that dick, you fucking cunt!

“One sucked harder and deeper, savoring the taste of Him in her mouth.

“She sucks good, Earl. Kitty likes getting her mouth fucked.

“Yes, Sir.

“I’m going to make her suck my dick again later, get it all nice and hard. Gasping, Master Matthew paused to groan. Make her get it nice and wet so I can slide it right up her tight ass.

“Yes, Sir, Earl gasped. Please, Sir.

“One could feel herself getting excited as well. If there had ever been any doubt in one’s mind that she and Earl were not right for one another, that our kinks would not work well together, they evaporated in that moment, hearing his ragged voice full of raw excitement. One came again as she sucked Master Matthew’s cock, listening to the excitement in Earl’s voice, and knowing it made him want to be with her even more.

“Yeah, Master Matthew sighed. I’m about there, Kitty. He laced His fingers in a girl’s hair. I’m going to cum right down her throat. Gasping, He gave another pause. You going to kiss her when we’re done, Earl? You want to taste My cum in her mouth?

“God, yes, Sir. It was almost a plea.

“In one’s mouth she could feel Master Matthew swell larger.

“Here it comes, Kitty. Here it comes! He groaned loudly. You take all of this dick load down your throat, cunt.

“He erupted in one’s mouth so much and so fast that it almost made a girl choke. After the initial urge to spit Him out one did as she had been trained and began to suck along with the throb of His cock, taking down each jet of His sperm in a swallow. When one had finished He took it out of her mouth and ran his dripping cockhead over her lips as if He were applying a coat of lipstick.

“Once we had a few moments to compose ourselves and straighten our clothes we prepared to get out and go into the steakhouse. Earl was out first, coming around to open the door and help this girl out of the backseat. As soon as one was standing outside the car he was kissing her.” She paused, smiling. “One could feel the hardness and throbbing of his cock through our clothes.”

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It was hot. *Wayyyyyyyy too fucking hot*. Heather didn’t know how much more she could take. Once again her pussy was wet, sopping wet. She knew if she touched herself, or even moved and her panties rubbed her the right way that she would probably cum, squirting the same way she had with Freddy two nights before.

She was hotter, she knew, because for the first time, she was being given insight as to how Kitty’s relationship with Earl worked on a sexual level which satisfied them both. This was the first time she had heard anything personal about Kitty’s sex life of the relative present. She had told her of the scenarios

they mutually enjoyed, and given her the basics, but it had not given her a real sense of what it meant for them to be a submissive couple together. Only hearing first hand was any justice done as to how it worked and how they got off on it together. It was just as hot and erotic as any other scene which Kitty had described to her.

So this was how things were when they played with Master Dmitri or any of the other masters they had served for.

She went on with her tale, quickly going over dinner, which had been relaxed and casual, like any other couple out with a good friend. The only difference was that Kitty had sat with Master Matthew instead of beside Earl in the booth. They held hands, kissed and occasionally groped each other as Earl watched.

"One knows he was going crazy," Kitty said. "When he was sure not to be seen he would rub himself under the table."

The ride back to the resort had also been relaxed and casual, with Master Matthew and Kitty behaving like a long time couple in the back seat as Earl drove. The only real sign of his excitement was that he had driven back a little faster than he had getting to the steakhouse.

"We stood in the lobby, waiting for an elevator. When it came Master Matthew told Earl, We don't need you anymore tonight, Earl.

"Yes, Sir. There was a slight hint of disappointment in his voice. One knew that he was secretly hoping that he would be allowed to come to Master Matthew's room and be allowed to watch, but it had already been decided before one told Earl what was going to happen that night that he would be returning to our room alone for the night.

"Whenever I am done fucking her I will send her back to you, stinky and wet with My sweat and cum, just like the slutty cunt she is.

"Earl nodded, Yes, Sir. Please, Sir.

"Thank you, Sir, one added, kissing Him on the lips as the elevator door opened.

"We stepped inside, alone, and watched as the door closed with Earl standing, looking both excited and dejected on the other side.

“Earl stirred slightly when a girl opened the door to our room the next morning. There were no lights on, and the early sunlight from outside was the only light that penetrated the dark of the drawn curtains to frame the slider to the balcony, then just a quick wedge as one opened the door and closed it behind her.

“Kitty?

“Yes. One could hear the sheets rustle.

“A girl found her way to the bed. Then reaching found the sheets and uncovered Earl.

“How was everything?, he asked, a hint of excitement breaking through his tiredness.

“It was wonderful, one replied. Master fucked one so well, and so many times. One slipped onto the bed, removing her skirt as she did. Moving over and straddling Earl she removed her shirt and bra as well. He had been naked under the covers, and he was hard as soon as one touched him.

“What did He do to you?, he asked, his voice a whisper of anticipation.

“He fucked a girl’s pussy. And her mouth. Leaning forward one put her mouth over his and shared a deep and passionate kiss. His hands went to a girl’s breasts and kneading them, rubbing one’s nipples. He fucked a girl’s titties, coming on her face, and in her hair.

“Releasing one’s breasts he ran a hand through one’s hair, trying to feel if there was anything there. Yes.

“He really loved fucking this girl like a total whore. Making one lick His cum off the sheets whenever any spilled.

“Did He-?, Earl had to pause to wet his lips. He ran a hand down one’s back. Did He take-

“One in her ass?, one finished.

“Yes.

“This girl sighed. Yes.

“Oh, God damn, Earl cried.

“A girl kissed him again, grinding down on him, rubbing her bare pussy lips over his cock. One kissed his mouth. Then his neck. And then his ear. He made one take it in her ass not 15 minutes ago, right before He dismissed a girl and told her to come back to you for your forgiveness and understanding.

“Oh, God. Jesus.

“One’s tight ass is full of His cum. He told one to tell you that if you didn’t wait too long that you could use it to help you get inside.

“Oh, God, yes, Kitty. I want it, please.

“Lay back, one whispered. He did, and one turned to face away from him, crawling slightly down the bed. Then a girl raised herself up, squatting over him. One reached back and took his cock in hand. He moaned, gasping and panting as one guided him up her ass, lowering her weight on his shaft to help push him in.

“God, Kitty, he cried. Jesus. It’s so hot and wet.

“Yes, one gasped, feeling him all the way in her ass for the first time.

“I can feel it. His cum is getting on my balls. He put his hands on one’s waist and began to grind against a girl. In return one began to ride his cock up and down. Oh, God, this is wonderful. It feels so fucking good!

“And it did feel good, and one was so hot again to hear him so excited, to finally know Earl in his element as he had just come to know one in hers.

“Ride me, let me fuck your ass. Let me get Master’s cum all over me.

“Yes, one gasped. She rode his cock up and down, reaching between her legs to rub her pussy as she did. The night with Master Matthew had been exciting, but to be able to share it with Earl was just as exciting, perhaps even a little more exciting.

“I’m gonna come, baby, he shouted. I’m sorry, I can’t hold back anymore. Jesus!

“It’s okay, one gasped. The girl is coming with you.

“He swelled inside her ass and let out a groan. Ohhhhmmm! GOD! Jesus! Mmmh! Ahhhhhh!

“The first burst of his cum flooded one’s ass along with Master Matthew’s, and that was enough to help push this girl to her own climax. One stopped masturbating her pussy and leaned back, putting both hands behind her on the mattress for support. Leaning one’s head back even further one moaned as Earl continued to groan and thrust and cum up inside her ass.

“God! Yesssss! Yesssss! It’s so good! Ahhhhhhhhh!

“One’s legs felt rubbery. Ohhhhhhh! Yesssssssss! Bayyyyyybeeeeeee!

“God! I love you, Kitty. I love you!

“I love you, one cried, panting and trying to catch her breath. I love you, Earl. Letting him slide out one moved around on the bed and crawled up to him,

kissing his neck, his chin, his cheek, his lips. I love you! I love you! I love you! One called again and again, kissing his face all over.

-10-

Kitty finished telling Heather about the weekend they had spent at the resort before she went home, telling her that, despite the fact it was the main reason they had gone, neither one of them ended up putting a single toe into the Gulf of Mexico.

"We practically did not leave the room for the rest of our stay."

And Master Matthew Salinger was someone they would never see again after that first night.

Heather guessed the reason that she had to rush home to Earl so quickly after she was done was because retelling the memory was so hot that it had got her going enough to want to recapture it in part, by perhaps reminding her long time boyfriend, and retelling him the story as well.

Heather herself had decided to try and be good, because there was no telling when one of the kids might come back, but that wasn't to last too long. Bill arrived about 20 minutes after Kitty had walked home. He came right through the door and gave her a deep kiss, which she returned. And with that kiss all thoughts about the kids possibly coming back, and the fact the she had spent the first part of her weekend having mind blowing sex with another man went right out the window.

"I missed you," Bill said.

"I missed you, too," she agreed, kissing him again.

"Is this a contest to see who missed who more?" he questioned once she let him breathe.

Heather shook her head. "Come on," she said. "Let's fuck, Bill."

"Woah," he said, looking to the door. "Where are the kids?"

"Gone, for now."

Bill rubbed his chin, looking to her the way he did when he was going to drag things out and tease her. "And if they should come in?"

Heather kissed him hard on the mouth. "We'll close God damn the door," she informed him. "Terry's in middle school, Melissa uses words like gayford. I don't think they're stupid enough to walk in with the door closed."

"Okay," Bill smiled. "I guess I can get my stuff out of the truck later."

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: hot sis
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: real hot
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: who knew?
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: lol

That was Kristen's thought as they chatted through IMs while sitting in Bored Like Hell. Heather smiled at her response on the screen and typed back.

fields_of_horror666: it opened my eyes
fields_of_horror666: lol

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: it makes one see topaz in a new light
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: the whole cuckolding thing as well
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: not for me but wow sis

Smiling again Heather typed in her response.

fields_of_horror666: well it kind of made me curious

The symbol of a red hand popped up as Kristen's response.

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: now slow down there sis

fields_of_horror666: what?

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: well you came in a few months ago curious about the lifestyle
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: and over the past couple of weeks you've just went wild
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: jumping on every little kink you find out about wanting to try it
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: having sex with three men

In her defense to the last statement Heather replied:

fields_of_horror666: not all three at the same time, and one was just a blow job, and one of them was my husband

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: for how much longer?

fields_of_horror666: what?

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: how much longer will bill be your husband?
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: don't get me wrong, you know i wouldn't judge your choices heather
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: but……..
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: if you don't calm down a little and stop acting like a sub in a toy store with her Master's platinum card he's going to see that something is going on even if he's blind
nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: there i said it

Heather sat and looked at Kristen's words in the IM box. And she took a minute before responding to weigh those words. The other woman was right of course. Since she had made up her mind to meet with Rich Davis things were spinning out of control within less than two weeks. Almost everything she saw or heard about she wanted to try, and she wanted to try it all right then.

What's wrong with me?, she wondered. *Was it just that she completely lacked self-discipline and restraint? The two things she knew that a good submissive, a true submissive, like Kitty possessed*.

She knew at times even her mentor lacked those qualities. But even when she was starved for sexual satisfaction, as she had been when she met Master Matthew, she still held a great deal of control over herself.

Kitty had told her that it took a long time to learn that control, that it had taken her a long time to learn that kind of control.

But still, Heather wanted to know why she didn't have that kind of control right now?

It was because she was on her own, she realized, despite the fact that she had Kitty, and Kristen, and Sassy, and so many other guides.

It was because she needed to be with a real master, or mistress, to truly be trained and learn control.

fields_of_horror666: you're right sis
fields_of_horror666: you're absolutely right

nekkid_oil_fight_snsmo: so what are you going to do about it?

fields_of_horror666: i don't know
fields_of_horror666: i need to find a real master

But even as she was typing in her response, even though she knew it was something she needed, she found herself unsure if she were really ready to commit to the search.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN:
Master In her Dreams?

-1-

The two weeks leading up to Christmas had kept Heather busy juggling, with seemingly dozens of things at once. She had her weekly and her down to the wire Christmas shopping to get done. She had her social life and master searching in chat, which she had devoted some of each day to since the beginning of November. She had her weekly visits from Kitty, which she did her best to slip in two sometimes during the week. She had her husband and kids to take care of, getting them fed, up and out, and then fed again and off to bed each night. And finally she had Freddy, who she was still seeing as much as possible, even though she began to feel that they were both a little disenchanted with their relationship and each knew that the other knew it.

Knowing that the end was somewhere in sight, and already feeling that Betty and Freddy were secretly discussing the idea of getting together once she was out of the picture, Heather resolved to become even more serious about trying to find a master. She had put thought into it and chosen a chat ID that would reflect who she was and what she was looking for, flafemsub_bbw. It was something, just as Kristen had suggested, not at the top of the list, and not near the bottom, but somewhere in the middle. But her ideas as to what exactly to put in her profile were varied and ever changing.

One thing which she had already decided early on that she wanted to have on her newest profile was a picture. She wanted something that would get someone's attention, pretty much the way Kristen's did. In fact it was her main profile picture which served for the inspiration of the picture she wanted on hers. The only thing was getting a good picture was something that she didn't think she could do on her own. In this situation she knew there was only one

person she could turn to, the only person who could serve as her partner in this type of mischief. Betty, of course.

She was meeting Freddy at Betty's the Wednesday before Christmas, and Betty was off work that afternoon as well, so she had persuaded her best friend to help her to take a picture of her pussy. And of course Betty took it all in stride, as Heather knew she would, as if it wasn't a big deal at all. It was just, when the time came, she found herself nervous and self-conscious to be exposing herself to her best friend.

"Come on," Betty said, as she sat on the spare bed with a towel wrapped around her waist. "I've seen it a million times, Heather. We had to shower in P.E. together for two years." She had her cell-phone in hand, which she had suggested as the best method since she could take the picture with it and e-mail it right to her.

"I know," she replied, her cheeks burning. "Just give me a second." After adjusting herself on the bed she slipped the towel off to reveal she was still wearing a pair of white, cotton panties.

"Oh no, granny," Betty said. "No way."

"Well, I'm obviously going to take them off."

Betty shook her head. "No, that's not what I'm thinking."

"Then what is it?" Heather was keenly aware that she was feeling a little more self-conscious.

"Nothing." Betty sounded a little exasperated. "You just-. This just needs a little something."

"Like what?"

"I think I know," Betty said. "Wait right here." She turned quickly and was already out the door.

"Hurry up," Heather called after her. "Freddy is going to be here any time." Of course she knew that her best friend was very well aware that Freddy would be there very soon. She had put her make-up on fairly heavily, dark mascara to draw attention to her lashes as well as a dark purplish eye shadow and a thick coat of plum colored lipstick. The make-up always went on a little thicker when she was totally available, and since the first night Heather had spent with Freddy her best friend had went through Donald and two other "semi-serious" boyfriends.

Heather had known for a couple of weeks that Betty had picked up on the signs that her fling with Freddy was reaching its end. Her experience with

disposable relationships no doubt gave her a great deal of insight. She also knew that her friend would never cross the line with Freddy until she heard from her that she was no longer seeing him. Although it wasn't beyond Betty to steal another woman's man, Heather trusted her never to take one of hers whether it was in a serious relationship or not.

Betty came back into the bedroom something clutched in her chubby hand. "Here, take this."

"What is it?" Her best friend thrust a bundle of flimsy silver fabric out to her, which she took. Holding it up she could see it was a thin, silver wrap that Betty wore whenever she went out *"someplace ritzy".*

"You want me to put this on?"

She couldn't be serious.

"No, don't put it on", Betty replied. "Just kind of bunch it over your stomach so it looks like you've kind of got something on and you're holding it up."

Then Heather got it. It was just a little something for show. A prop.

"Come on." Her best friend opened her cell phone again and raised it up.

Heather adjusted herself on the bed, slipping her panties off. Then she took the wrap and draped it between her belly button and her crotch.

"Say cheese," Betty said as she snapped the picture. "Yeah, that's it. Work it, momma."

Giggling, Heather put her hand over her mouth. "Betty!"

The other woman was looking intently at her phone. Then she adjusted the angle she was holding it at slightly. "Do one more," she suggested. "Give them something to talk about."

Heather repositioned herself on the mattress slightly. She was going to just let Betty take the picture the same as the other when she had another thought. She adjusted herself a little more. Then she placed a hand between her legs.

"Oh, God, you're really going to give them a jack off pic now."

"Betty, just take the damn picture!"

"Done," she announced. She fiddled with the phone for a minute, and then closed it. "There. It should be in your e-mail, good to go."

Heather was already on her feet pulling her panties back up. Then she picked up her bra from the floor and slipped the straps over her shoulders. "I hope they turned out okay."

"Well you can see." Betty opened her phone back up.

Heather pulled her shirt over her head and looked at the screen of the phone. "The first one is perfect. What about the other one?"

"I don't know why you're getting dressed," Betty said, instead of answering. "You know you're going to get naked as soon as he gets here."

Heather stuck her tongue out at her best friend. Turning her attention back to the screen on the phone she smiled as the second image came up.

"Too bad I have no one to do while, you're busy," Betty said in a coy tone.

The statement was one that Heather was used to. Over their high school years especially, she would suggest a threesome with Heather and whoever she was with whenever she didn't have anyone to do anything with herself. It was another sign that she had a definite interest in Freddy, but they had never been in a threesome with a man together before, and Heather found that she didn't want to start today, even if things with Freddy were winding down.

"I wonder if I should do a couple of more?"

Shaking her head, Betty went to the bed and picked up her wrap. "Quit while you're ahead. I'm sure you'll have more than enough unwanted attention from those two pictures."

"You're probably right," Heather agreed.

"By the way, thanks for showing me your pussy," Betty said as she went by, giving her a smack on the ass.

"Oh, eat me." She turned and followed her best friend out the door and into the living room, taking a seat on the couch. While she waited for her to come back from her room she wondered if putting those pictures on her profile was a good idea. Either way it had been done, and no matter what she was probably going to post them.

There's no turning back now.

"So, have you got all your stuff ready for Christmas?" Betty called from down the hall.

"Just about." Which reminded her. "Did they get that damn Gwen Stefani CD in at your store?"

"Yeah," Betty called, coming back out of her bedroom. "Need me to pick one up?"

Heather nodded. "Just in case I forget." And that was a possibility with everything she had going on.

Across from her Betty sat down in her easy chair, yawning slightly. "I don't see why you want to find a master. I mean, you've got Freddy, and that's a

pretty good piece on the side."

Heather knew she wanted her to voice what they both already knew, that the relationship had served its purpose and had about reached its end. But at the moment she still wasn't quite ready to do that. "He just isn't what I really need," she said, simply.

Betty opened her mouth to say something else, but there was a knock at the door. Freddy was no doubt waiting on the other side. "Well, you better go get that," she said instead. "I'm betting it's for you."

Getting up from the couch Heather went the short distance and opened the front door. And indeed, Freddy was on the other side, looking her up and down, his goofy smile on his face. "Hey, Papi."

"Hola, mommy." He stepped inside, putting his arms around her. Then they kissed, long and hard, before going to join their erstwhile hostess in the living room for a brief small talk session prior to shutting themselves up in the spare bedroom for the rest of the afternoon.

-2-

It was getting late, almost too late. The sun was not about to go down, but the light outside the bedroom window was noticeably different. *I can just tell the kids I was wrapped up in traffic at the mall*, Heather thought. Which would justify her being just a few more minutes late in getting home. Either way she would still beat Bill home.

"You awake, mommy?" Freddy asked, running a hand from the back of her neck to the swell of her ass. He felt very warm under the cool sheets, and his touch made her shudder a little. Heather was aware of feeling his cum cooling and sticky on her inner thighs.

"Yes."

"What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing." She rolled over and moved slightly closer to him, his side curving cock brushing her leg. The truth was she had been deep in thought about what she wanted to put on her profile when she went back online that night.

"You seem far away."

She closed her eyes slightly as he reached between her legs and started to rub. She arched her back a little and opened her legs to give him better access, a

slight sigh escaping her throat.

Better not get carried away, she realized.

Heather sat up on the bed, gently pulling away from him. "I can't. It's too late to do anymore."

"Oh, okay." Freddy sounded a little put off. He no doubt remembered that just before Thanksgiving she couldn't resist another hard banging for the road.

"I have to get going." She rolled over and threw her legs over the side of the bed, hoping to make a building awkward situation a little less noticeable. She grabbed her bra off the floor and quickly put it on before going down and grabbing her shirt.

"So, what are you doing Christmas Eve?" Freddy asked.

"Going to my parents."

"Oh. What about Christmas Day?"

"Bill's family is coming to the house." She found her panties and stepped into them. Then she bent down to pull them up, huffing slightly as the paunch of her belly was compressed.

"So, you're gonna be busy," Freddy mused.

"Yes." She was sliding into her jeans and looking for her red Christmas sweater, which after a minute she realized she had left on the couch when she had first undressed for Betty to take her profile pictures.

"So, you think we'll get a chance to get together before the New Year?"

He was incorrigible. He either couldn't do without it, or he was testing her to see if maybe she was going to tell him it was time for them to move on.

Heather leaned down and kissed him. He opened his mouth and their tongues met. His hands went to her breasts, thumbs rubbing her nipples through the fabric of her shirt and bra. She took a deep breath, blood rushing, before breaking the kiss and backing away. "Oh, no," she said, her voice stern and coy at the same time. "I really have to go. The kids are going to beat me home."

"Yeah, I know."

She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. "I'm going to be busy all week. But I promise we'll get together after Christmas."

"And I'm gonna bust that white pussy all out, mommy," Freddy assured her.

"God, I fuckin' hope so," she replied in a sly tone all her own. Then she turned and went to the door. "I really have to go. Be sure to tell Betty bye after you get dressed. Okay?"

"Sure thing, mommy," he agreed.

“Bye, Papi,” she called over her shoulder, winking as she went out the door.

-3-

Later that night, Heather scowled at her computer screen as she looked at her newly created profile. It was just past one, and she had been working on it since about 10:30. She wasn’t too sure that it was the best she could come up with, but at the moment she felt it was the best thing she would be able to do. The true test would be to let someone else see it.

Minimizing the window she looked at the chat window for Bored Like Hell, then pulled up her messenger list and highlighted Kristen’s name to send her an IM.

fields_of_holly: psssssst…..sis

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: yeah sis

fields_of_holly: i finished the new profile

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: kewl

fields_of_holly: want to check it out and tell me what you think?

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: hokay sis
snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: going to check now
snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: flafemsub_bbw right?

fields_of_holly: yes

As she waited for Kristen to look over her profile and give her her opinion Heather maximized the window so she could look the profile over again herself. Of course the first thing her eyes were drawn to was the picture of her crotch, staring her in the face from the left hand side of her screen. She looked down to the bottom of the screen at the PICS section, which only had the thumbnail of the second picture. Then she reread her information once again:

NAME: heather
NICKNAME: girl
OCCUPATION: housewife/submissive
AGE: 34
SEX: female
LOCATION: Central Florida
MARITAL STATUS: married but looking
HOBBIES: taking care of one's family, drinking hot chocolate, learning to be a good girl
ABOUT ME: one is an unowned sub looking for a Master, to lead and guide her and make her be a good girl. A girl is interested in oral, anal, spanking, rope bondage, interracial, group sex.

Kristen's IM chime went off, and Heather brought it up on top of her profile.

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: all done

fields_of_holly: what do you think?

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: juicy pic sis, one wonders where you got the idea :P

Heather laughed and stuck her tongue out at the screen.

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: all in all it's a winner
snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: but you need to take out that last sentence in the about me line

fields_of_holly: why?

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: well……
snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: i think it just gives too much away, you know
snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: it makes you sound more experienced than you are

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: without that stuff in there you'll make people work more to get to know you better through chat
snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: and you will get to chat with them and get to know them better as well :)

fields_of_holly: i see your point

Heather went into her chat preferences and clicked into EDIT PROFILE. It took less than a second to delete the last line from it.

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: so when is flafemsub_bbw going to make her debut?

Heather smiled, and typed in her response.

fields_of_holly: 12-26-06

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: the day after xxx-mas
snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: perfect

fields_of_holly: i hope so

She thought for a moment, and then went on.

fields_of_holly: i think i'm going to call it quits with freddy

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: huh? the same freddy you were talking about having off the wall sex with a little earlier today?

fields_of_holly: yes the same one
fields_of_holly: you know i can't keep seeing him

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: not if you seriously want to find a Master

fields_of_holly: i know
fields_of_holly: and i told you he's losing interest

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: yes…that you did

fields_of_holly: a husband complicates things
fields_of_holly: a husband and a boyfriend really complicate things

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: nods

fields_of_holly: so i need to lose the boyfriend and concentrate on a Master
fields_of_holly: just find a Master…and that's all the "extra" relationships I need

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: so, when are you going to tell him
snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: after xxx-mas…. to soften the blow?

fields_of_holly: lol pretty much
fields_of_holly: we're supposed to see each sometime right after christmas

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: and you're going to break up with him then?

Heather felt a mischievous smile creep across her face and her heart begin to beat a little faster as she took a moment to consider her response.

fields_of_holly: oh no…. he said he's going to fuck my brains out
fields_of_holly: so I'll wait just a little longer ;)
fields_of_holly: lol

snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: lol
snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: heather you're turning into an insatiable slut
snsmo_theredbuttreindeer: hehehe

fields_of_holly: well that's what i need a Master for
fields_of_holly: someone to straighten me out and make me be a good girl

As she looked at what she had written on the screen Heather felt a tingle between her legs. Yes, that was what she needed, and just as she had put it,

someone to straighten her out and make her be a good girl. The only question was how long would it take?

Not much longer, she hoped.

God, please not much longer.

-4-

"Down the rabbit hole……and through the looking glass."

The morning of Christmas Eve Heather awoke from a vivid dream. Her eyes looking up at the darkened ceiling, and doing her best to ignore Bill's snoring, she played the dream over in her mind, the palm of her hand pressed between her sweaty breasts through her nightgown to feel the racing of her heart.

She had been in a cold, dark chamber with walls and floors made of stone. And even with little more detail than this to go on at first she knew she was in a dungeon, a real dungeon, in a real castle.

She walked forward, her feet making very little sound on the freezing cold floor. Her nipples were rock hard, and as she moved they were teased by the movement of a near transparent gown she was wearing. It hung loosely around her shoulders and only came to just above her knees. Somewhere ahead of her was the sound of human activity, muffled voices, and perhaps more.

Heather paused at a high vaulted archway, what had to be the entrance to the main chamber of the dungeon. She peeked into the cavernous room and saw several women, all naked, and all either tied or chained to an assortment of chairs and benches, or along the walls. Looking to the ceiling there was a plump brunette suspended by her ankles, her ample breasts hanging nearly to her chin. Out of the corner of her eye there was a blonde bound to a bondage wheel, much like the one at Kitty's house. She was slowly spinning on the wheel, a look of ecstasy on her face. At the center of the room another blonde was bound on top of a table. Her breasts had been tightly tied, and above her two candles were affixed on long and curved holders, angled so that the hot wax would drip directly on to her swollen nipples.

She had been so intent in taking in all the sights in the room that she had not heard Him coming up behind her. All of the sudden there was a hand over her mouth, and a second hand on her head, fingers lacing into her hair and forcing her head back.

“Naughty girl,” He said. “Peeping, like a pervert.”

Heather let out a ragged breath through her nostrils. Her legs felt weak and rubbery. And she found herself terrified, but only briefly. That fleeting terror was quickly replaced by excitement and arousal.

“I have something special in store for you.”

She knew it was *Him*, recognized *His voice*, the not quite Crimson Executioner.

“Come.”

Heather allowed herself to be forced along, into the main dungeon chamber. The girls who were bound and restrained throughout the room all sighed and moaned as she was guided closer. It was not easy, even while being maneuvered, to get to the other side of the room with Him holding her mouth and pulling her hair. He stopped her, just past the girl on the table with her breasts tied and candle wax dripping on them.

“Stand there!” He commanded. “Don’t move.”

Heather obeyed as He released her mouth, and then her hair.

“Remain standing,” He added.

Closing her eyes to slits she moaned as He ran a hand up and down her back, causing the transparent gown to billow around her and rub her belly and nipples in the front. After a couple of passes He placed His hands on her shoulders, rubbing gently. She hung her head enjoying the sensation. It only lasted a moment. He grabbed the thin garment at the back of her neck and gave it a jerk, ripping it, the sound of the fabric tearing echoing in the chamber above the soft moans and sighs of the other women bound there. He did not stop ripping until He had separated the back of the gown all the way to the bottom hem.

“Remove it,” He said.

She hesitated, shivering in the cold. Her knees felt wobbly, and her head was light. Everything went out of focus for a brief second, as the whimpers and moans became an underwater echo in her ears.

WHAP!

Heather was brought back into focused unreality as something, a thin branch or wooden rod, was brought across the back of her right thigh.

“I said, *remove it*!”

WHAP!

Another shot, this one on the back of her left thigh.

WHAP!

And another, again on the right.

CRACK!

Across her back and shoulders.

Her legs buckled, but she immediately knew that she couldn't let herself drop. She shouldn't even falter as she was now, feeling woozy.

"Take it off, cunt!" He demanded.

Heather let out a shaky, teary sigh, and a slight moan. "Yes, Sir," she breathed. The pain across her shoulders intensified as she raised her arms to remove the tattered remains of the flimsy gown. She let it slide to her elbows, held it for a second, then let it drop to the floor, the fabric brushing against the tops of her bare feet.

"Punish her, Master. Punish her." Several voices seemed to say in a barely audible whisper. She felt sure it was the voices of the other girls imprisoned in the room. "Punish her. Punish her. *Punish her*."

Punish her.

She sighed again as she felt the object she had been struck with placed against the side of her neck. Indeed to was wooden, thin and round.

A dowel?, she wondered in the dream world. Like the one Kitty had said that Master Chambers used to spank her into sweet torment with. Her legs shook, and she felt woozy again. She was unsure if it was from the pain, or if it was because, perhaps, she had just come.

He pressed it downward on her shoulder, a direction. "On your knees, dog."

"Yes-"

SMACK!

This time He struck her across the front, the dowel hitting her dead on in the right nipple. It got harder. She felt more excited, even though it hurt, and even though it once again was a little scary.

"I didn't tell you to speak, you fat slut," He growled. "*On your knees*!"

Catching a gulp of breath Heather obeyed. She did it the right way, practiced and disciplined, just the right speed. She went to her knees on the cold dungeon floor, coming to rest on her torn gown. It had not been too fast, or too slow. It was the right way. The good girl way.

"Punish her, Master. *Punish her*."

She shivered as He poked at her a little with the dowel, and slid it across her bare body. Down the small of her back, lightly. Across her shoulders. Along her breasts, slowing a little to use it to circle her nipples. Up her neck. Back

around her shoulders and down her back. Between the crack of her ass. Around her cheeks. Down her leg to her knee. Then finally to her pussy, poking slightly at her engorged labia.

"Do you have to pee, girl?" He asked, removing the dowel from between her legs and giving her a light smack on the cheek. "You may speak now."

"Yes, Sir." Her answer was automatic. She had not been aware she had to go to the bathroom at all, not until He asked it. But now she was very aware that she had to go. Not only that, she had to go really bad.

"Would you like Me to take you to pee?" He asked.

"Yes, Sir." Her mouth was dry, her voice came out hoarse.

"What are you," He questioned, "three years old? Am I your Master, or your daddy?" He gave her another light smack on her cheek, the dowel brushing against her now quivering lips. "No. Oh, no. Not your daddy, but your *Papi* right?"

The whispering voices began laughing at Heather, mocking her.

"Oh, Papi I need to cum so bad," one of the other girls called.

"I love your big crooked ding-dong," another snickered.

He smacked her other cheek with the dowel, this time a little harder. "There are no papis here," He said. "No ding-dongs, no nigger loving sluts." He struck her cheek again, this time with enough force for it to sting. "There are only slaves here, and Masters. Flesh and the tools with which to discipline it."

Whips and chains,
They give me pains.
Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

Heather turned her eyes up from where she knelt as He stepped around to her other side. For the first time she saw Him, looked up at Him. Eyes gleamed from the holes in the leather mask He was wearing. He pursed his lips, lips which stood out from beneath the zippered mouth hole.

"No ding-dongs," He repeated. "Only cunts, and cocks, and titties and assholes."

SMACK!

The dowel caught her hard in the side of the neck.

"Understand, girl?"

"Yes, Sir!" she cried.

WHACK! WHAP! WHAP! SMACK!

He brought the dowel across her exposed back over and over, hitting her wherever it landed. Its stinging, unyielding, shaft caught her across the back and shoulders, on her neck and ear, and especially her ass.

"Liar!" He growled. "That's the problem with you, girl! You have no understanding at all!"

Heather coughed, rocking on her knees, fighting the urge to throw up. She cried out, gasping, tears filling her eyes. "Master, please-," she choked.

"Please what?" He demanded. He swatted her several more times across her ass and shoulders. "Stop?"

"Uuuufffhhhaa," she cried. "No, Sir."

"Punish her, Master. Punish her!" the voices whispered and taunted, over and over.

One of the girls chained to the near wall leaned toward her as far as she could. On her naked abdomen, *mifflin_pa_sub Master's cum dump*, had been written in what appeared to be red lipstick. "Beat her, Master," the anonymous sub called. "Beat *the newbie*."

"Punish her, Master. Punish her!" the other girls cried.

Seemingly oblivious to the others He took the dowel and placed it under her chin, guiding her to look up at His masked face. "I'm not going to take you to go pee," He said. "And I'm not going to let you get up to go pee." He gave her a light smack in the lips with the dowel. "You're going to hold your water like a good girl. Understand?"

Heather took the risk to nod her head slightly, lowering her eyes, but still looking to Him. "Yes, Sir," she whispered. "This girl understands."

He hit her in the lips with the dowel again, this time a little harder, enough for her to feel it in her teeth. "Good," He crooned. "Very good." He stepped around her, trailing the dowel across her throat as He did. Once He stepped out of sight everything was silent for a minute. The other girls in the room had temporarily ceased their murmuring.

WHACK! WHACK! SWACK! CRACKKKK!

Once again He landed several hard hits across her bare back and shoulders, a couple of shots hitting her in the back of her legs, grazing her ass. The sound of her own cries and of the dowel making contact with her body were the only sounds in the cavernous dungeon. Again her head felt swimmy, and her legs

were shaking and feeling rubbery beneath her as she did her best to keep steady. The heavy feeling in her bladder seemed to intensify.

"Don't fall, girl," He warned, walking back into her view. "Remain on your knees, or I will really punish you."

"Yes, Sir," she gasped, her voice a raspy sob.

SMACH! CRACK! WHOOPPP! WHAAPP! CRACCKKK!

He was swinging furiously with the dowel, beating her across the front. Blow after blow stinging her breast, nipples and exposed abdomen. Once those parts began to feel numb between each blow He shifted His attention to her legs, purposely trying to make her collapse off of her knees. Heather's rubbery legs began to shake violently under her weight. Her breath was filled with whimpers and ragged sobs, tears finally spilling from her tightly shut eyes. The only other sensation she was aware of was her need to relieve herself. Every bit of will power she had was focused on holding it in.

Whips and chains,
They give me pains…

"Punish her. Punish her, Master," the other girls in the room began to whisper again. "Beat her. Beat the slut."

And then it all stopped. The dungeon was silent again, with the exception of her own sobbing and ragged breathing. Every muscle in her body ached and throbbed. Every inch of bare flesh fluctuated between feeling numb and stinging intensely. And her bladder felt heavy, screaming to be emptied.

"I am not letting you go to the bathroom yet," He said, as if He were aware of every thought in her head. He put the tip of the dowel to her left breast, poking her hard. "Shut up that unsightly whimpering, girl."

Rocking on her wobbly knees, Heather slowly shook her head. It was just too much to ask. She knew she couldn't stop.

"Shut her up, Master," the girl with mifflin_pa_sub written on her called. "Shut that slut newbie up good, Sir."

"Gag her," the other girls called. "Gag her, Master."

Want to try a different gag, cunt?

A better gag?

Do you?

Only barely able to raise her head Heather looked up at Him, already knowing what she would see. He let the dowel drop to the floor, and it clattered with a loud echo that thundered over the din of taunts from the other girls in the dungeon. He had His pants undone, and He reached in and pulled out His cock. As she watched Him stroke it to hardness she could feel her legs buckling violently, and she struggled to keep from letting her bladder go and fainting.

"Take it," He commanded, stepping to her.

Heather opened her quivering lips as he pressed the bulbous head to them. "Please, Sir," she sighed before opening her mouth to allow Him in.

"Suck Me."

She pushed all her breath out through her nose as she allowed Him to push His cock into her mouth. It was hot, throbbing with a hard pulse. Sucking, she took in the taste of Him. His cock was musky, a combination of His own muskiness and a hint of something else. It tasted the way her little silver toy had when she had sucked on it, pretending to suck a cock for the first time after she had used it on herself. Immediately she knew He must have already used one of the other girls.

"Suck My cock, girl," He moaned. He grabbed her hair, pulling it hard as He forced her to suck harder. "Suck Me. Suck Me."

She gagged slightly as He forced her to take His entire length. His hot balls pressed against her chin as He ground Himself against her face.

"Suck. Suck."

Heather pushed her breath out through her nose again. She did her best to keep a rhythm as He ground Himself against her face, fucking her mouth and pulling her hair. She focused on the task, pushing the ache in her bladder and the soreness of her body out of her mind.

He yanked her hair harder each time they met. "Suck. Suck."

Heather did. She tried her best to use every trick and suggestion that Kitty, Betty and Kristen had ever given her about cock sucking. It was not an easy thing to do with Him forcing Himself in as deeply as He could. She could feel her eyes roll back in her head as He swelled and throbbed on her tongue.

"Suck. Suck. Suck it, you cunt!" He growled loudly, ejaculating into the back of her throat.

The sudden flood was too much, even with the swallow with each pulse method that Kitty had suggested to her. She gagged, her tongue going back in her mouth as He continued fucking her face.

“Take it, whore!” He growled. Then he took His hands off her head and gave a shove on her forehead.

Heather drew a ragged breath as He came out of her mouth, His cum, *‘HIS CUM’*, splashing her lips and across the bridge of her nose. She felt herself sway, and caught herself before she could fall over, making sure she remained on her knees and that her hands did not touch the floor.

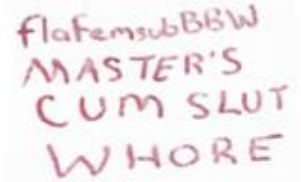
Master, the not quite Crimson Executioner, remained right up on her. He stroked His cock, milking out every bit of cum He had. It spurted on her cheeks, on her forehead, and in her hair. As His orgasm began to subside hot glops of His cum landed on her breasts and her stomach, one long and ropy strand sliding past her belly button and down to her Mons Venus.

“Touch it, dog,” He breathed, His own breath now ragged. “Rub it all over you, you nasty slut. *You pig sweat bitch!*”

And she did, reaching up with shaky hands. She rubbed Master’s cum all over her breasts, and then up her neck and down her stomach. It felt slick and sticky, almost like mucus as it cooled and began to dry on her.

Satisfied that He had finished coming Master leaned down and picked up the tattered remains of the gown, jerking it from under her knees. He took it and rubbed it between her breasts and down her stomach. At first Heather thought He was trying to help her clean up, but when He cleared off an area that seemed to suit Him she discovered that He had another purpose. From His pants pocket He produced a tube of lipstick. Leaning down He used it to write in the area He cleared and dried.

When He was finished Heather cautiously looked down to see what He had written. As she read it she found herself fighting the urge to both cum and relieve herself.



“Thank you, Master,” she breathed, her voice ragged.

He looked at her, His eyes glaring and stern under the mask. “You may pee now,” He said, His voice distant, as if He were saying it as an afterthought. “Don’t get up. Do it where you are.”

Without a thought Heather did as she was told. Closing her eyes she finally let go. Her warm urine streamed down her thighs to her knees. She pushed it faster, emptying the contents of her painfully full bladder. She let out a sigh as it finally slowed to a trickle. There had to be a slight dip in the floor where she knelt because the warm liquid ran behind her, collecting in a puddle at her toes.

When she was done He grabbed her by the hair, yanking her toward Him. He knelt down, bending her over His knee. She cried out as He began spanking her ass. Then she let out a loud moan as He suddenly stopped and pushed several fingers into her pussy, jabbing them in hard, with quick strokes. It only took a matter of seconds for her to cum, and when she did it was a tremendous gush, as if a water balloon had been popped between her labial lips. She gushed a second time as she heard the sound of her first cum splatter on the dungeon floor with a loud echo.

Master took His fingers out of her and grabbed her by the hair, pulling her up and maneuvering her around. Forcing her back down He rubbed her face across the floor. She could feel the slight scrape of loose sand at first. Then He drug her cheeks across the puddles of her cum and urine, smearing the remains of His cum on her face back across it, mixing it with the puddles she produced.

He then rose, but put a booted foot on her neck to keep her from doing the same. She moaned as He then rubbed the tread of the boot roughly down her back and ass. "You're a mess, you dirty cunt," He said, His tone one of seeming indifference.

"Yes, Sir."

"You have made a mess on My floor."

Heather drew a ragged breath before answering. "Yes, Sir. A girl is sorry, Sir."

"Clean it up, bitch", He said, His tone full of the same, well metered, indifference. "Lick it up like the dog you are."

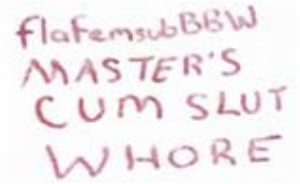
Her legs shook, and she came a little more. "Thank you, Master," she gasped, breathless.

He raised His foot to let her up. Immediately she first drug herself, then crawled on wobbly hands and knees, toward the spot where she had made puddles on the dungeon floor. Heather lowered herself down, her mouth open, tongue out, ready to lap up the mess she had made on the floor as a good girl should, and as she knew that Kitty would, just as she had always told her she had cleaned her messes in her narratives.

And Heather had woken up just as her tongue was about to touch the floor. She felt cheated, and she was highly aroused, lightly touching her breasts as she replayed the scene over again. She went through it twice, three times, as Bill snored lightly beside her in the predawn darkness.

When she couldn't resist the urge any longer she raised her legs under the sheets and opened her knees. She ran a hand over her stomach and down to her pussy, slightly aware that she needed to shave again. With a sigh she teased a finger between her labia and touched that sweetest of spots under her clitoral hood.

Within a couple of minutes she gasped, letting a slight moan escape from between clenched teeth.



"Cum," she hissed to herself. "Come on, you fuckin' pig sweat whore."

A slight tingle went through her and she shook slightly aware that her nipples were painfully hard under her nightgown. It was a very slight orgasm, teeny tiny, like the first ones she had with Arnold Jenkins in the back seat of Betty's mother's car at the old drive-in on the north side of Citrus Grove.

Breathing slightly faster she relaxed her legs. For a moment she entertained the idea of leaning over and going into her panty drawer for her toy, but she decided against it. She knew it wouldn't work any better. She wanted-. No, she needed the real thing.

She had another thought. It was still early. Maybe she could make up an excuse to get out and pick something up last minute. Get out of the house and call Freddy and see if he could meet her at the mall, or some other secluded spot between where they both lived.

Then she had another thought.

-6-

When Bill suddenly jerked awake Heather knew that he was going to think that she had completely lost her mind. He snorted, choking for a second on an interrupted snore. Then he was quickly sitting up on his elbows looking up at her. "Heather? What the hell?"

She had gotten up and removed her nightgown, and then pulled the sheets off her sleeping husband. After that, careful not to wake him immediately, she had slowly coaxed his underwear down to his knees. She had leaned over him, slowly stroking his cock to bring it to life. She had given it a few licks and kisses on the head, still unable to bring herself to truly suck Bill's cock, even though in recent months she had sucked and swallowed Freddy on a regular basis.

"Merry Christmas Eve," she sighed.

"Hun?" It was apparent that he couldn't comprehend what was going on, or why.

"I need you," she whispered. She kissed the head of his cock. Then ran her tongue around the crown to wet it with her spit, the closest she would ever come to taking him in her mouth.

"Shit," he gasped.

Heather stroked him loosely, massaging her thumb and index finger lightly along the spit slickened head. "I need you."

"Heather-" He was about to protest.

She moved over him, straddling him. "I need you to fuck me, Billy. *God, I need you to fuck me*." She kissed his chest, her lips lingering on one of his nipples as she moved her way up his body. "I need you to fuck me so bad. I need you to fuck me like I'm a whore. *Fuck me like a whore, Bill*."

Heather gave him no choice either way. She raised herself over him, reaching back and guiding his engorged cock into her pussy. It hit the spot

immediately, and she came on top of him, squirting with him for the very first time.

"Shit", Bill gasped. "What the fuck?!!"

-7-

Heather spent the next two days in a slight daze. Her thoughts dwelled continually on her dream, and the only thing she was really aware of, other than her husband's accusation that she had peed on him and not cum, was that everyone around her knew she was distracted. She wanted to get online, or call Kitty and Kristen, just so she could get it all out and tell someone about the dream. But family obligations prevented her from doing that. She wanted to get together with Freddy, wanted to let him fuck her in every hole and call her his white slut, but the holiday would prevent that from happening as well. But most of all what she wanted was for the dream to be real. She wanted a real master, to dominate and humiliate her, and make her into the perfect slut servant girl.

The gifts that she got during the exchange at her parents were just a blur. She remembered that her sister, Wanda, had given her a cook book by Megan Dupree, who was the latest ball busting chef to hit reality TV on The Upscale Network. Gordon had given her a Lane Bryant gift card. And Melissa had practically worshipped her and was acting like a truly grateful child when she had opened up the Gwen Stefani *'Sweet Escape'* CD that Betty had picked up for her at work.

The next night was not too much different. Twenty-four hours did nothing to dull her longing. Kitty and Earl had come over and joined them and the Fords when they had dessert. Her neighbor-mentor sensed something was going on, but Heather was sure the older woman knew it was nothing she could talk about with her in-laws present. Meredith Ford, for her part, noted aloud that something seemed to be wrong with her, and asked several times if she were unwell.

"Are you pregnant?" Sammy asked, giving a wink in the kitchen at a time when the kids were out of earshot.

She had smiled and blushed, shaking her head. "No." And when she said it she knew it came out sounding a little coy. Sly even.

"At the rate we've been going she's going to be soon," she heard Bill whisper under his breath.

Kitty and June, Bill's older sister, gave Heather a curious look.

Meredith, who happened also to be close enough to catch the comment, gave her grown son a disapproving smack on the shoulder.

-8-

After all her guests had left and the kids had gone to bed on Christmas night Heather lay awake until the small hours of the morning. She only resisted the urge to get up and go online because it was Christmas, and more than likely none of her friends would be there.

With Bill snoring beside her she lay naked under the cold sheets, her body covered with her pig sweat, and her pussy filled with a sticky load of her husband's cum. She had gotten him to fuck her without much of a hassle, which had been surprising with the kids in the house and it being early in the night.

She considered her cum filled pussy as she lay there. She wished she had dared to get on her knees after Bill had finished and let it drip and drain out of her and onto the sheets. Then she could have cleaned it up, just as Kitty always had for Master Ryan, and Master Chambers, and probably a whole string of other dominants over the years.

God, she wanted to do it so bad, but she knew Bill would think she totally lost her mind. He wouldn't understand at all. She had held back when she came, careful not to gush. It was, she knew, going to take a lot of time for him to get used to the idea that it was something she could suddenly do, and that she wasn't pissing all over him and the bed.

Heather ran her hands up her sides, placing them on each breast, lightly rubbing her nipples. Maybe she could get Bill to cum all over her and she could rub it all over herself just as *"Master"* had made her do in the dream.

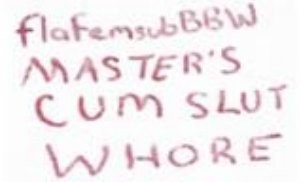
She couldn't, she knew. It was just like everything else she had tried to get him to do. It would be hollow, a pale imitation if it happened at all. He didn't have the openness to pretend to be a master, and she now found that she could no longer make the stretch to pretend that he was a master.

She couldn't even pretend that Freddy was a master anymore. He was rough, and aggressive. Dominant. But he wasn't really a "Dominant".

She knew she needed a master. A real Master. It was the only thing now that could possibly satisfy her newfound submissive urges and needs.

Whips and chains,
They give me pains.
Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

Heather closed her eyes, bringing the image back into her mind.



Part of her wished she had the guts to get out of bed and go to the bathroom to see if she could find a tube of lipstick and write it on herself. She wanted to be owned like that. Even more, she wanted to be marked for life like that, just like Kitty.

OWNED SLUT, she thought, imagining a tattoo on her Mons Venus in the same distinctive script as Kitty had on hers.

Though a more rational part of her mind told her she could never be marked that way. If she ever were tattooed as a submissive for a Master it would have to be something that wouldn't catch Bill's attention, other than the fact that it was there.

Closing her eyes she raised her legs and moved her hands down them. As she had the morning before she let her knees part and began to lightly, gently rub her clit. She was still sticky from her lovemaking to Bill, and that only served to make her become even more aroused.

"Yes," she whispered to herself.

Heather imagined Master, the not quite Crimson Executioner, watching her as she masturbated under the sheets. He would tell her things, she knew. Call her names. Beat her. Humiliate her. Maneuvering her fingers slightly she parted her nether lips and let out a gasp.

Master was watching her. He wanted her to do things to herself. He wanted her to do things for Him.

As she played with herself she took herself out of her continual thoughts of the dream of the previous morning and began expanding on them, twisting them

and melding them with other thoughts and fantasies she had been having over the past few months.

She imagined Master stripping her down in front of a muscular, black stranger. In her musing it was someone even He barely knew. Just a random encounter for her to prove what a good and slutty whore she really was.

She tried to imagine what it would be like to suck a black man's cock. To let him fuck her and abuse her body as both Kristen and Betty had each done at least once in their pasts, Kristen's single encounter and her best friend's love of having what she called *"chocolatta"* every now and then.

Heather had been so caught up in her imagining and thoughts that she almost didn't realize she was about to come. With a gasp and shiver she had another mini-orgasm, controlling herself so she didn't wake Bill.

I have to find a master, she knew. *A real, true, Master*.

"God, please let Master find this girl soon", she whispered to herself before finally falling to sleep.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN:
Online Auction

-1-

The first week of January Peeplchat upgraded its messenger service and chat rooms with new features, which included chat avatars and updated photo and file sharing programs. This had been something Vyper had harped on as being a long time in coming, because Peeplchat was way behind other sites. On the day of the change Heather logged into her messenger and sat, waiting for the upgrades to be installed. The final part of the update had barely finished loading when an IM from Kristen popped up.

sweetandshaven_mo: hiya sis
sweetandshaven_mo: peek-a-boo
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

Heather smiled to herself as she looked at the updated IM box. Not too much had changed. There were several new icons for file sharing. The box itself was slightly larger than the older ones. On the left side of the box was Kristen's main profile picture, which Heather knew the main profile pictures were what the new chat avatar feature were defaulted to. And below Kristen's main profile pic was a thumbnail of her own main profile pic, the picture of her bare pussy that Betty had taken the week before Christmas.

flafemsub_bbw: hey sis

She scanned the icons, trying to get a quick idea of where they were placed.

sweetandshaven_mo: i don't know about you sis but…….
sweetandshaven_mo: but i'm looking at a couple of cunts on my screen
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

Heather smiled and laughed, sending her response.

flafemsub_bbw: ha ha

She clicked on the messenger window to give it a glance.

sweetandshaven_mo: when you gonna get in the room sis?
sweetandshaven_mo: you got to see…..
sweetandshaven_mo: everyone's running around with their avas up
sweetandshaven_mo: and if you haven't seen some of their profiles before you're in for a laff
sweetandshaven_mo: i know i have been

Sure that she knew where all the important stuff was Heather turned her full attention to Kristen.

flafemsub_bbw: i'll be there in a sec

sweetandshaven_mo: well hurry up sis
sweetandshaven_mo: everyone is in today
sweetandshaven_mo: including your mentor

Before she could type in a response, as if on cue, the IM chime went off again and a box from Kitty popped up. On her avatar pic was a photo Master Chambers had taken of her leaning against a wall covered by a white sheet, her rump resting on a stool, dressed in nothing but a pair of panties.

topazblue58: good morning
topazblue58: are you coming into bored?

flafemsub_bbw: yes
flafemsub_bbw: as soon as you and sweet stop asking me when i'm coming

topazblue58: lol….sorry heather

The chime on Kristen's IM box went off again.

sweetandshaven_mo: soooooooo…… :)
sweetandshaven_mo: how was it??????????
sweetandshaven_mo: must have been pretty juicy to make you this late getting on

She told Kitty to hold on.

flafemsub_bbw: veeeeeerrrrryyyyy juicy
flafemsub_bbw: that "cunt" you're looking at is very well satisfied :)
flafemsub_bbw: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: kewl sis
sweetandshaven_mo: but i thought you were calling it quits after xxx-Mas
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

The truth was she was a lot closer to telling Freddy it was time to move on. But after the dream of being beaten and humiliated by the dream Master her libido had been running wild. From the Thursday after Christmas to that day she had been fucking both Freddy or Bill every day, a couple of times both on the same day. She felt like, even though it wasn't productive in her search for Master, it was great practice for learning how to be a slut for Him. And with each passing day she saw herself more that way. When she found Master, *her Master*, she wanted to be a slut for Him. Heather wanted to be His whore.

Ironically both Kitty and Kristen had been taken aback when she had presented her desire to them that way. And Betty, on the other hand, surprised her by saying she should go for it. Her only problem with it was that she had never spoken of leaving Bill.

"You know, I'm behind you, Heather," she had said. "But if this is really what you want to do, I think maybe you should cut Bill loose."

"Why?" she had asked. Betty had cheated on Brad with no intention of leaving him, probably would never have left him had he not caught her.

"He's a good guy," Betty said. "You know it. He loves you. You love him. Maybe not like you used to, but you still do love him."

"Yes," she had admitted. And it was true, she loved Bill. He was her husband, and he still had a big piece of her heart. He was the father of their children. She needed him in her life, to always be in her life.

And yet…

As the days went by, even though he had a majority of her heart, she found that she didn't want him to have her body anymore. That she wanted to give to Master, so she could be His slut. His Whore.

topazblue58: i'm headed back to the room
topazblue58: see you when you get there

flafemsub_bbw: k

She X-ed out Kitty's window. Then she drug Kristen's to the corner of the screen.

flafemsub_bbw: let's go
flafemsub_bbw: kitty is headed back to the room

sweetandshaven_mo: just a sec sis
sweetandshaven_mo: am going to change ava pics

flafemsub_bbw: oh what to?

sweetandshaven_mo: just a little one a girl took for her Master and gave it to Him for xxx-Mas ;)

Heather's eyes widened as Kristen changed her profile picture to one she had never seen before. A broad grin spread across her face.

flafemsub_bbw: lol

Master_Vyper2000: omfg sweet

fantasyland2000: is whiff you Master
fantasyland2000: OMFG!!!!!!!!

sweetandshaven_mo: grinnnnnsssssssssssssss

sensualmaiden1999: gets the razor

sweetandshaven_mo: runnnnnnnnnnnnsssssssssss

sensualmaiden1999: chases after ya

delicate_rose: oh dear sweet
delicate_rose: lol

topazblue58: now that is a picture
topazblue58: great one sweet

Im_Pure_Lez: wow sweet, One had no idea…..lol

sassyone67: roflmfao
sassyone67: omfg & sag
sassyone67: is that really you k?

sweetandshaven_mo: yeppers……grinsssss :)

One_True_Master: now One is even more sure W/we need to meet k

sweetandshaven_mo: blushes……..ty True

The picture which Kristen had put on her profile, and was attracting so much attention, was of her sitting on the edge of her bathtub. She had shaving cream smeared over her pussy, and had fingered the words, FUCK ME, into it.

Heather smiled to herself as she watched the reaction in the room. She also took a quick look at the thumbnails beside each person's chat ID in the chatter's

list. Some of the avatar pics she was familiar with from having seen her friends' profiles, and some were completely different.

Vyper and fan had their usual pics up, his a cobra and hers a woman emptying a pitcher of milk down her naked body. Saybin had changed hers to a drawing of a large woman sitting on a man's face. Rose, who had gotten a Master just before the holiday and changed her ID, had changed her pic to a nudie of her lying in her bed on top of the Union Flag.

When she got to iowa, whose profile she had never seen before, she covered her face and started laughing. The picture revealed a goofy looking young woman with thick glasses, sitting topless in a chair and offering her breasts up. She immediately clicked on Kristen's IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: omfg…is that really iowa or is it a joke?

sweetandshaven_mo: she says that's her

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: she looks like a 30 year old who never grew out of her awkward teen phase

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao
sweetandshaven_mo: hey

flafemsub_bbw: what?

sweetandshaven_mo: you should put your other pic on too

flafemsub_bbw: don't you think everyone has already seen it since I came in with this profile last week?

sweetandshaven_mo: am betting it's a no
sweetandshaven_mo: do it

flafemsub_bbw: ok….one sec

Heather went into her messenger and edited her picture preferences. Once she swapped her pics out and hit OK to make the picture of her running her finger between her pussy lips her main picture the reaction in the room was immediate.

delicate_rose: wooohoooooo heather

fantasyland2000: what?
fantasyland2000: wow!

MasterSkullhead: One can only say one thing about that heather
MasterSkullhead: BOOOOOIIIIINNNNNGGGGGG!

flafemsub_bbw: omg

delicate_rose: roflmfao @ M. Skullhead

Master_Vyper2000: wowieeeee, wow, wow, wow heather

Im_Pure_Lez: now I would love a piece of that heather ;)

topazblue58: lol @ Pure

sensualmaiden1999: work it heather

Mistress_Saybin: you willing to pay for her Pure?

Im_Pure_Lez: hell yes Sister Saybin

Mistress_Saybin: then We will start the bidding at 1,000

topazblue58: lol @ Saybin

MasterMind: 2000

MasterSkullhead: 5000

Im_Pure_Lez: 50,000

Mistress_Saybin: YES! We have 50,000 quatloos for the slut in the silver

sensaulmaiden1999: lol @ Saybin

sassyone67: lmfao @ quatloos

flafemsub_bbw: blushes deep red

Master_Vyper2000: We wants the redhead

fantasyland2000: ty Master
fantasyland2000: blushes

Heather laughed as she watched the chat thread in the room. Through IMs Kristen, Kitty and maiden were giving her a gentle ribbing. The bidding went on a bit longer, and everyone was so wrapped up that they missed the arrival of a newcomer to the room until he finally spoke up.

-3-

Master_Morel: I see there's quite a bidding war going on
Master_Morel: and over a very nice looking sub girl
Master_Morel: I will buy her for…..a million quatloos

Looking at the screen Heather blushed. Master Morel was someone she had never seen in the room before, and shortly it would be confirmed he was indeed a newcomer. But something in those three lines struck a slight cord with her. It was the million, she knew, that magic number. It had been a million dollars that J.J. Chambers had said he had been willing to pay for Kitty. And now it was a million quatloos, whatever the fuck quatloos were, that someone was willing to pay for her in a cyber auction.

Mistress_Saybin: SOLD to Master Morel for one million quatloos

sassyone67: still lmfao @ quatloos

flafemsub_bbw: looks for a place to hide

sweetandshaven_mo: no hidin' sis
sweetandshaven_mo: you got yerself a Master now

flafemsub_bbw: blushes
flafemsub_bbw: smiles

Master_Morel: * ----------<@ gives *flafemsub_bbw* a rose *

flafemsub_bbw: blushes again
flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir

She looked at the avatar picture by his name. It was a drawing of what looked like a strangely misshapen little mushroom. Then she sent another IM to Kristen.

flafemsub_bbw: wtf are quatloos?

sweetandshaven_mo: it's something off the old Star Trek I think
sweetandshaven_mo: something about these big brain thingies betting on slaves

flafemsub_bbw: oh

Heather spent most the afternoon in Bored Like Hell. She half watched the conversations in the room, and spent most of her time chatting with Kitty and Kristen through IM. She also paid attention to Master Morel as he chatted around the room. He was funny and flirty, giving all the subs and Mistresses cyber roses. He seemed nice and fun and He fit in perfectly with the regulars in the room.

topazblue58: your Master sure is a friendly fellow
topazblue58: lol

flafemsub_bbw: haha

Out of curiosity, after watching him chat to everyone else, and getting a ribbing from Kitty every few minutes, she decided to take a look at his profile. She took a closer look at the picture of the strange mushroom, which was orange and white once she could see the bigger picture as opposed to just the thumbnail. Other than that one there were no other pictures on his profile. Moving Kitty's IM box out of the way she scanned his profile information.

NAME: Master Douglas Gorman
NICKNAME: Master Morel
OCCUPATION: Motivational Speaker
AGE: 67
SEX: M
LOCATION: RULO, NE….however I travel the country extensively
MARITAL STATUS: Widower
HOBBIES: Camping, watching "old" movies, elegant evenings out and keeping fit for My age…..lol
ABOUT ME: I have been in the lifestyle for 44 years this year…always and only interested in serious minded submissives…very financially stable…Am My own boss…looking for girl comfortable with her body…open to having photos taken…bigger girls and smokers a plus, but not necessary…And just to get it out of the way…I am still very sexually active, looking for the same…and am intact
QUOTE: Every journey leads somewhere, even when it seems to lead nowhere at all.

topazblue58: well He does seem nice and respectful of E/everyone

And Heather had to agree with that. He was very casual with all the room regulars, without being too casual. She sensed that he was serious, but someone who didn't take himself too seriously. For example they had only chatted briefly once the "auction" was over and the ribbing in the room had died down, and he

had only spoken to her in the room. She had seen several "Masters" who took the joke auctions in the room way too seriously, and become angry and childish if the sub they "won" didn't immediately devote themselves to them, or suddenly want to pick up and be with them in real life.

Master Morel, she could tell, was definitely real. And beyond that he was genuine. Joking aside, *probably good Master material*, Kitty had suggested.

But at the moment Heather found that she couldn't bring herself to engage in conversation with him. Part of her wanted to be. To get to know him a little better. Even be flirty.

She looked over his profile again.

AGE: 67

He was definitely too old. And Heather didn't want to give him the wrong impression by being flirty.

Reading through the About Me section a couple of more times she felt a sly smile curl her lips. "Oh, Kitty," she said to herself, "I'm sorry, but it's payback time." She typed into the IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: psssssst…kitty

topazblue58: yes heather

flafemsub_bbw: Master Morel is right up your alley

topazblue58: oh?
topazblue58: how so?

flafemsub_bbw: His profile says He likes big girls who smoke and that He likes to take their pictures
flafemsub_bbw: lol

topazblue58: :) lol
topazblue58: well since you are "His" submissive now maybe you ask Him if he has any examples He would be willing to share

topazblue58: if He is a true artist like J.J. one might be interested in serving Him

topazblue58: sorry, this one means serving Him as well….since He already has a submissive

topazblue58: lol

topazblue58: :P

flafemsub_bbw: lol

Now that was an idea that Heather found very appealing. To, not only serve a Master, but to be serving beside Kitty as well. In such a situation, she knew, the possibility of the two of them playing together, and with each other, would be very real. Definitely more attainable than the way things were with the older woman serving as her mentor.

She rubbed her knees together as she sat in her chair, looking at the screen. There was a tingle below her stomach, and she could feel herself growing moist, despite the work-out Freddy had given her at his house that morning.

Heather reread Master Morel's profile once again. There were definitely no other pictures saved on it with the exception of his profile pic of the strange looking mushroom. If he did take pictures of his submissives he was keeping them private and not putting them up for everyone to see. That in itself seemed another indication that he was very serious about the lifestyle.

Serious was what she needed. A true and serious Master to guide her. One who would properly train her to be His whore. That thought was arousing as well. And the fact that he had "paid" a million for her, the same sum the J.J. Chambers had been willing to buy Kitty for. In a way it was as if it were a sign.

For a moment she considered sending him an IM, just to see if in his travels he ever came to her area. But once again she scanned his profile and her eyes came to rest on the age line.

AGE: 67

No. No, he was too old for her. Heather was sure that the Master she needed was someone younger, closer to her age. Someone hot and exciting to be with, the way Freddy was when they were in bed together.

But in his ABOUT ME section he did state that he was still very sexually active.

Heather knew older didn't necessarily mean dead. Kitty was still very sexually active as well.

flafemsub_bbw: kitty?

topazblue58: yes heather?

flafemsub_bbw: what does "intact" mean?

topazblue58: it usually means a man is uncut
topazblue58: that he hasn't been circumcised

flafemsub_bbw: oh

topazblue58: why?
topazblue58: does your "Master" have a natural cock?
topazblue58: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: according to his profile…if it's what he meant

topazblue58: * BLUSH :) *
topazblue58: i c

Heather knew that Kitty had been with several uncut men in her past. And Betty loved them. *They are so fun to play with*, she said. And before she married Brad, who she revealed was uncut, had once said, she had never seen an uncut cock in the flesh that she didn't suck and fuck.

For her own part Heather had never seen one at all, and had no idea of what it looked like, other than from Betty and Kitty's descriptions of them, as well as a few from a handful of other people. She couldn't imagine exactly what it was about them that made them that different. But she did know that her best friend's love of them was not universal.

Her sister, Wanda, had broken up with a guy she had been going out with just after she had graduated high school after the first time they had sex because he was not circumcised.

It was gross, she had confessed to her the day after, sounding very traumatized by the experience. *It made me think of a dog dick, like how it comes out of its pouch and is all pink and wet looking. It smelled. I didn't want to touch it, Heather. I didn't want him to touch me with it. I wish we never did it. I feel like garbage.*

Her old friend Gail Brady had admitted that she didn't like them either.

It looked funny. She had been, she said, *afraid it would really hurt her*. And even though it hadn't she never wanted to be with a guy that had one again.

Oh, well. None of that mattered anyway. He was, again she thought, too old.

-5-

Of course just because Master Morel was not what she was looking for in a Master it didn't mean that they couldn't be friends. Or even a little flirty with each other. Though it did take a little while before Heather began to be flirty back with him. Over the next few days he became a regular visitor to Bored Like Hell, and he seemed to like the regulars in the room and vice-versa, which meant he was no doubt on his way to becoming a regular himself.

The Friday night after He had "bought" her in the auction he came into Bored when it was empty. When Heather had gone into chat no one had been there, so she created the room on her own and waited for Kristen and sassy to come online. She was sitting in her chair, going between looking at the screen and flipping through the Megan Dupree cook book Wanda had given her for Christmas.

The glossy dust jacket kept slipping off each time she repositioned the book. Finally tired of it she took it off and opened the bottom drawer to throw it inside. The copy of *Another Kind Of Loving* that Kitty had given her, and she had not read any of past the first few Introduction pages, sat there where she had left it months before.

Without knowing quite why she took the book out of the drawer and slipped the cover of the cook book around it, disguising its true identity. At the time Heather had no idea that this simple act would play a very import role in her life,

and the path her life would finally and ultimately take. At the moment her only thought was of dealing with the inconvenience of the Megan Dupree book sliding out of its jacket.

After she closed the drawer and sat back up in her chair she saw that he had come into the room.

Master_Morel: Greetings heather

She found herself smiling just a little, seeing the *million "quatloo"* bidder in the room.

flafemsub_bbw: greetings Master Morel

Master_Morel: all alone here this evening?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: a girl is holding the room open for the others

Master_Morel: I see
Master_Morel: * ----------<@ gives *flafemsub_bbw* a rose *

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: ty Master Morel
flafemsub_bbw: a girl has enough roses to fill a vase now
flafemsub_bbw: if you keep giving a girl those there will be enough to fill her house up
flafemsub_bbw: and if you keep giving them to all the girls in this room one is afraid You will soon be in the poor house Sir
flafemsub_bbw: lol

Master_Morel: it's okay heather
Master_Morel: this One can afford it

Yes. He was *His own boss*.

Master_Morel: home alone?

flafemsub_bbw: no Sir
flafemsub_bbw: hubby and kids are sleeping

Master_Morel: oh yes that's right
Master_Morel: you're a married girl

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

Master_Morel: but you're looking for a Master who will collar you

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

And from there their conversation became slightly more flirty and suggestive for the first time.

Master_Morel: do you have a Master you play with?
Master_Morel: just curious
Master_Morel: One hopes you don't mind

flafemsub_bbw: not at all Sir

Heather smiled at the screen. Then she went on.

flafemsub_bbw: no Sir this girl does not have a Master she plays for
flafemsub_bbw: but she does have a boyfriend

Master_Morel: I see
Master_Morel: married, cheating and still looking
Master_Morel: quite a naughty girl
Master_Morel: that's a j/k ok?
Master_Morel: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol Sir
flafemsub_bbw: it is quite okay
flafemsub_bbw: this girl wants a Master who will make her into a slut

Master_Morel: I see

She touched her face, waiting for him to say something else. Her cheek was warm and she knew her face was burning red. She, and she was not sure why, wanted him to know what she was looking for. And on some level she found herself hoping that it would make her sound exciting to him, appealing.

Even though she had no interest in him as a Master she wanted him to find her alluring. Perhaps a little seductive.

Her face felt hotter. She was talking to him in a way she didn't talk to anyone else in Bored. Maybe because he wasn't really a regular there.

Master_Morel: One understands that topazblue lives next door to you

flafemsub_bbw: four houses down
flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

Master_Morel: is she the one who taught you to speak to a Master this way?

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: how did you know Sir?

Master_Morel: because I understand you are pretty new to the lifestyle

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

Master_Morel: and I can tell that even though it's all type on screen that you've sincere about it
Master_Morel: I don't get that from many other subs in chat

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir

Master_Morel: I can tell it is something you have come to know and that you're not just imitating others in chat

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: topaz is a very good mentor for this girl

Master_Morel: indeed

Heather was smiling so big that her cheeks hurt. It made her feel special to know that he had paid that much attention to her over the past few days. Not only that, but he could tell that she was sincere about what she wanted. It had to be something that had come from all his years of experience being a Master, just the way Kitty had always known about her submissive side from all her years of being a submissive herself.

The IM chime when off and a box from him popped up on the screen. Heather looked at the picture of the mushroom and the thumbnail of her with her hand on her pussy beneath it before she looked at what he had written or before she responded.

Master_Morel: I want to ask you something, but not in the room
Master_Morel: in case anyone else comes in
Master_Morel: is that okay with you?

Smiling to herself she typed in her response.

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir that is fine with a girl :)
flafemsub_bbw: ask anything you want to know

Heather drug her bare toes across the carpet. She was hoping it would be something dirty. Something suggestive.

Master_Morel: when was the last time you saw your boyfriend?

Her hand felt just a little shaky as she went to the keyboard to fill in her response. As she moved her body she could feel her nipples were hard as the fabric of her night gown rubbed against them.

flafemsub_bbw: a girl saw him this morning

Master_Morel: I see
Master_Morel: what did you do with him?

Heather shivered as she though back to her visit with Freddy, what would be her third to last tryst with him. She shifted in her seat, rubbing her legs and knees together before she answered.

flafemsub_bbw: this girl sucked his cock
flafemsub_bbw: sucked him until he came in her mouth

Master_Morel: I see
Master_Morel: did you let him fuck you?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: we fucked several times this morning

Master_Morel: did you come too?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir a girl came many times
flafemsub_bbw: he's a puerto rican
flafemsub_bbw: he has a very big cock

Master_Morel: it must feel good in your pussy
Master_Morel: it looks very nice in your profile

Shifting in her seat she rubbed her legs together a little more tightly.

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir it feels very good there

Master_Morel: you like big cocks?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir very much

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *

Master_Morel: does he put it up your ass?

flafemsub_bbw: no Sir
flafemsub_bbw: a girl has only had her ass taken a few times
flafemsub_bbw: she has only tried that an old boyfriend
flafemsub_bbw: back when one was in high school

Master_Morel: there's nothing wrong with that heather

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

Admitting all this to him was making her very hot. Her nipples were rock hard. And her pussy was getting wet.

flafemsub_bbw: this talk is making a girl hot Sir
flafemsub_bbw: one would like to touch herself for You

Master_Morel: no that isn't necessary
Master_Morel: perhaps in time when W/we know each other better

flafemsub_bbw: as You wish Sir

But she found that she couldn't resist, at least a little touch. Opening her legs she ran a hand over her pussy through her night gown. It made her shiver.

Master_Morel: do you love this puerto rican boyfriend you have?

flafemsub_bbw: no Sir
flafemsub_bbw: we were really good friends for a long time before we did anything
flafemsub_bbw: but now it's about nothing but sex
flafemsub_bbw: the truth is one is about to break up with him

Master_Morel: so he's not in love with you either

flafemsub_bbw: no Sir one is sure he is not

Master_Morel: do you like ethnic men heather?

flafemsub_bbw: one is very curious about them Sir
flafemsub_bbw: one has wondered recently what it would be like to be with black men

Master_Morel: I see

flafemsub_bbw: is that okay Sir?

Master_Morel: should it not be?
Master_Morel: One is sure that E/everyone wonders what it would feel like to be with someone of a different race at least once in their life
Master_Morel: I think it is natural

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: one is sure that You are right

Heather rubbed her hand over her pussy a second time as she waited for his response. She didn't know why she was telling him about it. Probably because he seemed so serious and yet so easy going. It made him easy to admit it to.

Master_Morel: does your husband know about him?

flafemsub_bbw: no Sir

Master_Morel: do you love him
Master_Morel: your husband?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: it's just is not the way one once did

Master_Morel: I see

Master_Morel: that too is something natural for a lot of P/people
Master_Morel: One has seen it happen many times

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: of course Sir

Her nipples were throbbing. At that moment she was somewhere between wanting him to ask her to play with herself or wanting to keep their relationship completely platonic.

Master_Morel: this One thinks you are a really good person heather

flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir

Master_Morel: pretty as well
Master_Morel: at least judging from what One can see from the breasts down

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir

Master_Morel: I should like to see what is above them someday

flafemsub_bbw: there's only one good picture of what's up there
flafemsub_bbw: one could send it if you like

Master_Morel: very well if it is okay with you

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: one needs a moment to find it

Master_Morel: of course heather

Heather went into her computer and opened up her photo files. She had scanned all the pictures she could into the computer when they had first bought it, but it had been quite a while since she had shared them with anyone in chat,

and they were personal enough that she had chosen not to use any of them to show Richard Davis what she looked like, choosing a more recent picture instead. She looked at the picture she considered her best face shot with a slight twinge of guilt. She was looking into the camera, her eyes sparkling and a broad smile on darkly painted lips. She had a white veil on her head, pulled up to reveal her face. The picture was from her wedding day. It had been taken just after the ceremony beside a large oak tree on the church grounds.

Looking at the picture now several memories and emotions came flooding back to her. It had been so wonderful then. Unlike now, she had felt that her whole life was finally complete then. *As if anyone can truly feel their life is complete at 18*. With 16 years of hindsight she found it was easy to think that.

For an instant she considered not sending the picture.

The feelings that she had made her finally understand what Betty had meant when she told her that the day that she married Brad was still the happiest day of her life, and that she still had a great deal of love for him. Of course her friend didn't have children, so she never knew that joy, but for Heather herself, she realized, that the day she had married Bill was still one of the happiest days of her own life. Being different, starting to feel different, had not changed that. And she realized it probably never would.

flafemsub_bbw: one has it ready to send Sir but it is a very old picture
flafemsub_bbw: 16 years

Master_Morel: that is fine as long as you feel it is your best one heather

flafemsub_bbw: it is also of this girl on her wedding day

Master_Morel: then it means One will see how you look smiling and happy

Of course he was right, she already knew.

flafemsub_bbw: very well Sir
flafemsub_bbw: one is sending it now

He was silent for a couple of minutes after she sent her picture. As she waited for him to say something she realized she felt a little nervous, and

slightly embarrassed.

Master_Morel: indeed you are very beautiful heather

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir
flafemsub_bbw: but it is a very old picture

Master_Morel: the ones on your profile are more recent though

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

Master_Morel: then you cannot have changed all that much

She smiled at the screen, butterflies in her stomach.

Master_Morel: One would like to take pictures of you someday
Master_Morel: once W/we get to know E/each other a little better

flafemsub_bbw: one would have to think about that Sir

Master_Morel: of course
Master_Morel: there's no rush
Master_Morel: take all the time you need

flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir

She didn't tell him, but the idea of him taking pictures of her was suddenly appealing. Probably because Master Chambers had been a photographer and he had taken so many pictures of Kitty, a majority of them very tasteful and gallery worthy. Something told her that Master Morel was the kind of person who took equally tasteful photographs.

Master_Morel: not to cut things short, but One needs to turn in for the night
Master_Morel: I have to catch a flight to Detroit for an automakers convention One is speaking at tomorrow

flafemsub_bbw: that is fine Sir
flafemsub_bbw: a girl understands
flafemsub_bbw: in fact one thinks she will turn in as well

Master_Morel: very well
Master_Morel: I probably won't take the time to get on until sometime Monday

flafemsub_bbw: okay Sir
flafemsub_bbw: one looks forward to chatting to you again then

Master_Morel: as do I heather
Master_Morel: good night

Before she let him go she realized that there was something she wanted to ask. Now that they had been talking, and getting a little friendly. She wanted to know about his ID.

flafemsub_bbw: a girl has a question before You go Sir

Master_Morel: yes heather?

flafemsub_bbw: well a girl was curious about Your id
flafemsub_bbw: she was wondering what it meant

Master_Morel: what is a morel?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

Master_Morel: a morel is a type of mushroom that grows wild in this area

Heather realized she wasn't quite sure what his area was. She couldn't remember if NE was Nebraska or Nevada.

flafemsub_bbw: the mushroom on your profile Sir?

Master_Morel: yes

flafemsub_bbw: ic

Master_Morel: used to go out hunting for them all the time and still do occasionally if I have someone along with Me

flafemsub_bbw: so you chose that id because you like to eat those mushrooms

Master_Morel: well yes and no ;)

flafemsub_bbw: oh Sir

Master_Morel: yes I do love to eat them but that isn't the reason I chose the name

Master_Morel: actually it was a nickname that My wife gave Me when W/we were younger

His wife. Yes, on his profile it said he was a widower.

flafemsub_bbw: why was that Sir?

Master_Morel: One has another picture of a morel He will have to show you sometime

Master_Morel: when W/we get to know E/each other better

flafemsub_bbw: oh my Sir

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *

flafemsub_bbw: again

flafemsub_bbw: deep red this time

Master_Morel: one thinks you know what He means

flafemsub_bbw: giggles

flafemsub_bbw: oh yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: indeed this girl does

Heather knew he was referring to another kind of mushroom. And she knew it was not the type that grew wild in the dark and damp forest of either Nebraska or Nevada. Now she found herself very curious as to what exactly this other mushroom looked like, as much as she had been curious to see Kitty's other tattoo when her journey into the lifestyle had begun that past Fourth of July.

Master_Morel: well on that note One better go

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

Master_Morel: be well heather

flafemsub_bbw: be well Master Morel

-6-

Once he left Heather signed out of chat and messenger and got ready for bed. She did feel tired, and it didn't look like Kristen, sassy or any of the other Bored Like Hell regulars were going to show up any time soon.

She felt a little giddy as she stepped into the darkened hall. Instead of heading straight to the master bedroom she walked to the end of the hall and gave Giggling Gary a slight push as she made a u-turn to go to bed.

"La, la, ma, ma."

Slipping between the cool sheets and beside a steadily snoring Bill she closed her eyes and fell right to sleep. Somewhere in the back of her mind her subconscious produced a dream about her and the kids walking through the woods, hunting mushrooms with Betty and Kitty.

-7-

Heather didn't tell anyone about the first couple of conversations she had with Master Morel. In a way she wanted to keep them private. It had felt personal, even though they had not really gotten personal with their chat. She

didn't tell Kristen, Kitty or Betty that they had been taking until a couple of weeks went by. Of course by then there was a lot more to report.

Past midnight Bored Like Hell began to empty out. It seemed everyone had something to do, or some place to be. Finally the only regulars left were herself, Kristen, Kitty and maiden. And at about 1:30 maiden excused herself for the night.

sensualmaiden1999: well one needs to go
sensualmaiden1999: Master is coming to town in the morning :)

sweetandshaven_mo: wooohoooos maiden
sweetandshaven_mo: you better get some sleep

topazblue58: lol k

sensualmaiden1999: lol @ k

flafemsub_bbw: lol

sensualmaiden1999: * BLUSHES :) *
sensaulmaiden1999: ok i'm going
sensualmaiden1999: nite-nite

flafemsub_bbw: good night maiden
flafemsub_bbw: be well

topazblue58: be well maiden

sweetandshaven_mo: night maiden be well

sensualmaiden1999: good night k heather n topaz
sensualmaiden1999: be well A/all

After a few more goodbyes from tourist and visitors maiden left the room, and Heather and the others were left in the room with about ten visitors.

sweetandshaven_mo: sooooooooooo

topazblue58: soooooooooooooooo?

flafemsub_bbw: soooooooooooooooooooooo what?
flafemsub_bbw: lol

topazblue58: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lol
sweetandshaven_mo: i got an idea

topazblue58: really
topazblue58: do tell k

-8-

Kristen's idea was to test out one of Peeplchat Messenger's new features, chat conferencing. Heather understood that it worked the same way as an IM, but it could be between more than two people. So it was like a private chat room for friends only.

Once Kristen had set up the chat conference she sent invitations to Heather and Kitty.

sweetandshaven_mo has invited *flafemsub_bbw* to a Chat Conference

Heather clicked on accept and a new window opened up. It looked like a cross between an IM box and a chat room. On the right side of the box their chat IDs were listed, thumbnails of their profile pictures beside each of their names. The text space in the window was much larger than a regular IM box.

sweetandshaven_mo: welcome heather and kitty
sweetandshaven_mo: hehehe
sweetandshaven_mo: isn't this kewl?

topazblue58: ty k

topazblue58: this is neat

flafemsub_bbw: very kewl sis
flafemsub_bbw: great idea

They chatted on in the conference until nearly four in the morning. Kitty talked about serving for Master Chambers, and the first vacation they had taken with Elaine, to Hilton Head. And they all had a long discussion about one of their favorite subjects, spanking, most of the time they were in the conference.

sweetandshaven_mo: you know we should do this more often with some of the other girls

Her suggestion came just as they had all mutually decided that it was time to get a little sleep.

topazblue58: like a club

flafemsub_bbw: the sub club

topazblue58: good idea

sweetandshaven_mo: yeah sis
sweetandshaven_mo: great idea sis
sweetandshaven_mo: the sub club

topazblue58: i like it

flafemsub_bbw: ty

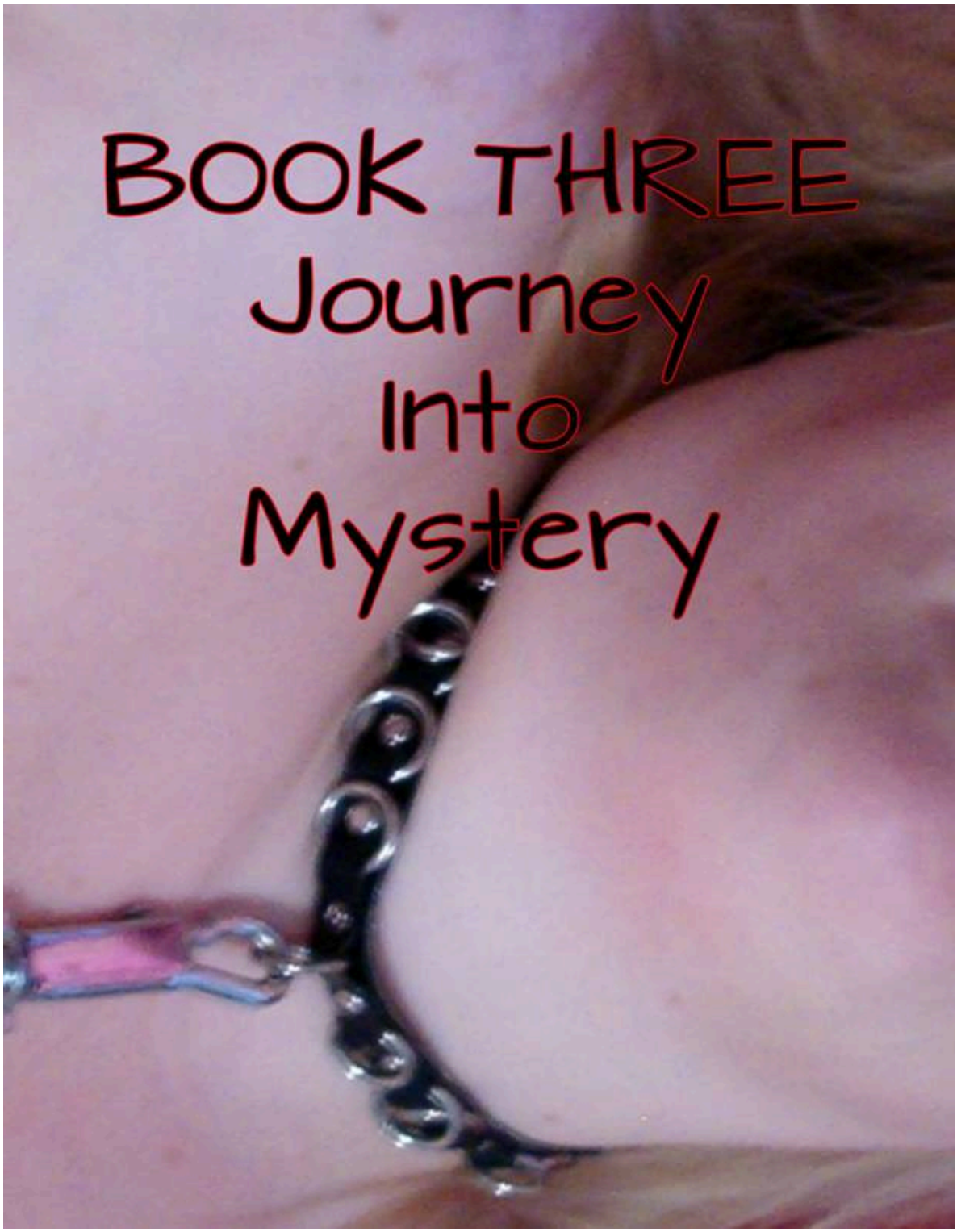
sweetandshaven_mo: then we'll all do this more often
sweetandshaven_mo: in chat and in conference
sweetandshaven_mo: sassy and maiden will like it

So they chatted for a few minutes longer, agreeing that the sub club was an excellent idea. It would be a way to get together and share stories without

putting everything in the room. And it was a way to get to know each other better and give support to each other.

As Heather fell to sleep she was happy that the idea had come up. It made her feel even closer to Kitty and Kristen. And she knew it was a way to get to know the others even more, and probably get to know a lot more about the lifestyle. As sleep took her she felt very content.

The conference club would help her learn even more about how to be a good girl. It might also help prepare her for the day she could become Master's whore.


BOOK THREE
Journey
Into
Mystery

CHAPTER FIFTEEN:
S.S.C.

-1-

The sub Club was an idea which quickly caught on, and each of the regular submissive chatters from Bored Like Hell agreed to join right away as soon as they were approached with the idea, so a couple of times a day, usually once in the morning and once late at night, several of them would get together in a chat conference. It did take some time for much of the conversation to vary from the things they usually talked about in Bored, but as time went on the girls began to open up about their experiences as submissives and in the lifestyle.

Over the next few months it would be a great learning tool for Heather, and she would get to know sassy, maiden, tmc and iowa a lot better. She would learn that each of them were very different as submissives, and that they each served in different ways and had different kinks. As Kitty had told her in the beginning each person had their personal belief and style as it related to being Dominants and submissives.

There's no one set of rules as to what the lifestyle is supposed to be. Everyone should understand that not everyone's kinks are the same. Some things seem normal to some people and strange to others. Therefore we all try to respect one another and not judge each other on the basis of, that person is too extreme, or this person is too relaxed, to be serious. But there are some general understandings that are universal.

Of the "*general understandings"* Heather noted, there was the most brought up subject, the one considered the most important, was S.S.C.: *Safe, Sane, Consensual*. It sounded very common sense and easy to understand, but since the very beginning of her journey into mystery and exploring in chat she had seen that the definition of S.S.C. was a highly debated topic. It was so highly

debated at times that she would often ask Kitty or Kristen's opinion if a discussion became hotly contested.

Once, after she had only been chatting in Bored Like Hell for a few weeks she had logged into the room in the middle of what was an issue that had some of the regulars divided on whether something was S.S.C. or if it was something that had gone too far.

maid4abuse: a girl was made to get down on her knees under it
maid4abuse: and my Master told me to suck it
maid4abuse: so i started to touch the dog like Master wanted

tmc31: hold up
tmc31: that's it!

Heather's eyes widened as she looked at the screen. *What the hell?* The girl in the room wasn't really talking about what she thought she was talking about. It had to be a joke.

tmc31: i've tolerated all this crap so far because every time i interrupt E/everyone says i should be tolerant and respectful
tmc31: BUT YOU'RE REALLY FUCKING MAKING ME SICK
tmc31: YOU WANNA PUT ON A CYBER SHOW GREAT
tmc31: JUST DO IT ELSE WHERE
tmc31: GET THE FUCK OUT OF THIS ROOM!

Mistress_Saybin: tmc I think that maid4 needs a little understanding

saffron_sub_girl: yes W/we supposed to be tolerant of O/others

maid4abuse: i touched it as Master spanked me
maid4abuse: He told Me i was a good slut
maid4abuse: i didn't want to do it Master made me

tmc31: JESUS SEE WHAT I MEAN
tmc31: SHE JUST GOES ON WITH THIS SICK SHIT WITHOUT EVEN PAYING ANY ATTENTION TO WHAT W/WE'RE SAYING IN THE ROOM

MasterMind: you're still yelling tmc

saffron_sub_girl: she said her Master told her to repeat the story

tmc31: SO FUCKING WHAT SAFF?
tmc31: THIS IS JUST FUCKING SICK AND I'M GOING TO FUCKING PUKE

sassyone67: this one totally agrees with tmc
sassyone67: this is disgusting and it has no place here in this room
sassyone67: sweet wanted a place where bored people could chat and have friendly discussion and not this abomination
sassyone67: this girl is going to ignore her and she humbly suggest E/everyone else do the same

tmc31: AMEN SISTER

iowa_sub: but what if someone wants to hear her story?

sassyone67: well…..E/everyone must make up T/their own mind one supposes

MasterMind: very true sassy
MasterMind: it is the nature of what W/we do

tmc31: WELL I THOUGHT THAT CHOICE WAS A NO BRAINER

MasterMind: not E/everyone sees everything the same way or for the same reasons tmc

Mistress_Saybin: I think you're losing sight of the fact that this girl needs understanding and guidance….not ridicule
Mistress_Saybin: this scene is not good and she needs someone to help her get away from this "Master"

tmc31: BUT YOU'RE STILL LISTENING TO THIS CRAP
tmc31: WHERE'S THE THERAPY THERE?

topazblue58: one agrees with tmc and sassy
topazblue58: this has no place here
topazblue58: if she needs help then put an end to this
topazblue58: if she does not want help she needs to leave
topazblue58: either way this one has had enough and is going to ignore her

maid4abuse: the dog kind of growled
maid4abuse: it was very big

Heather was "speechless". All she found that she could do at the moment was just watch. Part of her understood why some of the others wanted to hear the story. It was different, something she wanted to know about just out of pure curiosity as to what kind of person found that to be exciting and why it made them get off. But she had no interest in bestiality, and the idea of being made to do things with a dog, when she thought about it, made her own stomach begin to churn.

As maid4abuse kept going on and on, describing the action in every detail, Heather became a little more sickened by the display. The one thing that tmc was right about was that, no matter what was said in the room, good, bad or neutral, she just kept going on, oblivious to what anyone else was saying.

tmc31: HEY MAID4 I JUST MADE A NEW MACRO JUST FOR YOU!
tmc31: * tells *maid4abuse* that kind of thing is not welcome here. Although I enjoy different sex a waaaaaaayyyyyyy lot I strictly advocate keeping the DOG out of DOGGY STYLE *

sassyone67: omg lmfao @ tmc

topazblue58: lol

fields_of_heather: lol

Later that afternoon Kitty had come over for a little while and told Heather about her experience of being paddled by Master Chambers and Dinah Saunders for the first time, as opposed to being spanked bare handed. When they went to the front steps to have a cigarette Heather brought up the subject again.

"That girl this morning, talking about the dog," she began, stirring the ice cubes in her lemonade with the index finger of her free hand. "Why? I mean, I know she was getting too blow by blow and all, but why was everyone so divided?"

"It's all about S.S.C.," the older woman replied, her tone casual. She took a drag off her cigarette and exhaled. "Did you find her story titillating?"

"Eeeeew, no, Kitty."

"Nor did I. But there are a few people, *submissives and Masters*, who really get off on such a scene. It just isn't right."

"But isn't it a choice?" she asked. "I mean, people choose to do those things. I know everyone else might not like it, but not everyone likes the same things, right?"

Kitty took a deep drag off her cigarette and slowly exhaled through her nostrils. "That kind of thing is not very BDSM, Heather."

"Not that I agree that it's okay to have that kind of thing forced on you, but didn't the Master and the submissive consent?"

"Maybe," Kitty replied, her tone one of agreement. She nodded. "But did the dog consent?"

Heather shook her head. Now she understood. An animal couldn't consent. It could only be used or trained to do things. Seeing it this way her opinion went from fairly neutral to totally disgusted.

S.S.C. One of the general understandings in BDSM that was considered universal. But Heather quickly learned that the definition of what Safe, Sane, Consensual was supposed to be was far from universal.

Months later, after The sub Club was formed, Heather would learn why tmc, whose real name was, Tonya Christine Malloy, *I switched my initials around to make my ID*, was so opposed to the idea of bestiality. In one of a handful of conversations she would have on the phone with Tonya the other woman admitted to actually having witnessed such a scene. It came as part of a warning to always be careful, and know what you're getting into.

"I saw the most awful thing I ever saw happen to another person when I was 19", she said, her usually uproarious voice somber and full of guilt over the

whole situation. “I didn’t do anything about it. I didn’t try to stop any of it. I just tried to ignore what was happening. I walked out, and came back, and that isn’t something you should do, you shouldn’t let anything happen like that to your best friend. But I was so scared, and such a fuckin’ coward.”

The tale was of a wild party thrown by her best friend’s boyfriend at the time. *We were both 19, just out of high school, party girls.* The man her best friend was seeing was in his 30s *or so*. He had mentioned early on that he was into girls and dogs, and that his dog was “*trained*”, but Tonya’s best friend apparently never took him seriously.

“We got drunk fast”, Tonya revealed. “It’s what horny 19 year olds looking to get laid do.”

And when her best friend was *totally plastered* the boyfriend made the suggestion that she have sex with his dog, to which she drunkenly agreed. With the help of one of his friends he had undressed her and bent her over the arm of the couch. Then he went and brought the dog out.

“I was, drunk, you know, watching”, Tonya said. “It was funny. I remember laughing. Some people left, but most of them stood around, cheering and clapping. I whooped and clapped too.

“And then she started screaming.”

Most of the rest of the story was told in shaky sobs. Her friend’s screaming had been enough to *sober her up quick*, but she just stood and watched, unable to move. It had seemed to *go on forever*. When it was finally done the boyfriend let the man who helped him undress her have sex with her while he took the dog back outside. And once his friend was done he had sex with her.

Tonya admitted she had watched through all of that too without moving or doing anything. Her friend passed out as her boyfriend had sex with her. The other guys were kind of congratulating him, and a few more of the girls had either left the house or were protesting to go home. Tonya went outside, to get some air and get *even more sobered up*.

“I just thought when she wakes up I’ll get her to go. You know, she needed to sleep it off. I should have just made her get up. Made someone take us home.”

Two other men at the party had raped her best friend as she lay passed out on the couch. Her *boyfriend* had cheered them on, and still Tonya felt she could do nothing but watch, and wait for her to get up so they could go home.

“I know everyone thinks I’m wild and crazy”, Tonya said. “And I am, you know. I like being with a lot of guys, and used by them. I like being with a guy who wants me to be a slut for him. I can’t really get off good unless I’m getting 360ed or know that I’m going to be.

“But that, she didn’t want any of it. She doesn’t even remember any of it.

“But I remember it all, Heather. Every detail. I wish I could forget, but I think it’s better that I have to remember it all. Because I just stood there and watched and didn’t do anything about it. It’s with me every single moment of every day, always, right in the back of my mind.” She paused, drawing a ragged breath and sobbing. “I wish to God I could go back and take her place, to save her. *To save both of us*.”

And listening to Tonya’s last statement made Heather realize why she had turned to the lifestyle and why she was into the things she was. The other woman wanted to be punished for looking on as her friend was publicly humiliated and raped and she did nothing to try and stop it. Being a gang bang slut, as much as she said she truly claimed to love it, was her penance.

Heather wasn’t aware if Tonya could see this about herself, or if she even wanted to. But she knew now that it was the reason Tonya chose to serve the way she did.

“Unless you can really handle yourself”, Tonya warned, “Unless it’s something you really want to do, never have anything to drink in a situation where there are a lot more guys than there are girls.”

Her warning echoed Kitty’s own warning from a few months back.

“I will be careful”, she assured her. Something easily said, but much later she would come to realize not so easily done.

“And never let anyone hurt someone you care about”, Tonya went on. “You can look at things in your mind any way you want to. Say to yourself, *it’s ok*, and *it’s not me*. But when you make the wrong decision, when you hurt someone you love or really care about, it always stays with you.”

Heather listened to Tonya’s words, but for the most part they were nothing she would ponder over very often during her journey into mystery. But as they talked on the phone that night part of the statement had stuck with her.

…when you hurt someone you love…

That night when she had talked to Tonya the other woman made it sound so cut and dry that it seemed to be, as Tonya herself would say, *a no brainer*. Of course she was still a few months away from beginning to visit WIIWD and

other rooms other than Bored Like Hell. As she began to learn more and more about people involved on *the fringe* of what was considered to be not normal within the lifestyle, guided by those experienced in the *mainstream* lifestyle, she would learn to feel more empathy for people Tonya and others would shun out of hand.

In the weeks before she reached the point where she realized she went wild Saybin would express to her that there were so many different voices to hear, not just the ones she already had gotten to know and was comfortable with. It would be in listening to those many other voices, becoming excited and blinded by some of the things they would say, that she would find herself off her intended path time and again. It was then her journey into mystery would truly begin.

-2-

The Tuesday and Wednesday after Heather, Kitty and Kristen had founded The sub Club, were the last two times that Heather saw Freddy. At least intimately. She would see him time to time up through the beginning of April, in more social settings. Betty had been afraid that Heather might get mad at her for seeing him after they decided to stop seeing each other, but she had assured her best friend that it was okay.

Of course once they were together Betty couldn't resist bringing him around. She brought him to the house several times, and when Bill met him he commented that he was, *An okay guy*, and that, *He seems to go with her pretty well*.

Heather of course knew her husband's opinion of her best friend's new boyfriend would drastically change if he ever knew that she had been having sexual relations with him nearly every day for over three months straight.

Monkey love! Oh! OH! OH! Ah! Ah! Ahhhhhhha!

Betty even went so far as to invite them all to her house for dinner one night when she knew the kids were each going to spend the night with their friends. So they had gone, Heather doing her best not to squirm as Betty and Freddy talked about such subjects as big cocks, squirting and spanking.

"You know, I think it would be fun if we swapped off," Betty suggested. "Me and you, Bill, and *Heather and Freddy*. I *know* she'd love to fuck him."

Bill just kind of laughed and blew it off. He was used to Betty making that kind of suggestion. In fact she made the same suggestion about them with her and Brad on several occasions when they had first been married. If he had taken her any more seriously, or noticed it was any more unusual than before, he gave no indication.

For her part Heather had wished she was invisible, seeing the knowing smiles on Betty and Freddy's faces.

After the "*affair"* was over Heather and Freddy got along well together, but it was not the same as it had been before. They never talked on the phone after the last morning they were together, and when they saw each other online one or the other would IM the other to say hello, and what's up? But within moments they would both lapse into awkward silence, conversations begun with the best intentions but ended with a closed out box instead of a goodbye once one of them had not said anything for several minutes. For the first time since high school Heather remembered how things turned out when good friends and sexual intimacy mixed. The friendship always changed, and it was never the same as it was before sex came into play.

Their last encounter had in many ways felt dull and unexciting, probably due to the fact that Heather had been resolved to tell him that it would be the last time they saw each other. Things had been more exciting the day before, and she had known it was part of the problem, and the reason why she had to stop seeing him.

"Yeah, that's it, mommy," Freddy had sighed, just after filling her mouth with his cum. "Lick it up. Lick it up like *a good white slut*."

And she had, held the shaft steady as she licked the head of his cock, catching each drop that continued to ooze out of it. Reaching back she had her other hand between her legs, doing her best to rub her clit. Her pussy was hot and wet, begging to be fucked.

It was the way she wanted it. The way she imagined it.

And that was the problem. As long as she had been with Freddy, as long as she stayed with Freddy, all she would do was imagine it.

So it had been after she cleaned him up, once he was hard again, filling her pussy with his big and curved cock, that she had made up her mind, *finally*, that she had to stop seeing him.

But just one more time…

And maybe that had been for the best that things went the way they had the last time they had sex. It had been bad. If it had been good, she knew, it would have made her want to see him *just one more time* again after that.

-3-

Heather didn't go online that day until after Bill and the kids had gone to bed. The room was full, and since it was around 11 there were enough people in the room that the girls hadn't begun to withdraw for a session of The sub Club.

sweetandshaven_mo: hiya sis
sweetandshaven_mo: huggggggggggggssssssss

flafemsub_bbw: ty sis :)
flafemsub_bbw: greetings E/everyone

sensualmaiden1999: hey heather

sassyone67: greetings heather

fantasyland2000: heather's here…..FANTASTIC

delicate_rose: greets heather

Master_Morel: Greetings Heather
Master_Morel: :)
Master_Morel: it is agreeable for One to see you again
Master_Morel: * ----------<@ gives *flafemsub_bbw* a rose *

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir

Heather smiled so big her cheeks were hurting as she looked at the screen. Master Morel had not sent her any IMs since he had gotten back from his trip on Monday, but it hadn't kept her from expecting one, or hoping for one, when they had been online the past evening. The one conversation they had had on

Monday night was brief and non-suggestive, but he had made one suggestion which she had taken right after she signed in that night.

sweetandshaven_mo: you just missed topaz
sweetandshaven_mo: she wanted to get off to bed

flafemsub_bbw: darn
flafemsub_bbw: but a girl expected her to

Of course she knew that Kitty had had a big day too. She had been expecting a visit from Master Dmitri that afternoon. And she had been hoping that He wouldn't, *have her clean up too much once He was done using her*, because she wanted Earl to come home so she could fill him in all about it and it would make him want to, *fuck like a beast!*

sweetandshaven_mo: kewl new font btw sis
sweetandshaven_mo: looks like saff's

The previous night Heather had decided to change fonts and colors before she went to bed, settling on a Corsiva style and setting blue as her color.

flafemsub_bbw: it is
flafemsub_bbw: Someone suggested one give it a try
flafemsub_bbw: but mine is bigger than saff's

Master_Morel: really Heather?
Master_Morel: One would hope to see you both side by side so He can compare sometime
Master_Morel: lol @ Myself

flafemsub_bbw: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao

sensualmaiden1999: lol @ dat Master and his girl
sensualmaiden1999: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: omg and lol @ that maiden

Heather felt her face turning beet red as she looked at the screen. It was just like the ribbing she had gotten the day that he had "won" her in the auction. This time, however, she felt a little flutter in her chest. She found that the idea of him maybe being her Master, even online, was a little more appealing than it had been at first.

sweetandshaven_mo: sooooooooooo
sweetandshaven_mo: how did it go?
sweetandshaven_mo: did you finally do it?

flafemsub_bbw: yes…yes one did

sweetandshaven_mo: and how did it go?

flafemsub_bbw: went well….just as one expected

sweetandshaven_mo: he was just as ready to move on

flafemsub_bbw: nods

sassyone67: what's that heather?
sassyone67: you finally called it quits with freddy?

flafemsub_bbw: yeppers sassy
flafemsub_bbw: one is finally done with being lazy and playing around and is ready to find a true Master

MasterSkullhead: ho ho ho
MasterSkullhead: grinz :)

Im_Pure_Lez: oh, so heather's available

Watching the screen Heather laughed. Suddenly she was the target of every Dominant's attention. In rapid succession came three IMs from Masters who were visiting Bored for the first time, or just passing through. As she closed them out she looked at the screen and her mouth dropped open as she looked at the question that iowa had just posted in the room. "Oh, God."

iowa_sub: you broke up with the guy with the crooked cock heather?

sassyone67: wah? lol
sassyone67: lmfao @ crooked cock

delicate_rose: lmfao @ crooked cock

Mistress_Saybin: lol
Mistress_Saybin: now that's interesting

fantasyland2000: crooked?
fantasyland2000: snickers….oh my

Im_Pure_Lez: lol @ crooked cock too

naughtybaby2nite: omg bbw how crooked was it?

MasterSkullhead: heather One must know what exactly counts as crooked?

Heather sat, watching the chat thread roll up the screen. She had a hand pressed over her mouth, trying to keep from laughing loud enough to get Bill back out of bed. She knew if she didn't hold back she was going to wet herself. Which, she considered, wouldn't be all that bad, because she needed an excuse to get away for the moment.

She was about to post in the room when an IM window from Kristen popped up.

sweetandshaven_mo: omg i'm so embarrassed for you sis
sweetandshaven_mo: but……
sweetandshaven_mo: roflmmfao @ "crooked cock"

flafemsub_bbw: hahaha

sweetandshaven_mo: sorry
sweetandshaven_mo: i guess no one ever said what happens in sub Club stays in sub Club

flafemsub_bbw: well even if we did you know iowa would forget
flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: i gotta go pee
flafemsub_bbw: pls save me from this conversation while i'm gone sis

sweetandshaven_mo: hokay sis

Heather excused herself from the room and went to the bathroom, giving Giggling Gary a slight push as she came back by, on her way to the kitchen. She made herself a cup of hot chocolate before heading back to the spare bedroom. After she sat her mug down she closed the door and slipped a Madonna CD into the tray of the computer, punching up *'Who's That Girl'*.

Sitting down she looked at her screen to see that an IM from Master Morel had popped up while she had been out.

Master_Morel: back yet Heather?

She smiled, taking a sip of her hot chocolate and swallowing down a few marshmallows before she answered.

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir a girl is back

Master_Morel: wb heather

flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir

She smiled again, already pretty certain that it was coming.

Master_Morel: so….crooked cock huh?

Master_Morel: you never mentioned that

flafemsub_bbw: with respect Sir
flafemsub_bbw: One never asked a girl
flafemsub_bbw: lol

Master_Morel: lol
Master_Morel: did it make it better?
Master_Morel: hummm?

Heather shook her head and chuckled to herself. Then she nodded at the screen as she typed her response.

flafemsub_bbw: well….yes a girl would say it did….however…
flafemsub_bbw: it wasn't really "crooked"
flafemsub_bbw: it was big
flafemsub_bbw: and it kind of had a natural curve that went to one side
flafemsub_bbw: and touched a girl deeply in places no other one ever has before

Master_Morel: I see
Master_Morel: do you think you will miss it, since it was an unusual cock?

flafemsub_bbw: probably
flafemsub_bbw: but a girl would much rather have a good Master than a vanilla man with an unusual cock

Master_Morel: how about a Master with an unusual cock?

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: well Sir one would have no problem with that she thinks
flafemsub_bbw: maybe something like a big mushroom…hummm

Master_Morel: lol
Master_Morel: perhaps like a morel specifically heather?

She smiled to herself, moving her chair back and forth. Heather was aware her mouth was a little dry.

Master_Morel: would you like to see the morel My wife adored so much heather?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: a girl would love that

She waited for his response, and there was a pause for nearly two minutes before it came.

Master_Morel: perhaps some other time once W/we know E/each other a little better

Heather sighed. *Was he really wanting for them both to wait? Or was he just teasing her?* Either way she decided to respond the way a good girl should in such a situation.

flafemsub_bbw: as you wish Sir

Master_Morel: so you ended it with your bf today

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

Master_Morel: did you let him fuck you?

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

Master_Morel: I knew you would
Master_Morel: slutty girl ;)

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir

Master_Morel: was it good?

flafemsub_bbw: no Sir it was awful :(

Master_Morel: so you're only going to fuck your hubby now?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: at least until one finds a Master with an unusual cock
flafemsub_bbw: lol

Master_Morel: lol
Master_Morel: well okay then
Master_Morel: let U/us get back to the room okay

flafemsub_bbw: as you wish Sir

-4-

"Mom. Mom!" Melissa cried excitedly.

It was Friday, and Heather had decided to go to the Lake Trinity Mall with the kids once they had gotten home from school. She realized that they hadn't done anything together since Christmas vacation had ended, but she knew more than likely they would go their separate ways, Terry to the game store and Melissa to the music store as she went down to Lane Bryant, to see if she could find some lingerie in her size, and even if not she could still use the gift card she had gotten for Christmas. They had just left the food court and were getting into the flow of foot traffic when Melissa yelled out.

"What the hell?" Terry groaned.

"Look," Melissa said, pointing to the book store.

There was a line out the door, and Heather strained to see the sign that had been placed by the entrance to the book store.

CHEF MEGAN DUPREE
BOOK SIGNING TODAY
3:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M.

Chef Megan Dupree?

"Didn't she write the book that Aunt Wanda gave you for Christmas, Mom?" Melissa asked.

Now she realized why the name looked familiar as she glanced at it. Yes, the girl was right. It was the woman who had written the book her sister had given her. Through the window of the store she could see a slight blonde sitting at a folding table and dressed in the traditional white chef's outfit.

"The *Bitchy Chef*," Terry commented.

"Terry!" Heather scolded.

"Well that's what D.J.'s mom calls her when she's watching her show on TV. That's the name of her show, *The B Chef*."

"Can we go meet her, Mom?" Melissa asked.

Heather shook her head. "No." And there really was no reason to.

"But she's famous, Mom," Melissa whined.

"You've never even watched her show."

"But she's famous," the girl repeated, with a little more of a whine in her voice.

"Oh, Christ," she could hear Terry moan under his breath.

Heather rubbed her temple, closing her eyes. She already had a slight headache from the ride from the house to mall, having to listen to Gwen Stefani sing *'Wind It Up'* three times on the ride. *God damn*, she wished she hadn't reminded Betty to pick the CD up for Melissa for Christmas.

"Well, I want to go to Game-X," Terry said. "I don't want to waste time to go in there. Look at the line, Melissa."

Heather looked at her daughter, who was giving her the big, soulful eye treatment. "Hun, I have no reason to go meet her. I don't have my book with me, and it's pointless to buy another one just to get her to sign it. Why don't you go down to the music store and get some idea of what you want for your birthday while I go to the clothes store."

Jeez, Melissa's birthday was in two weeks. Looking at her and listening to her now made it harder to believe she was about to turn nine. In fact it felt more like she was going on four.

"The *big girl* store." Another comment from Terry under his breath.

Lane Bryant was not one of his favorite stores to go to. The comment made her wonder what her son thought of her size, and more importantly she wondered how he treated people his own age who were bigger. Surely not

badly, she had done her best to teach him to respect everyone. But he was a teenager now, picking up things from his friends. How did she know how he treated people and talked when she wasn't around?

With a minute's more discussion Heather and her children finally agreed to go their separate ways as she had known they would from the beginning. She walked on toward her destination, thinking about what she would look for. Pushing her children out of her head she wondered what kind of *"big girl"* lingerie she would look good in. She wondered what someone like Master Morel would think she would look good in.

-5-

sensualmaiden1999: guess what?

sassyone67: what maiden?

sensualmaiden1999: Master is taking me to a munch next week
sensaulmaiden1999: giggles

fantasyland2000: FANTASTIC maiden

sassyone67: that's great maiden
sassyone67: this one has not been to a munch in a while

fantasyland2000: me either sass

Heather watched the conversation on her screen. Munches had been mentioned here and there since she had started chatting in Bored Like Hell. It was a kind of social gathering for people in the lifestyle, though she had no real idea what it was all about. Suddenly, though, she found that she wanted to know more.

Kristen had not been on that afternoon. Her Master was visiting. Kitty had not been in chat, but she felt sure that the older woman was at home. She picked up the phone and called.

"Hello."

"Hello, Kitty. It's Heather."

“Good morning, Heather,” she said, her cheery, Georgia peachy voice coming through the handset. “What’s going on?”

“I have a question.”

On her end of the line Kitty laughed. “Yes, of course, you can always…”

“…ask me anything,” they answered in unison, laughing.

“Okay, what do you need to know?”

“What’s a munch?” Heather asked. “I kind of know what one is, but I don’t really know. They’re talking about going to one in Bored right now.”

“It’s a relaxed get together,” Kitty replied. “People involved in the lifestyle get together and talk. Pretty much what we’ve been doing in the chat room, but without the Internet. It’s how you used to have to get together with like minded people before the Internet came along.”

“Sounds great,” Heather commented. And it did sound great. People, dominants and submissives, getting together to get to know each other, and know about each other in real life, face-to-face. That would be exciting. She could meet other submissives in person, and know girls who had been in the lifestyle other than Kitty herself. It would also be, Heather realized, a good place to meet a Master. “Do they have them around here?”

“I haven’t been to one in ages,” Kitty replied. “I would have to do some asking around to find out if anyone is hosting any locally. It’s been since just after we moved here that Earl and I went to a munch.”

“I see.”

There was a pause on the other end of the line, and Heather could tell that her mentor was thinking something.

“There is an event coming up in a couple of months,” Kitty finally said. “It’s not a munch, but, if you’re really interested, it would be a chance to meet other people in our area, more or less, involved in the lifestyle.”

“Oh? What is it?” She glanced at her screen.

MasterMind: W/we host a munch for P/people in our area about once a month

sassyone67: once a month would be so great Master Mind

iowa_sub: a girl sure would love to have a chance to meet P/people like her that often

iowa_sub: the only thing people here do monthly is count corn money

sassyone67: lol @ corn money

Shaking her head Heather laughed quietly as Kitty replied.

"There is a Master who lives in the Ghost Wood Heights area of Lake Trinity," the other woman said. "His name is Günter Schrader, and he holds a lifestyle social for each season of the year. The spring social will be coming up in March."

"Do you think I could go?"

"Well, if I went with you."

"I wouldn't want to go alone," Heather said.

"It's not quite as casual as a munch."

"How so?"

"How far people go is up to them," Kitty replied. "At a munch people will usually get together at a house or a ball room and talk and get to know each other, and everyone looks pretty much *vanilla*, so you wouldn't know you were surrounded by people in the lifestyle if you were someone walking in off the street and had no idea what kind of group you had stumbled in to.

"At one of Master Schrader's socials," she paused a moment, "people are free to really be themselves."

"I see."

"So you should be prepared if you decide to go. You will see people from several different aspects of the lifestyle. Some people come casual and chat like at a munch. Some people come dressed. And some are undressed. And you will probably see extremes you never imagined or heard of. Most people socialize, but a lot come to play out scenes, so you would have to be prepared to run across that as well."

Heather considered what she was saying for a moment. "Were you already going?"

"I hadn't planned on going. We usually don't hit the big parties."

"Would Earl come along?"

Kitty gave a sly laugh. "Master will be there I'm sure. So Earl will want to stay home and wait for me to get back."

"Gotcha," Heather laughed.

"So, you think you want to go?"

“Sure,” Heather replied. It sounded exciting. It sounded exactly like the kind of thing she needed to experience to see more of the lifestyle first hand. “I would love to go. If it’s okay.”

“Yes, I know it will be fine,” Kitty said. “And when you go they give out bands that mean different things, so people will know where you stand. All unowned submissives have to wear one. I’ll call and get one that will tag you as an inexperienced outside guest. That way no one will bother you or touch you.”

“Oh, okay.” It sounded boring. But, considering her track record so far, wearing a band at such a gathering would probably be a good idea, and a good way for her to stay out of trouble.

“Okay,” Kitty said. “I’ll make arrangements.”

“Good.”

“Well, let me go and I’ll call you back a little later with details,” Kitty said. “I was just about to hop into the shower when you called.”

“Oh,” Heather crooned. “Too bad I’m not there to help you.”

On the other end of the line Kitty laughed her polite, Georgia peachy laugh. “Heather, what a silly thing for you to say.”

Heather laughed slightly, feeling her face burning red. *Yeah, silly*. She wanted to kick herself right in the ass.

“Talk to you in a bit. Be well, Heather.”

“Be well, Kitty.”

-6-

Heather scolded herself for being so stupid on and off for the rest of the day. Leaving chat she busied herself around the house as best she could. She hadn’t realized that there would be such a void once Freddy was out of her life. Had she really spent all that time doing nothing day after day except trying to find times and places for them to get together and fuck?

In the evening she sat down with Bill and the kids for dinner, doing her best to act normal. It made her consider that she was beginning to question exactly what normal was anymore. She came to the realization that she was sitting with her family having dinner, which she had always known to be normal. But her thoughts were on a party for people in the lifestyle where submissives were being dominated, put into bondage and used as sex objects, which was not “*normal”*.

Well maybe *not normal* was not the way to look at it. Perhaps it was better to think of it as different.

Later that night Heather and maiden were the last two Bored Like Hell regulars still online and in a sub Club conference that Kristen had set up hours before. Her eyes were sore and the clock at the corner of the screen said it was 5:02, but she wanted to stay and talk to maiden as long as the other woman stayed on.

flafemsub_bbw: what time is it there?

sensualmaiden1999: just after 4:00
sensualmaiden1999: i'm in nebraska

flafemsub_bbw: cool
flafemsub_bbw: Master Morel lives in nebraska too

sensualmaiden1999: kewl

Heather had finally broken down and asked him where exactly he hunted morels, and he told her that NE was Nebraska and not Nevada.

flafemsub_bbw: what part?

sensualmaiden1999: kralen commons
sensualmaiden1999: about 20 miles from omaha

flafemsub_bbw: ever heard of rulo?

sensualmaiden1999: as a matter of fact i have
sensualmaiden1999: it's this tinny tiny town on the missouri border

flafemsub_bbw: and the munch you're going to
flafemsub_bbw: where's it

sensualmaiden1999: omaha

flafemsub_bbw: is that the only city in nebraska?

sensualmaiden1999: probably the only one anyone outside of nebraska has ever heard of other than lincoln
sensualmaiden1999: lol
sensualmaiden1999: and the party you're going to with topaz

flafemsub_bbw: it's in the ritzy area of lake trinity

sensualmaiden1999: you're pretty lucky
sensualmaiden1999: think it would be fun to do something like that with a friend than just with a Master all the time

flafemsub_bbw: yeah

After a little while the other woman decided to take it upon herself to make introductions.

sensualmaiden1999: well, you're obviously heather, even if you're out of the field now
sensualmaiden1999: i'm ines

flafemsub_bbw: pleased to finally meet you ines
flafemsub_bbw: so how does an ines come to be in nebraska?

sensualmaiden1999: my mother is spanish….from spain
sensualmaiden1999: and my dad was…..a corn husker
sensualmaiden1999: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol

sensualmaiden1999: he ran a comic book shop which i took over after he passed away

flafemsub_bbw: yes i had gathered

The other woman was truly a unique combination: Spanish-Nebraskan, comic book store owner, submissive. Yes, it was getting a little harder to make assumptions about people involved in the lifestyle.

They talked a little more before Heather went to bed. Ines was into suspension bondage, something which she found interesting but felt sure she was too big to try. She briefly described a simple scene since it was so late, and Heather mentioned she had seen pictures of Kitty in suspension bondage.

sensualmaiden1999: topaz? really?

sensualmaiden1999: god she's so awesome…it must be great to be her and know all the things she knows

sensualmaiden1999: it has to be great to have her to experience things with

flafemsub_bbw: yes it is

But Heather noted to herself that she did not experience things with Kitty as much as she experienced them through her, from listening to her retell the events of her life in the lifestyle. It crossed her mind, as it had so often in the months since Kitty began telling her about the lifestyle, what it would be like to be with her. What would it be like to be next to Kitty, naked, their warm bodies twisted in an embrace? What would it be like to make love to her?

Reflecting on that she realized that she had come from being disgusted by the very idea that Kitty might come to her house that first day they talked to initiate her in the ways of lesbian sex, to being very turned on at the idea of sharing her body with her neighbor.

Too bad I'm not there to help you.

Heather, what a silly thing for you to say.

Yeah, silly.

I'm so fucking stupid, Heather thought.

Oh, Heather. You're so vanilla.

She didn't want to be. Not anymore.

Melissa's ninth birthday finally came, and Heather had been spared the hassle of a party at the house by her daughter's insistence that they have it at

The Pizza Place. The party was the first time she had a chance to see Betty since her best friend had called to tell her that she and Freddy were going out, just shy of two weeks since Heather had decided to end it.

Betty said she was staying away, because she knew *she was mad at her*.

But the fact that her former lover and her best friend were now together and fucking each others' brains out didn't bother Heather in the least. She had, of course, known all along, as soon as she felt things were fizzling with Freddy that he would hook up with Betty before too long.

Anyway, she had more pressing matters on her mind. Finding a Master was far more important to her now than having a fling.

Kitty had called her back the day she asked about munches to let her know the day and date of the social. It was on a Saturday, and she knew she would have to come up with a very good reason to get out for the day with Kitty. Of course the other woman would no doubt help come up with a plausible cover, which Heather found ironic considering that most of her life she was someone who was always at pains whenever she had to do anything that involved being dishonest.

Master_Morel: so when are you going to this social function?

It was the night of Melissa's birthday, and Heather, as had become her habit, had gotten online as soon as she had everyone in bed for the night.

flafemsub_bbw: the last weekend of march Sir

Master_Morel: in a big town?

flafemsub_bbw: lake trinity

Master_Morel: you live near there?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir in citrus grove

Master_Morel: that is close
Master_Morel: in fact I will be there the week of valentine's day

flafemsub_bbw: the week of this girl's birthday

Master_Morel: really?
Master_Morel: maybe W/we could meet when I come

flafemsub_bbw: maybe Sir ;)

As she waited for him to go on another IM box popped up from Kristen.

sweetandshaven_mo: so are you still up in the rafters there sis?

flafemsub_bbw: yes….lol :P

sweetandshaven_mo: P/people are going to start talking :P

flafemsub_bbw: oh well….sigh

Master Morel's IM chime went off.

Master_Morel: One could bring you a little something for your birthday
Master_Morel: maybe take your picture

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir

The subject of him photographing her again. And again she wanted to know what kind of pictures he really wanted to take. She wondered if his pictures were as good and refined as the ones that Master Chambers took of Kitty.

flafemsub_bbw: a girl is wondering Sir

Master_Morel: yes heather?

flafemsub_bbw: Your pictures…what kind of pictures do you take of girls?

Master_Morel: it depends on how well I know the girl…and what kind of picture she is willing to have taken

Master_Morel: I really like to take pictures of girls in lingerie… playful pictures… teasers

flafemsub_bbw: a girl sees

Master_Morel: I also like to get pictures of girls having a smoke

Master_Morel: there's something about a woman blowing smoke that I find very sexy

flafemsub_bbw: very interesting Sir

Master_Morel: and if One is really close with a girl I will make pictures of U/us doing things…. ;)

Heather raised an eyebrow at *doing things…*

Master_Morel: but only if the girl is okay with it

Master_Morel: and I don't share them with anyone except the girl I take them of

flafemsub_bbw: never Sir??????

Master_Morel: * BLUSHES :) *

Master_Morel: okay, sometimes I do share them with girls interested in having their pictures done by Me

Master_Morel: are you interested heather?

She smiled to herself as she looked at what he had written. Kristen's IM chime went off.

sweetandshaven_mo: so what is He saying?

Instead of answering Kristen she replied to Master Morel.

flafemsub_bbw: maybe Sir

Master_Morel: you wouldn't be teasing would you?

flafemsub_bbw: no Sir
flafemsub_bbw: one leaves all the teasing to you…lol

Master_Morel: lol
Master_Morel: touché heather
Master_Morel: very well I shall send you one to see

Heather clicked over to Kristen's IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: He's going to send some pics

sweetandshaven_mo: perks
sweetandshaven_mo: pics :)

Master_Morel: here it comes

Heather accepted the file transfer through her messenger. Once it finished downloading she opened it up and looked at the picture. It was in black and white, not just for effect, but because it was an older picture. The woman in it had short blonde hair and light skin. She was wearing garters, panties and a dark shirt that she had pulled up to bare her breasts. This was no doubt what he meant as a teasing picture. The photo was labeled as Hope.

Master_Morel: did you get it okay?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir…she's very pretty
flafemsub_bbw: who is she?

Master_Morel: My wife Hope

flafemsub_bbw: wow….very nice Sir

Master_Morel: ty

Kristen's IM chime went off.

sweetandshaven_mo: anything good sis?

flafemsub_bbw: His wife

sweetandshaven_mo: eeeeeeeewwwwww

flafemsub_bbw: when she was younger

sweetandshaven_mo: oh
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

Then his chime went back off.

Master_Morel: would you like to see one of Me?

Heather smiled to herself.

flafemsub_bbw: of course Sir

Master_Morel: what kind?

Heather blushed slightly, looking at her screen.

flafemsub_bbw: a girl thinks You know which one Sir
flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: the one all the mushroom hunters want to see

Master_Morel: lol
Master_Morel: oh, very well…W/we've been talking for a few weeks and I have already seen yours
Master_Morel: if you really want to see Mine you need to look up this profile Bigfatmushroomhead

flafemsub_bbw: okay Sir…one moment

She minimized all the windows on her screen and typed Bigfatmushroomhead into the Profile Search on her messenger box. After a moment the requested profile came up on the screen. The information on the profile was nearly identical to the information in his Master_Morel profile. The big difference was that there was a different picture on the profile. It was a cock shot.

Heather's eyes widened. He was big. Not quite as long a Freddy, but he was thick. And near the head it was especially thick. It was definitely shaped like the mushroom on his other profile. She looked it over, taking in every detail. He had nice and big balls. The foreskin of his cock had been pulled back to fully reveal the head, so she could not tell too much about it.

She had expected that it would look really different since he was "*intact"*, but it really didn't look too different than any other cocks she had seen. *Well*, except in the areas of shape and girth and the sudden flaring in size near the head.

And of course her mind was already working. She wondered what it would be like to suck him, to taste him in her mouth. And she wondered what it would feel like inside. *If she could get it inside*.

Heather quickly brought up Kristen's IM and told her she had to see it for herself.

sweetandshaven_mo: oh my FUCKING gawrd sis!
sweetandshaven_mo: He's HUGE!!!!!!!!!
sweetandshaven_mo: and that cock is…… ummmmm….. very unique

Heather laughed as she read Kristen's reaction. Then she sent an IM to Kitty and told her to look the profile.

topazblue58: omg heather
topazblue58: is that Master Morel?

flafemsub_bbw: yes

topazblue58: oh my
topazblue58: a girl is fanning herself a little….lol
topazblue58: earl's looking too
topazblue58: he says he would give his eye teeth so suck that

flafemsub_bbw: lol

She was about to say something to Master Morel when the ding went off to indicate someone else from her friend's list had come on. Looking she saw it was Betty and quickly sent her an IM, telling her to pull up the profile.

fat_sweaty_betty: HOLIE KRAP!

Heather laughed at Betty's response. Then she brought Master Morel's IM box back up.

flafemsub_bbw: you have a very nice cock Sir

Master_Morel: ty heather

flafemsub_bbw: a girl might be persuaded to take pictures for you for a better look at that
flafemsub_bbw: lol :)

Master_Morel: lol
Master_Morel: silly girl

Later on, after Master Morel excused himself for bed, Heather invited Kitty, Kristen and Betty to a chat conference. The subject, of course, was Master Morel's cock. Kitty wanted to know if she was interested in meeting him

flafemsub_bbw: yes
flafemsub_bbw: i really didn't see me wanting to

fat_sweaty_betty: but he's huge!

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: but He really is nice

sweetandshaven_mo: and the fact that He's hung has nothing to do with the fact you suddenly want to meet Him sis?

flafemsub_bbw: lol…. okay a little
flafemsub_bbw: but i had been thinking about it before I saw the pic

fat_sweaty_betty: be he's like old… older than even I would go for, hung or not

Heather shook her head to herself. Again she felt as if her cheeks were burning red.

flafemsub_bbw: what do you think kitty?

fat_sweaty_betty: yeah grandma?

topazblue58: well, you already know one thinks that He has what one considers to be great qualities in a Master
topazblue58: much more so after tonight though….. lol
topazblue58: but seriously heather
topazblue58: Master Morel might be one of the best people you could meet
topazblue58: He is very experienced and knowledgeable
topazblue58: sincere, patient
topazblue58: He is not local, but comes into the area, so you would have to get to know him over time
topazblue58: with Him you would not go too fast too soon

sweetandshaven_mo: not to mention the fact He's HUNG sis
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

Heather burst out laughing. She quickly put her hand over her mouth, closing her eyes so she didn't have to look at what Kristen wrote.

topazblue58: you have a couple of weeks to consider it
topazblue58: just put some more thought in it

-9-

That night Heather lay awake once again, listening to Bill snore beside her. The fact that nine years ago that day she had given birth to her youngest child was the farthest thing from her mind. Her thoughts were dominated by the idea of meeting Master Morel, Douglas Gorman. She wondered what it would be like to pose for Him, the same way Kitty had posed for Master Chambers.

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It flashed up in her mind again that He was much older, and older men were something that she had ever been attracted to. But then she thought about the picture on His other profile. That was definitely not the way she imagined an older man's cock would look.

She turned on her side, away from Bill, rubbing her legs together. *Do I get wet enough for someone as big as that to get in?*, she wondered.

He's HUGE! She could almost hear Kitty, Kristen and Betty saying it in her mind. If nothing else all three of her friends had been just as impressed as she had been by the size and shape of His cock. *His morel*.

Okay, she thought. There were still a couple of weeks, as Kitty suggested. She could get to know Him a little better and decide whether or not to meet Him. He was coming to the area anyway, so if she backed out no big deal. *Okay, that's what I'll do*.

She closed her eyes, doing her best to will herself to fall to sleep. It wasn't doing her any good though. All that she could do was think about Master Morel's cock, and wonder how good it might be to fill her. To be able to take it. Him plunging it into her.

"Oh, God," she whispered to herself, opening her legs and slipping a hand between them.

The idea of serving for him, playing with him, was something that had not crossed her mind the first few times they chatted. He was just too old. But now that she had gotten to know him a little better. *Now that she had seen his cock…*

Heather squeezed her eyes shut, trying not to think about it. Kitty felt he would be good for her because with the distance between them she could *not move too far, too fast, too soon*, but that was what she was already thinking about. She felt 100% sure that as soon as they met she would want him to fuck her, just to see what it felt like.

Clam down

, she thought to herself. Heather moved her hand from between her legs. *Slow down. If you don't slow down no real Master will ever take you seriously.*

CHAPTER SIXTEEN:
A Master Of Experience And Maturity

-1-

Slowing herself down, Heather found, was an easy, yet difficult, task. Since she had stopped meeting with Freddy she had settled back into her somewhat normal routine. She woke up each morning and got Bill and the kids ready for their respective days. She chatted online in the mornings, and saw Kitty and Betty every few days. In the evening she made dinner for her family, and then sat in the living room until they were each ready for bed. Then she would go online again, chatting in Bored, and then having a late conference session with members of The sub Club most nights.

Heather had also slowed her sexual activity with Bill as well, slipping into their normal routine of sex on the weekends, when the kids were out. She felt far from completely withdrawn from sex, especially since things had been so intense while she had been with Freddy. She still needed a good dose though. So in her free times in the morning and afternoon she often masturbated with her trusty little silver toy, or used her fingers, replaying intense moments with Freddy, her dreams of the not quite Crimson Executioner, and very vivid fantasies about things Kitty and the others told her about that she had yet to experience. She would come a lot during these self sex sessions, and after the first few times she started laying a towel under herself to keep from changing the sheets on a daily basis.

For his part Master Morel helped her to stay away from too many sexual ideas when they chatted. He would still tease her, and make suggestive remarks, but always change the subject before things got too deep. It, as she learned early on, seemed to be part of his personal chat style. Heather wondered if he were trying to make her hotter by teasing her and never going through with any of the

ideas he would bring up. He would excite her and then frustrate her within the matter of a few lines of chat.

And chat they had, since the beginning of February. Whenever he came online, no matter how long he stayed, she chatted with him through IM and messenger the whole time he was on. They would talk, and she did her best to get to know about him, both inside and out of the lifestyle.

Her friends in Bored would all say she was in *the rafters* cybering with him while she was gone. *She wished*. Additionally they had given her the ribbing nicknames of crooked, crookie, bentie and cocky once Betty had blabbed about looking at his cock pic to maiden one night when she had been lucky enough to be invited to The sub Club. So now all the submissives, and a few of the dominants, from Bored Like Hell had seen his Bigfatmushroomhead profile, and she was sure that all of them thought that she now had a fetish for cocks that were unusual shapes and sizes.

No matter what anyone else said or thought, joking or not, Heather found herself very happy whenever he came on. And she felt a little sad whenever one of them had to go. She had to admit to herself that she looked forward to him coming online more than she had going to meet with Freddy.

flafemsub_bbw: Greetings Master Morel :)

Master_Morel: greetings heather :)
Master_Morel: I have a suggestion

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir a girl is all ears

Master_Morel: how about you calling Me Master Douglas from now on
Master_Morel: when W/we're in IM
Master_Morel: after all W/we're going to be meeting soon

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir :)
flafemsub_bbw: a girl likes that very much
flafemsub_bbw: Master Douglas

It had been the first week of February when he told her to refer to him by his given name. Heather had been excited and thrilled, much more so than when

“Master” Rich had told her his name. They were becoming more familiar with one another. But not too familiar.

Master Douglas seemed, suggestions and teasing aside, interested in keeping their relationship platonic, at least for the beginning. When she had told him she was willing to meet him he seemed pleased, but not overly excited. Heather was ready and more than willing to experience him as soon as she could. Master Douglas gave every indication that he wanted to keep their first meeting simple, just as Kitty had suggested that she should do. He had a short conference in Lake Trinity to attend on February 15th, a Thursday. He was flying in late Tuesday night, and leaving on the morning of the 16th, which left him free on Valentine’s Day.

His suggestion was that they could meet on the morning of the 14th as soon as she could get to his hotel. He would perhaps, he hinted, have an early birthday gift for her. Then they could have lunch in the lobby and talk for a while. He told her he was not really planning to take a picture for their first meeting. He wanted it causal, with no expectations on her shoulders. After lunch she was free to go as soon as she needed to get back to her family.

flafemsub_bbw: what should a girl wear Sir?

Master_Morel: nothing special
Master_Morel: you should come in what you are comfortable in

flafemsub_bbw: but a girl needs a suggestion Sir
flafemsub_bbw: a girl only eats fast food
flafemsub_bbw: is the restaurant nice?

Master_Morel: fairly nice
Master_Morel: One thinks a nice white blouse and black skirt would be fine
Master_Morel: one which is well past the knee
Master_Morel: do you have an outfit like that?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

That of course was a slight lie. She had neither. But she knew they would be easy enough to find.

flafemsub_bbw: and underwear Sir?

A smile spread across her face as she pressed enter.

Master_Morel: yes please wear underwear heather
Master_Morel: and nothing special
Master_Morel: just white cotton panties and a bra
Master_Morel: One will not see them anyway

You will if this girl gets her way, she thought, still smiling to herself.

flafemsub_bbw: as you wish Sir

Over the first few days of February she did her best to tell him everything that she could about herself, which wasn't much. She told him of her experiences in the lifestyle so far, which were really nonexistent, and the things she was interested in. And she gave him as much of her sexual history as he would allow her to. Even hearing this he was reserved and restrained in his replies, only showing the slightest bit of curiosity or surprise when she told him that Bill never went down on her, and it had been a long time since anyone really had.

He, in turn, told her of how he had discovered the lifestyle in the 1960's through a friend in the army. After much searching he had found Hope, and after being his submissive for a year they had gotten married. They had been heavily involved in the lifestyle for the first few years they had been married, but in the early 70's she had become disenchanted with it.

W/we went vanilla pretty much through the rest of O/our marriage, he revealed. A few years after she had passed away he decided to seek out a submissive once again. In his travels, once he became a motivational speaker, he had the opportunity to meet many girls, most of whom he took pictures of and nothing else. The Internet it seemed had increased his odds of meeting more girls. However, he had yet to meet a girl that was as good as submissive as his late wife had been when she had been into the lifestyle.

He also sent her several pictures after she asked if it was okay to see more. The first had been of him naked. He was standing, and the photo revealed pretty

much what Heather had felt a picture of a naked 67 year old man would. He had a slight belly, very hairy chest, swept back white hair that was thinning a little up front, and a very wise face with several lines etched into it.

Master_Morel: there I am in all My ugliness

flafemsub_bbw: Sir You are not ugly

He wasn't strikingly handsome either. But he was nowhere close to being hideous. Seeing a full body shot did nothing to change her mind about wanting to know what it would feel like to be fucked by him.

He sent four other pictures; all labeled the girl with him as *lisa*. Two of the pictures were close ups of her sucking his cock. One was a distance shot of her sucking him as he stood over her. And another was a close up of his cock going into her pussy. As with the picture of Rich Davis getting sucked, Heather felt envious of the girl "*lisa"* who was with him.

flafemsub_bbw: how did you get these pictures of you doing things with lisa Sir?

Master_Morel: I used a timer

flafemsub_bbw: oh… lol

He sent her several more pictures of other girls, but none as intimate as the lisa pictures. They were all like the one he had shown her of his wife. Teasing shots. Girls flashing their breasts or panties. Girls smoking. One girl exposing her bare pussy. She had to admit that all of these pictures had been arranged in nice settings, and many were close to being as good as the ones she had seen that Master Chambers had taken.

flafemsub_bbw: these pictures are very good Sir
flafemsub_bbw: professional and tasteful

Master_Morel: ty heather
Master_Morel: One hopes to take your picture someday as well

Someday soon, Heather found herself hoping.

-2-

Kitty came by the afternoon after Heather had gotten a majority of Master Douglas's history. They sat in the living room drinking hot chocolate, and the older woman listened intently to her. She seemed pleased that he was so experienced, as well as someone who acted as if they wanted to go slow. Heather was sure that this was because Kitty had felt from the beginning that he was the right kind of Master for her to become involved with in the first place.

"What are you thinking?" she asked.

Kitty smiled, sitting her mug down. "The more I hear about him the more it seems that Master Morel is a good person for you to get to know." She paused a second, then added, "But there's no need to get sexual at first. Keep going slow. Get to know that he's the right one."

"But if things go further?" She shifted in the recliner. "Kitty, what's it like-, to be with someone a lot older?"

Kitty laughed her polite Georgia peachy laugh. "I suppose I am the right person to ask since almost all of my experience has been with older men from the start."

"Well, I didn't mean it that way."

"I know, Heather. And when I first met Master Elias the difference wasn't as great."

"He was over 20 years older," Heather reminded her. "Master Douglas is 32 years older than I am."

Kitty smiled. "The first time I was with someone a lot older than what I was usually with was after I became a common submissive in my Master's house. I was lent out to Master Grayson. I was 23 or 24, and he was about 60."

"Did you-?"

"Have sex with him?" Kitty laughed. "Heather, how rude."

"Sorry," she told her. But she had a feeling she was just joking about her being rude.

"Yes, of course I had sex with him. That was a big part of being a common submissive in Master Chambers' house. It helped to get the *sluttiness* out of His girls."

Heather adjusted herself in the chair once again. The idea was a little hot. "Did you like to be *lent out*?"

"Yes," Kitty admitted. "Not as much as one liked being with Master Chambers. But it was for Him. And to serve Him in any way it pleased Him, or was required of a girl, was always exciting. It makes a girl feel she is being useful, and loved."

Heather could tell the older woman was slipping back, as she always did. The *I's* and *me's* were gone, replaced with *one* and *this girl*. Now, whenever she heard Kitty talk like this, it aroused her. She had begun to fantasize that sometime, when Kitty slipped into *subspace*, that she would go over to her and start kissing her on the mouth and neck until she was aroused enough to undress and they would play with each other.

"He had a black girl named Cammie," Kitty said.

"Who?" Heather realized that she was thinking over the fantasy in her head and not paying attention to what her mentor was saying.

"Master Grayson, of course," Kitty replied.

"Sorry, I drifted off a second."

"He had a black girl named Cammie," Kitty repeated. "She was with him as long as a girl can remember, and they loved each other deeply. But Master Grayson was the kind of man who liked to be able to have fun with other women if he pleased, much like this girl's Master."

Heather could see it in her head. *Submissive, servant, slave. But not wife*. Girls Kitty had known were usually not married to their Masters, but they belonged to them. A girl had to be loyal to her Master and not touch another without His permission, but her Master, on the other hand, could do as He pleased, with whoever He wanted to, whenever He wanted to. Again the idea of being possessed like this, of being the property of a Master and not His equal, made Heather even more aroused.

"Master Grayson," Kitty said. "Master Jonathan Grayson."

"Master Grayson was the first person this girl was shared with once she had been elevated to the rank of a common submissive. A girl was used to being shared and lent out when she had been Master Ryan's submissive, but that had

been months before, and one was told that whenever she was to serve Another from now on the circumstances would be different.

"Before one was to be shared this way for the first time Master Chambers and Number One sat her down in the common room and told her who she would be serving for and what was to happen.

"Master Grayson is a good friend, and you will allow Him the same respect as you give to Me, Kitty, Master said.

"Yes, Sir. A girl understands.

"He will see you here the first time, since it is your first common submissive experience, Dinah added. Later on, if you are comfortable, you may be asked to serve away from the house, without either of us present.

"Yes, Number One. This girl understands.

"Good.

"He will be coming in two days, Master said. I will present you to Him, show off some of your talents, and show Him you belong to Me. That will be much the same as it was when you served for Master Ryan. Understand?

"A girl nodded. Yes, Sir."

Kitty smiled. "I couldn't help but remember the first time a girl served for her Master. When Master Ryan had made her suck Him off before she could play with Master Chambers. Although one had become attached to her Master and was a little unsure of being with others again the idea was still exciting."

I'll bet, Heather thought.

"You will have a safe word that you will use whenever you are with Another, Master told a girl. That word will be cotton.

"Yes, Sir. A girl knew He had selected cotton because her father had worked at the mill. Once more it was a personal word, and because all of the Masters He knew were experienced and respectful it was another word that a girl would never have to utter in the years she spent with Him."

Heather still could not get over it. The devotion in Kitty's voice, despite the fact that Master Chambers was going to let another man use her for his pleasure. The devotion that was still there after all those years.

If she knew that devotion, had that kind of devotion to Bill, she knew she would not be here now, listening to Kitty. She had to find somewhere to place that devotion, she knew, if not with Master Douglas Gorman, then with someone else.

“When you are serving as a common submissive, Master went on, working your sluttiness out, either I or Number One will be down the hall during your first scenes. If you need us, if you need to end the scene, or if we think something is wrong we will end the scene.

“A girl has a question, Sir?

“You may ask it, Kitty, Dinah said

“What kind of scene does Master Grayson have in mind for a girl?

“He wants to fuck you and treat you like the slut you are, Dinah replied, her tone matter of fact.

“He will use your holes, girl, Master added. Spank you, verbally abuse you. It is a simple scene.

“A girl lowered her eyes. Thank You, Sir. A girl is grateful to serve You this way.

“It felt so good to say that to Him,” Kitty breathed. “One was aroused beyond belief. Her panties were damp as she sat on the couch across from them. A girl had been unsure of serving anyone else once she was His and collared, but hearing Him say what was expected of her and what she was to do made one sure she could do it. He wanted her to do it, and there was nothing that He could come up with that this one would ever refuse doing for Him, as long as she knew that she was totally *owned by Him*.”

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“The day that Master Grayson had come to *treat a girl like the slut she was* a girl had been very excited all morning. Clothes had not been left out for her as they usually were. Instead Sister Scarlett had been sent with them, and to help one dress. Master had chosen a blue and black teddy set, and a flimsy blue robe with fur trim around the bottom. A girl couldn’t help but smile to herself in the mirror as she looked at herself in what He had chosen for her to wear as Scarlett brushed her hair.

“Scarlett took a girl to the kitchen where they were allowed breakfast and told to wait, once they were finished, until they were sent for. We both sat in silence until Number One came. She was dressed in a red, leather corset and garters. In her hand she held a black leash which she attached to the ring in this girl’s common submissive’s collar.

“Kitty, you will come with me, she said, giving a slight tug on the leash.

“Yes, Number One.

“Scarlett, prepare for four cups of tea and bring them to the common room when rung for.

“Yes, Ma’am, Sister Scarlett said, getting out of her chair.

“Dinah gave another tug on the leash to make sure that one was following along. It made the collar press against her neck this time, and a girl quickened her pace.

“What is your safe word when serving for Another?

“Cotton, Ma’am

“Good girl, she said, leading one to the common room. One doubts you will use it. Master Grayson is a very good Master, and His girls are lucky to have Him, just as you are lucky for the chance to serve for Him.

“Yes, Ma’am, one agreed. A girl is very lucky. One could not help but watch the shifting of her bare buttocks as she led the way down the hall. Number One usually was never uncovered below the waist unless it was playtime.

“Master Chambers and Master Grayson were both sitting on one of the sofas in black hooded robes as we entered the common room. Dinah moved to the other sofa and sat down, still holding the leash this girl was attached to. One had been instructed to remain standing until she was given leave to sit down.

“So there they are now, Master Grayson said. A girl had seen Him before. He had combed back gray hair under the hood of His robe. His face etched with lines that made Him seem wise, even further than His years. He was handsome in His own way, and one knew He was just as handsome as Master Chambers when He had been younger.

“Dinah, Kitty.

“Greetings, Master Grayson, Dinah said. Welcome to our home. She gave the leash a tug. Kitty, cigarette.

“Without a word one reached down and picked up her pack of cigarettes and a lighter from the coffee table. After taking one out and lighting it, one handed the cigarette to Dinah, then returned the pack and lighter to their place on the table, careful to place them back exactly as they had been when she had come in.

“Thank you, girl.

“A girl replied with a silent nod.

“My, J.J., this Kitty is a beauty. It’s a shame I have not seen her this close before.

“A girl smiled politely, blushing.

“And Dinah is as radiant as ever today.

“Thank you, Sir.

“Master Grayson turned to Master Chambers so they could see each other despite the hoods on their robes. She is a great fuck, isn’t she, J.J.?

“Indeed she is, my Master replied, pride in His voice.

“A girl could only smile and blush more. She had still not been given permission to speak by either her Master or Number One.

“And she has a nice body, very much like Dinah.

“Thank you, Sir, Dinah said. One blushes. She took a drag off her cigarette, and then leaned forward to thump the ashes off of it. One could not help but admire her cleanly shaven pussy as she leaned back into the sofa.

“I will show you what a nice body it is after tea, Master said.

“Dinah reached out to the table again and picked up the bell, giving it a ring. On cue Sister Scarlett stepped into the room with the silver tea service she had brought on that first day, and one that this girl herself had learned to handle many times since then, in her hands. She lowered her eyes and curtsied, holding the tea service perfectly balanced in front of her, as all of us learned to do.

“You may enter, Dinah told her.

“By your command, Number One. Scarlett rose to her full height and approached the center of the room. She sat the tea service down on the coffee table, then sat down four cups and filled them with steaming tea.

“That’s a good girl, Dinah said.

“Thank you, Ma’am.

“You may leave us, Master Chambers told her.

“As you wish, Sir.

“Once Scarlett had curtsied and backed out of the room Master Chambers told a girl she was allowed to sit down on the couch and have tea with them. One did as He requested, walking around the back of the sofa and sitting down beside Number One. She still kept a tight hand on the leash as we drank our tea.

“Master Chambers, Dinah and Master Grayson carried out small talk over tea. A girl said nothing, politely sipping on the tea. One still had not been given leave to speak.

“How does she taste? Master Grayson asked once He finished His tea. It was the first time since it had been brought that any of them discussed the matter at hand. Pretty good, One is sure.

“You’ll find her very tasty, Jonathan, my Master assured Him.

“And what’s Dinah’s opinion? He leaned forward, a mischievous smile on His face which made this girl smile as well. Now don’t be shy here in front of J.J., One knows Kitty is the kind of girl who suits your fancy.

“You are making one blush again, Master Grayson.

“This girl was blushing too. Sex between girls was something she had only talked about with Master Ryan and Master Chambers, as well as the other girls in the house. It was the first time it had really ever been brought up by a stranger in her presence before.

“Tell Him, Master said.

“Kitty’s pussy taste like the purest honey, Sir.

“My, my, Master Grayson commented.

“A girl was burning red. She knew Master knew all that went on under His roof, as a good Master should. She just never expected it to be part of a conversation in with another Master while she was present.

“Then let Me show her to you so you can really appreciate her, Jonathan.

“A girl knew it was time to show off her body and *preview* some of her *talents*. Thinking of doing it had been exciting. But now, getting ready to do it in front of her Master, with *His* blessing, it was even much more exciting than one’s thoughts.

“Yes, J.J., of course.

“Master sat his tea cup down and rose from the sofa across from where one sat. He came around and took the leash from Dinah, giving it a tug and urging a girl to rise. One did, and followed Master’s lead as He and Dinah had taught her to over the previous two days. One walked around the table and in front of Master Grayson. Then, once Master Chambers gave two tugs on the leash, walked back to Him.

“Very nice, Master Grayson commented. A very well behaved girl. I expected no less from you, J.J.

“Dinah.

“At the sound of Him calling her voice Number One sat her cup down and rose from the sofa. One closed her eyes as she undressed her. First the robe.

Then the teddy. And then finally, much more slowly, the garters and stockings. One gave a shiver as her breath blew across a girl's bare pussy.

"Master gave another tug on the leash, and once again a girl paraded around for Master Grayson to see until Master gave the two tugs to signal her to return to Him.

"Very nice indeed, Master Grayson commented again.

"One felt Dinah take her by the arm once she was again standing with her Master.

"Kiss her, Master Chambers whispered.

"Dinah leaned close to a girl, putting a hand on each cheek and turning one's face to hers. She placed her soft lips against this one's, and this girl could feel her blood rush. We had kissed in front of Master, and with Master so many times, but never in front of the other girls of the house, and never in front of another Master. One's whole body tingled as Dinah forced her tongue deep. A girl grew very moist as she pressed her leather corseted chest against one's bare flesh.

"Enough.

"Dinah stopped kissing this girl and stepped back.

"It was sweet torture. One wished she had permission to kiss her again. At the very least finally be allowed to speak.

"Dinah, Master said, undress Me.

"Yes, Sir.

"One watched, feeling envious, as Number One went down and lifted His robe up. He raised His arms as she got it up to reveal His muscular chest, and then, finally, over His head. His legs looked tense, and that gorgeous cock was already hard.

"On your knees, Kitty.

"A girl sank down in front of Him, dying to be able to say, Yes, Sir.

"Show Master Grayson how you suck cock, girl.

"With a sigh one opened her mouth and took Him inside, very aware that Master Grayson and Number One were watching. She took Him all the way to the back of her throat, sucking Him like a good girl.

"After a moment she thought He would stop her, but he continued to let her suck Him. She is a great cock sucker, Jonathan. You're going to love her mouth.

"Indeed, Master Grayson commented.

“He tapped a girl on the shoulder. That is enough for now. You may sit back down.

“Dinah helped one to her feet after releasing His cock. She guided one back to the sofa. One’s pussy was very wet.

“And she is very restrained, Master Grayson said. You have brought her a long way in the time she has been with you, J.J. One is truly amazed.

“She is a born submissive, Sir, Dinah added.

“Master took His seat on the other sofa beside Master Grayson. Indeed, she is. Come, Dinah, let us show Master Grayson what a restrained girl My Kitty is.

“As you wish, Sir.

“One watched as she went to Him, again envious. She leaned down and they kissed. Then He directed her to turn around and mount Him, facing back toward this girl on the other sofa. One watched, keeping herself still and quiet, as she stepped onto the couch and lowered herself down to take Master’s cock into her. She tucked her knees behind her and rose and fell on His cock. A girl had never been taken in, or seen anyone use, that position before, and she couldn’t wait to try.

“Dinah moaned as she rode Master’s cock and Master Grayson reached out and rubbed His hand lightly up and down her cleanly shaved pussy. One could see it bothered neither Master that Master Grayson’s hand touched Master’s cock as He rubbed Dinah’s pussy.

“Do you mind One joining you, J.J.? Master Grayson asked.

“Not at all, Master Chambers said, His voice only the slightest bit strained. Dinah would love you to. Wouldn’t you, My number one slut?

“Oh, please, Sir!, Dinah cried.

“One watched, amazed, as Master Grayson rose from the sofa. He hiked his robe up to reveal His nakedness underneath. One only caught a brief glimpse of His cock, which was swollen and erect, before He took it in hand and pushed it into Dinah’s pussy on top of Master’s. She moaned and squealed as He got Himself all the way inside. It was a hot and animalistic sound that one had never heard from her before.

“This girl had never seen a double penetration of another girl before, had not even known that such a thing could be done. Master Chambers leaned back and enjoyed the ride as Master Grayson and Dinah worked out a rhythm between them. One was fascinated to watch their cocks slide in and out of her pussy.

Master Grayson would bury Himself to the balls in her and then she would grind up against both of Them.

“She whimpered and cried out.

“That’s it, Master said.

“Master Grayson lightly slapped her cheek. I know you’re ready, girl. Let it go.

“Come, Dinah.

“Dinah let out a sigh and a moan, trembling between them. Oh, God, yes! Master, it feels so good!

“The two Masters were content to let Dinah revel in the glory of her orgasm. First one. Then another. And finally a third. After that Master Grayson slipped off of her, and Master Chambers urged her off of Him.

“Lay there, Master told her.

“Dinah sank to the carpeted floor at His feet and moaned, sweat dripping off her forehead.

“To Me, Kitty.

“One obeyed, fighting the urge to say, Yes, Sir.

“Suck me.

“Again one obeyed. His cock tasted so good, hot and musky, with Him and Dinah mixed on it. One used a hand to stoke Him as she sucked. Without being told she knew that she was to take Him to release and not hold back. One did not stop until He tapped her shoulder and told her to.

“She will serve you well, Master said.

“One expects no less from one of your girls, J.J.

“Dinah was still gasping and rolling beside where one knelt in front of Master. It was obvious that she was fingering her pussy, rubbing her clit with a fury.

“You can answer Me, girl, Master said, looking down at this one as He took His cock in hand and stroked it. You belong to Me, just as this house and all the things in it belong to Me. Do you understand Me, girl?

“Yes, Sir, one replied, feeling breathless.

“He quickened His pace and let out a little gasp. It was a sign He was about to cum. Never forget.

“No, Sir.”

Kitty paused and smiled. “Of course you know a girl never did.”

“I know,” Heather replied.

Kitty closed her eyes and sighed. "Master let out a groan just before He came. Sometimes He could do it so much that one never thought it would stop. He came all over this girl's face, dripping down her lips and chin. One knew that He was marking His territory, and that she should not try to catch any of it in her mouth unless He ordered her to. It was a display, to let His girls, and Master Grayson, know who we belonged to."

Oh, my God, Heather thought. It sounded…

So fucking hot!

"As it dripped onto one's bare breasts He turned away and let some of His cum spurt out on Dinah as she moaned and writhed on the floor. Then He moved and leaned over the coffee table and milked the last of His cum out onto it between His and Master Grayson's tea cups.

"Clean that up, Kitty, He said once He had finished and sat back beside Master Grayson on the sofa.

"By your command, Sir. A girl moved on her knees to the spot, bending forward to lick her Master's cum off the coffee table. One made sure to rub the cum on her breasts against the side of the table as she licked it so that she could lick that up as well.

"When you're done cleaning My table I want you to clean up the slut playing with herself on My floor.

"Yes, Sir, one gasped as she finished lapping a bit of His cum off the cool surface of the coffee table. As you wish, Sir.

"One wanted to do everything He wanted, and she was willing to do anything He wanted, as long as she could be His. As long as she could be *owned by Him*."

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Heather had suggested that they break for cigarettes. She was beginning to wonder how much more she could take. *Damn, why couldn't she find that?* That knowledge of *being owned*. She didn't feel it with Bill. She hadn't felt it with Freddy, no matter how aggressive and demanding he could be. Nor had she ever felt it with any of the guys she had been with before she met her husband. It was something, she was more and more convinced, that could only come from being with a Master. And not just any Master, but the right Master.

The right Master for me.

“I need to buy some cigarettes,” Heather said.

“You can have some of mine anytime,” Kitty told her, passing her pack to her.

“I know, but I really need to buy some of my own.”

“Oh,” Kitty said. “I almost forgot that Master Morel likes to take pictures of girls smoking.”

“Yes.”

“Any particular brand?”

“Not that I know of.”

“Well, Heather, you can take a pack of mine when you go to meet him.”

“Thank you,” Heather said. “But I think I should buy my own pack.”

“Okay.” Kitty gave a nod as she took a drag off her cigarette. “Have you seen any of the pictures he’s taken?”

“Yes, I have them inside if you want to see them,” Heather told her.

“You saved them on your computer?”

Heather nodded. “No one else uses it.”

“You don’t give them a chance,” Kitty added, then laughed.

Heather laughed right along with her. “I guess you’re right about that.”

They finished their cigarettes and went back inside, and once Heather made up fresh mugs of hot chocolate she waited with baited breath as the older woman slipped back into her subspace trance and began to tell the rest of her experience with Master Grayson.

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“Sister Scarlett had been summoned and told to prepare a bath for this girl once she had finished cleaning Master’s cum off the table and Number One. Number One took the leash once again and led her upstairs. There one soaked in the warm water that Scarlett had drawn for her. Once she was finished Number One helped her dry. Then she put the collar and leash back on her and lead her, naked, to the room where Master Grayson would be waiting for her.

“Remember, Kitty, Dinah said. If for any reason you need someone Master Chambers or myself will be right here. To illustrate her point she indicated a chair just down the hall.

“You trust Him, Dinah?, one asked.

“Yes. Master Grayson is a very honorable man.

“Then you can wait here, but no one will be needed, a girl assured her.

“Dinah opened the door to the room. Then she unhooked the leash from the common submissive’s collar this girl wore. She gave one a slight push, and this girl stumbled into the room, feeling the door shut behind her.”

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“Ah, Kitty, you’re here, Master Grayson said. He had been standing by the window looking out as Dinah had pushed this girl into the room. He let go of the curtain and the room grew darker. He was still dressed in His robe.

“One stood there, butterflies in her stomach, as she awaited His instructions.

“He moved over to the bed and sat down at the foot. Come here, He said. When a girl took a step He added, No, no. Crawl to Me, girl.

“One lowered herself to her knees. Then, on her hands and knees, she slowly crawled the short distance between the bedroom door and the foot of the bed.

“Yes, that’s a good girl. Are you afraid of Me?

“No, Sir, one replied. Master Chambers and Number One Dinah both trust You and have told Me that you are a man of honor, Sir. This one has no reason to fear You, Sir.

“Ah, yes, you are very wise, He mused. And you are also quite delightful. However neither of us is here for Me to enjoy your wisdom or delight. I’ve come here to enjoy your body, and your talents.

“Yes, Sir, one agreed. One is Yours to do as You will please.

“He smiled. No matter how stern He was wanting to be, or going to try to be was forgotten, at least for that moment. God damn, but J.J. does have all the luck with finding the most desirable girls. He got out of His robe and sat naked on the edge of the bed. Let’s experience your sexual talents firsthand, shall we? Suck My cock like the slut we both know you are. Show this Master how you can make it rise and get hard.

“One looked Him over for a brief moment before doing as she was told. His neck and chest had once been muscular, just as Master’s was, but with time His skin had loosened, hanging a little. One put a hand to His chest and moved it down His body. His skin was very soft to the touch. A girl kept moving her hand down, over His stomach and down to His cock, which was still half hard.

Master Grayson's cock was *a head* shorter than Master's, but it was fat and thick, not unlike your Master Morel's cock."

Kitty paused and looked across to Heather. Hearing the older woman's suggestion that Master Douglas's cock was *fat and thick* made her blush. The fact she had referred to him as *your Master Morel* made her flush that much darker.

"Ah, yes, He gasped.

"One closed her eyes as she took Him in, swallowing Him all the way to His balls right as she went down. He sighed and moaned, His cock immediately stiffening in one's mouth. He tasted hot and musky, Dinah's taste and smell still lingered on Him. She could feel the pulse of His head as it touched the back of her throat. One used her tongue on the underside of the shaft as one brought her head back, and moved it to one side as she went back to take Him to His balls once more.

"It was not too long before Master Grayson put a hand on top of her head as she sucked Him, rubbing her hair while He sighed and moaned. After a little bit longer He laced His fingers into her hair and gave it a tug, pulling it until He made one come up. A girl put her hand on His cock and stroked Him as she looked up into His face.

"You have a very talented mouth, girl, He gasped.

"Thank you, Sir, one replied, still giving Him a light stroking.

"You know how to suck cock like an expert, He went on. Only a slut or a whore can suck cock this good. Are you a slut?

"Yes, Sir. A girl has been called an *incredible slut*.

"Saying it made one grow wetter.

"You like being a slut? Used like a slut? Enjoyed like a slut?

"Yes, Sir. One stroked Him a little faster. One wants to be a good slut for her Master and serve Him any way He chooses.

"Slut for your Master?

"Yes, Sir.

"A slut until He makes you be with enough men to get the sluttiness out of you?

"Yes, Sir. One shivered as she stroked Him.

"You'll do it in any way your Master says?

"Yes, Sir.

"Two or more men at once?

“Yes, Sir.

“All of your holes used at the same time?

“Yes, Sir.

“For young studs and old men? He placed His hand on top of this girl’s and helped her stroke Him, slowing her pace. For men older and less desirable than Me?

“If a girl’s Master wishes, yes, Sir.

“God, one wished He would just take her, His suggestions were making her hot.

“Would you let ethnic men have you? Browns and blacks? His hand was tighter on this one’s now.

“Yes, Sir. If it makes one get her sluttiness out.

“Would you be a whore? Work as a prostitute to get your sluttiness out of you, girl? Are you willing to lay with anyone to get your sluttiness out for your Master?

“I will be my Master’s whore if that is what He wishes, Sir, one gasped. One was hot, her body dying to be used. One will do anything He wishes, anything He wants, as long as one is allowed to be His.”

Heather shivered as she listened. Her clit was throbbing, her nipples were painfully hard, and she could swear she could feel a slight dribble of liquid seeping from between her swollen labia. She wanted that. She wanted to be owned. She wanted to be her *Master’s whore*.

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“Master Grayson urged a girl up onto the bed with Him. He pushed her down on her stomach and ran His hand up and down her back. It was soft and cold, not like the fiery heat and hardness of His cock when she had it in her hand and mouth. His touch did not bother a girl, nor did it bother her that He was so much older than she. This was a guest in her Master’s house, someone she was to serve and respect just as she would her Master. He could have been the most horrible and grotesque person a girl had ever seen and it would not have mattered, for this was what Master had asked of her, and all which He asked one obeyed, willing to do anything He wanted to be a good girl for Him.

“One cried out a little in slight surprise as He slapped her bare ass. It was a gasp and moan the second time. Then a coo as he hit her a third time.

“You’re a wanton little slut, aren’t you?

“Yes, Sir, one breathed.

“I am going to spank your ass until it’s red.

“Please, Sir. One even raised her ass slightly off the bed without Him asking to show her willingness to comply.

“J.J. was right when He said the name Kitty suited you. Just like a pussy cat, raising your ass up, ready as the slightest touch.

“Yes, Sir.

“You will have to be fucked many times to get your sluttiness out. He spanked one again, this time much harder. Slut!

“Yes, Sir, a girl is a slut, Sir, one gasped. Thank you, Sir.

“He slipped one hand under her, touching her on her Mons Venus. He put a slight pressure on it, urging her to raise her ass up a little more. Once one had raised far enough up off the mattress He withdrew His hand. Then He spanked her long and hard, whipping her ass *until it was red*, as He had promised.

“All the way up, He said, sounding slightly winded. Ass in the air. Head all the way down.”

Heather smiled to herself slightly. The command brought to mind that old 2 Live Crew song, *‘Face Down, Ass Up’.*

“Spread your cheeks, girl, He said. I’m going to fuck your ass.

“One reached back and put a hand on each of her ass cheeks, pressing down slightly to open them wide. This was to be a new experience. A girl had never been taken in the ass without first being taken in her pussy before. One was afraid things would be a little dry. Master Grayson had given her a long and thorough spanking, and in that time one knew that little of her spit would have remained on His cock.

“He grabbed a girl by the hair as He knelt behind her. Holding her with one hand He used the other to rub His throbbing cock up and down between her ass cheeks. One moaned and gasped a little, because Master Grayson was teasing her. He would rub the head up to her tightest hole and push as if He were going to put it in, and then He would move it down, rubbing her pussy lips, parting them slightly as if He were going to put Himself in there instead.

“When a girl thought she couldn’t take much more Master Grayson finally moved Himself closer, pressing His cockhead to her little rosebud. He gave a push and one felt the head pass inside. A girl let out a gasp, letting herself relax. Dry or not one could tell that He knew exactly how to get inside her. He

yanked her hair back and pushed all of His weight forward, sliding the rest of his length into one's steamy little hole.

"That's a girl, He whispered, yanking one's hair back as He began to thrust His cock into her. Show One how restrained you really are, Kitty girl. Just take it on your knees. Don't move. He jammed Himself all the way in, the hair on His balls tickling one's labia as He did. Just be still and take this like a good girl.

"Yes, Sir, one gasped, her voice dry.

"He fucked a girl's ass long and deep, very slowly at first, never letting go of her hair. Then He quickened His pace, resuming the spanking as He fucked her ass. It was exciting, and it had never felt so good there before. It made one's head swim, the pounding of His cock into her dank insides, the sting of His hand on her bare ass, the pull of His other hand in her hair.

"Are you going to take it?, He asked, His voice just above a whisper.

"Yes, Sir.

"You're going to take it all, girl?

"Yes, Sir! Please!

"He quickened His pace a little more, putting His spanking hand on her waist to steady Himself. He pulled harder with His other hand, bending one's head back as far as it would go. His stomach slapped against one's bare ass as He fucked her harder, continuing the spanking which He had started with His hand.

"One's knees felt weak, and her legs were rubbery. She came just before He did, violently rocking her body. One moaned loudly, gasping. If He had not had one by the hair she would have collapsed, resting her head into the pillows and moaning. But since He held her so firmly she could not move, and her moans and cries filled the room as she came on Him.

"Here it comes, slut, He said in a rough whisper. Here it comes.

"Please, Sir! Please!

"With a loud groan Master Grayson released Himself. Inside her dank hole a girl felt the gush and flood of His sperm. Feeling Him throb inside her was enough to make her cum a little more. Like her own Master, Master Grayson, was a strong comer with the ability to shoot if far and deliver a great amount. Later, one was to find, that even despite His age and like her own Master Chambers, Master Grayson had the ability to rise again and again, and deliver His cum in large amounts, a quality so few other men possess.

“When He was finished He pushed one off, like the cheap slut she was, and let her writhe on the bed in her own orgasm. He remained on His knees, gasping and panting over her. Then He reached out and rubbed her leg. After a moment he said, Suck Me, girl.

“Coming to life at His command a girl quickly got to her knees. Then she turned on the mattress to face Him. His cock was still hard, smeared with a coating of His cum. A girl went right down and took Him in her mouth enjoying the taste of her dank muskiness and His cum, His cock. A girl had never sucked anyone after they had been in her ass before, once again another new experience.

“That’s it, you fucking slut. Suck My dirty cock.

“One moaned around Him. He throbbed in her mouth and another small spurt of cum spilled from His cockhead and across a girl’s tongue.

“You can try to suck this One dry, you slutty bitch, but there’s always more, He promised. You will see, I assure you.

“One moaned around His cock as she continued to suck Him, letting Him know that she was eager to take all that He had to offer.”

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“Master Grayson kept His promise, showing one that there was *always more.* It was quite some time before He was tired and finally spent. Once the sun began to set that day He had filled each of this girl’s holes with His cum at least twice.

“When He was finally finished with one and ready to return home he left a girl lying on the bed without a word, leaving her like nothing more than the used slut she was. One heard Him talking with Master in the hall, complimenting Him on His training of a girl, and exchanging pleasantries before excusing Himself to go home for the evening. One heard Master offer to show Him to the door.

“One rolled over on the cool sheets as she heard them go to the stairs, taking a moment to relax and replay being fucked by Master Grayson over in her mind. He was different from Master Chambers. He had a level of experience a girl knew had to come with his age and years of practice in the lifestyle. Turning it over in her head a girl found herself thinking that she and her Master would someday reach that level of experience together.

“One did not have long to lay there and imagine. Dinah stepped into the room, smiling down to her. She was still dressed in the leather corset and garters she had worn that morning. Her glasses were off, and one took that as a sign that she had probably been sucking Master’s cock as they had waited in the hall.

“Did you enjoy yourself, slut?, she questioned.

“Yes, Ma’am.

“Dinah reached down and grabbed a girl’s collar. She tugged it, and there was a click at her throat as she felt her attach the leash. You’re not done yet.

“One sat up as she gave a tug on the leash. There was a smile on a girl’s face one is sure she could not hide, especially from Dinah.

“Come with me, slut. Our Master has need of you.

“Yes, Ma’am, one breathed. Rising off the bed one let Number One lead her to her common submissive’s bedroom, where we would await our Master’s return.”

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“Number One attached the leash to one of the posts of the bed and a girl sat on the edge of the bed and waited. It was not too long before He entered the room. He had another leash in His hand, and He walked to Dinah, attaching it to her collar. Then, still holding her by the leash, He walked to me and put a hand on a girl’s cheek, tilting her face to Him.

“Did you enjoy yourself, girl?, He asked

“Yes, Sir. A girl thanks You for trying to make her less of a slut, Master.

“He gave a knowing smile. Then He knelt down in front of a girl and placed a hand between her legs. Open.

“One opened her legs for Him as He commanded. He reached in with His free hand and slipped two fingers into her pussy.

“You’re a sloppy, wet slut.

“Yes, Sir. It made a girl’s nipples hard. Not His fingers in me, but His words. One knew she was a sloppy and wet mess, filled with another Master’s cum.

“Your sluttiness is nowhere close to being worked out, girl, Master observed. You still want a good fucking.

“Yes, Sir, one agreed. You are right, Sir. This girl needs more work, Sir. She’s such a slut that she still wants to fuck, Sir, even though you lent one to Another and she was well used.

“I know, He breathed.

“Hearing the tone of His voice made one’s nipples and clit even harder.

“He stood up and gave Dinah’s leash a tug. Clean her.

“Yes, Sir, Dinah replied, her eyes lowered.

“We were all soon a tangle on this girl’s bed. One laid with her back to the pillows, still attached to the bed post by her leash, legs open, knees raised. One closed her eyes as Dinah lapped at her pussy, long deep licks to clean Master Grayson’s cum out of her. She was on her knees, licking this girl as Master took her from behind with long and slow thrusts.

“That’s enough, He said, after what seemed like an eternity. When Dinah raised her head He tugged on her leash and pulled her to Him. He reached to her neck and unhooked the leash from her collar. You are finished for now, He said. You may leave us.

“As You wish, Sir, she replied. Her voice was different from any other time when she spoke. There was uncertainty there, slight disappointment. Nonetheless she complied, sliding off the bed and crossing the door to leave the room.

“One will see you at bedtime.

“As You wish, Sir.

“After she left Master moved between this girl’s legs and kissed her. She could feel His hard cock resting against her thigh. It was warm and sticky from being inside of Dinah’s pussy. We kissed, long, slow and deep.

“You want more, My Kitty?

“Yes, Sir, one whispered.

“How do you imagine One taking you?

“One let out a long sigh. Master, a girl wishes to know what it is like to be taken as Dinah was this morning. With You on Your back, and a girl riding You, her back to you.

“He kissed one’s ear. Yes?

“Yes, Sir. Oh, please.

“Master unhooked the leash from one’s collar. Then He moved and rolled to the side so that He was laying on His back beside her. He took her hand and gave it a squeeze, urging one on. One sat up and moved forward until she was

on her knees. Then she put her legs over His and positioned herself on top of Him. It was a little hard to get the position right at first, but His hands helped to guide her. She reached behind her and took His cock, guiding it to her well used and somewhat gaping pussy lips. One closed her eyes as she felt His head slip between them. Opening one's legs a little more a girl eased her weight down to take Him fully. Once His cock was buried firmly inside one tucked her legs back and began to ride Him, just as Dinah had that morning.

"Oh, God, Master.

"It felt so good. The only thing that was missing was another Master. The feeling of another cock being forced into her pussy on top of His to fill her fully. The slut in the girl wanted to know it, to feel it all the way. One wanted to try it and go further than Dinah had that morning. She wanted to be used totally, not stopping until both Masters would empty their cum into her hungry pussy hole."

-11-

That day was another time that Heather found herself in bed with her trusty silver toy as soon as the older woman left. Her shorts were off and a towel was under her, her toy disappearing between the lips of her pussy before, she was sure, Kitty had a chance to walk to her own house down the street. She moaned, opening her legs further, placing the tip of her vibrator on her clit.

"Oh, God!" Her body jerked, her breasts quaking beneath her shirt. "Oh, yes!"

God it was so fucking hot!

Yes, Sir! Oh, please! Oh, God, Master!

Would you be a whore? Work as a prostitute to get your sluttiness out of you, girl?

"Yes!" She wanted to be a whore. *Master's whore*!

How do you imagine One taking you?

"Oh, God!" Heather cried as she came. "It's so fucking hot! Ahhhhhh! Gooooodddaaaa!"

-12-

Heather spent the rest of the day in a daze. It was so apparent that she had something on her mind that not only did Bill notice, but both Terry and Melissa noticed as well. She did her best to throw herself into preparing dinner, and then doing a crossword puzzle after the dishes were done while Bill and the kids watched TV.

Once everyone was asleep she went online, waiting for Him to come. Yes, it was *Him*, with certainty, *HIM*.

Master_Morel: Greetings Heather

flafemsub_bbw: greetings Master Douglas
flafemsub_bbw: one is definitely going to come and see you when you get here next week

She had made up her mind fully. There was no way she was not going to meet *Him*. She wanted to know *Him*, to experience *Him* in any way *He* wanted and in any way *He* would allow. This was it. A real Master. *Her Master*. No, *her* Master!

There's no turning back now.

Master_Morel: I know heather
Master_Morel: I never doubted for a moment that you wouldn't come

Heather smiled, her heart pounding so hard she could hear it in her ears. She touched the screen feeling butterflies in her stomach. Her nipples were hard. Her clit throbbed with living electricity.

God, I want you to take me. Use me like the slut I am. Make me your whore. Oh, please, Master.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN:
The Journey Into Mystery

-1-

The days between Kitty's visit where she related her first experience truly serving as a common submissive in the house of Master J.J. Chambers, and Valentine's Day, the day she was to meet Master Douglas Gorman, had seemed to move at a slow crawl. Heather had done her best to mentally prepare herself, resolving that she would do anything and everything he would allow with him. She was going to pose for him, of that she was certain of, at the very least. And when they had chatted she made it plain that she was willing and ready to pose for him, despite the fact that he wanted to keep their first meeting simple.

When the day arrived she considered it a little unusual that they had still not spoken, either on the phone or in voice chat. The idea of meeting someone without hearing them first had never occurred to her, and by the same token it was a subject which they had never broached to one another. He gave her his cell number the afternoon before he left to catch his flight, and she had given him hers, just in case, but yet they had not spoken. They were to meet in the lobby of the hotel, the Trinity Heights, a large hotel attached to the Lake Trinity Mall, a place she had seen in her many trips to the mall, but had never actually been into. They were going to talk in the lobby, and have an early lunch at the restaurant in the hotel, The Viceroy.

Heather didn't eat that morning, to have room for lunch, and Bill had noticed. She felt it a little ironic, since he barely noticed anything else out of place about her, other than her increased sex drive, during the time she had been seeing Freddy.

"Are you sick?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No, Bill, I'm just not hungry this morning."

That statement was partly true. She wasn't hungry. She was too excited to be hungry.

Once he had left for work Heather had done the dishes and then started breakfast for the kids. Melissa was out of bed early, half-watching *Power Rangers: Mystic Force* in the living room as she scrambled the eggs. Terry was out of bed a few minutes later. He dressed and sat his backpack by the door before sitting down in the kitchen and watching her cook. He offered to get drinks for himself and his sister as she finished and Heather accepted, even though she wanted to do as much as possible to keep herself occupied until they were gone.

"Breakfast is ready," she called, placing a bowl of eggs on the table.

Melissa got off the couch and trudged into the kitchen, looking over her shoulder. "Vida is so cool," she said, commenting on the show.

"Please," Terry said. "*Power Rangers* are no good without Tommy on anymore. I can't believe he just came back for *Dino Thunder*. And besides Kimberly and Kat were the best Pink Rangers."

"Whatever, gayford," the girl spat.

"Damn it, enough!" Heather found herself yelling. "I don't want to hear you call your brother that again." She looked to them at the table and saw that both her children were looking back at her with shocked expressions on their faces. "I'm sorry," she said. "Can you two just please eat breakfast for once without being at each other's throats?"

Terry nodded slowly, looking unsure. Melissa just gave a shrug and started fixing her plate.

Shit, she thought to herself.

Once they started eating she went to the bedroom, giving Giggling Gary a push as she walked by, making him coo and laugh. Heather walked straight through her room and into the bathroom, closing the door behind her and sitting down on the toilet with her pants up.

You need to calm down.

She closed her eyes and took a breath, reaching up and rubbing her temples. She couldn't be so wound up. Today she was going to meet a Master, *her Master*. If she was stressed out He would see that she didn't have control of herself. *What would He think of her if He could see it in her eyes*? He wouldn't want her. He would know she wouldn't make a very good submissive.

Heather cleared her mind and went back out to the kitchen. As the kids finished their breakfast she made herself a cup of hot chocolate. Once they were done and were out the door to the bus stop she cleared the table and did the dishes. Then she finished her hot chocolate, ticking off the minutes in her head until she was sure it was past time for their buses to run.

Feeling sure that they were safely on their way to school and not coming back she went back to the bedroom and changed into the outfit she had bought for the occasion. She gave herself a quick glance in the mirror, checking off the items of clothes He had told her she would wear: white blouse, black skirt *that came well past the knee*, plain bra, white *cotton* panties. To this she added only a pair of white knee-highs and a pair of black flats that matched the skirt.

After she brushed her hair and put on some lipstick she got ready to leave the house. She gave Giggling Gary a pull as she passed the phone table in the hall.

"La, la, la, he, he, heeeee."

Then she was out the door and backing out of the driveway so fast that she pulled back up and went back to the house to make sure that she had locked the door. After she found that she had indeed locked it before she had first gotten to the car she went back to the car, feeling stupid and getting back in to pull back out of the driveway.

She made one stop before getting onto the highway and heading to Lake Trinity. Heather pulled in to the Stop & Go and bought a pack of Marlboro. She packed the cigarettes down and lit the first one before she got into the car and pulled back onto the road. She smoked three on the drive to Trinity Heights, the thought of possibly explaining to Bill why the car smelled smoky was the farthest thing from her mind.

It was only 8:14 when she reached her destination, just over 45 minutes until their scheduled meeting time. Instead of going into the mall and walking around Heather sat down on the hood of the car and had three more cigarettes. Being there, in the cool morning air, with no jacket and feeling totally jazzed about meeting Master Douglas, made her feel like a teenager again, sitting out at the edge of the school parking lot, smoking and waiting to do some necking with whatever boyfriend she was going with.

When the time came she made her way across the lot, and bypassing her usual mall entrance, made her way to the main entrance of the Trinity Heights. The lobby was quiet, practically empty. Looking around she saw Master Douglas nowhere in sight, so she found an empty sofa at the far end of the lobby and went there to sit and await his arrival. She found herself wanting another cigarette, but she knew she didn't have enough time to slip back outside for one before he would come down to meet her.

The rest of her wait, it would turn out, would not be too long. Heather caught sight of him getting off an elevator at the other end of the lobby. There was no doubt that it was him, despite the fact that she had never seen a picture of him clothed before. He was dressed in a white shirt, with a red tie, and black slacks. He also wore glasses, which like anything else, was nothing she had seen him wearing in any of his pictures. In his arm he was carrying a dozen long stemmed roses, half red and half white, and a small heart shaped box.

Heather couldn't help herself as she watched him approach, a huge, schoolgirl grin spreading across her face. He had a slight waddle to his walk, due to the fact he was a big boy, just as she was a big girl. Her eyes traveled from his face to the flowers and candy he carried with him. It was, she realized, very romantic.

"Good morning, Heather," he said as he reached her. His voice was soft and gentle, with a slight old man's rasp to it. It was a grandfatherly voice, not the deep and stern *Master voice* she had found herself expecting.

"Good morning, Sir." Heather looked him up and down, noting to herself that she, probably like anyone who had ever met him casually, would never suspect that he was hiding such a big cock under his clothes if she hadn't already seen a picture of it. He smelled of a musky cologne as well as the scent of pipe or cigar smoke. The scent of the fresh flowers lingered close to him as well.

"And Happy Valentine's Day."

Heather reached up and touched her cheek, feeling giddy and a little light headed. This didn't feel like meeting a Master. This felt more like when the boy you've been pining for all year long and never paid you any attention suddenly asked you to the prom. It was definite teen giddiness. "Thank you, Sir." She reached out with both hands and took the flowers, bringing them to her face and drawing a deep breath to take in their aroma. It only helped to increase the natural high she was feeling at that moment.

“I hope you like these chocolates,” he said. “I only picked up a small box.”

A small box, of course. He was very well aware that she was married and there was no way she could take either the candy or flowers home without arousing suspicion.

Heather shifted the roses, leaning them close to her right breast as she took the candy box. “A girl is sure they will be very good, Sir.”

He reached out, his hands were big with thick fingers, and gently stroked her hair. “A girl should always enjoy treats.”

She smiled wider, blushing deeper. Her heart was pounding, and her nipples, she was keenly aware, were getting hard.

“May I join you?” he asked, motioning to the empty space beside her on the lobby sofa.

“Yes, of course, Sir. A girl would like that very much.” She felt as if all sense had suddenly gone flying. And it really was not as much due to the fact that he was a Master, and not just any Master but the one she had been waiting for nearly a month to meet, but more to do with the fact that he had shown up with candy and flowers.

He reached across her and took the heart shaped box of candy back. She watched as he carefully unwrapped it and then opened up the box. After a moment he chose one, loosening it from the little black papers which separated them. He then leaned closer to her, raising his hand to her mouth. “Here.”

Heather let her lips part a little, then slightly opened her mouth to allow him to put it to her lips. She closed her eyes as she bit down, savoring the taste as she bit it in half, her lips brushing his swollen fingers. It tasted sweet, so sweet in fact that she had a split-second sugar rush headache from it. The chocolate was filled with a creamy center that she could not quite place. She chewed slowly and swallowed. Then she allowed him to put the second half into her mouth. Again she closed her eyes as she chewed it up, taking her time before swallowing the rest of it down.

“That’s a good girl, Heather,” he said, his tone very soft.

Her heart was pounding, feeling like it was going to jump out of her chest.

“A girl should always enjoy anything she eats.”

“It is very good, Sir,” she breathed. “Thank you.”

He fed her a second chocolate as they sat on the lobby sofa. Then a third. And then a fourth. Heather knew that she would sit and eat the whole box as long as he wanted to continue to sit there and feed them to her. She was sure by

now that at least a few people must have passed them in the lobby and watched, but she hadn't looked up to see, and she really didn't care. *Was this what it was like?,* she wondered. *Was this where it started? The trust and devotion?*

She rubbed her knees together as she held on to the roses and ate the second half of the last piece he offered her. She realized that she was doing the same thing that Kitty had said she had done the day she was first taken to the house of Master Chambers. She was rubbing her knees together because she was excited, aroused. And she was keenly aware that her nipples were finally rock hard, and that the white cotton panties he had told her to wear had grown very damp.

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Master Douglas took the roses and the rest of the candy to the front desk and had them sent up to his room. He told her they had plenty of time until The Viceroy opened for lunch at 11:00, nearly two hours away. He wanted her to show him around, and they could talk a little in the meantime. They went out into the mall, and she learned, that just as she had never been into the attached hotel, that he had never stepped out into the mall whenever he had stayed there.

Heather showed him the sights, such as they were. She took him to the inside fountains that she thought were the prettiest ones out of all the gaudy ones placed throughout the mall. They walked through the pet store, and both mentioned pets they had had throughout their lives. Heather learned that currently neither one of them had any pets. Then a little window shopping, Heather pointing out stores she frequented with the kids and Betty.

"Shall we go in here?" he asked as they passed by Woman Extra.

The Woman Extra was a store that Heather herself had only been in two or three times since it had opened. It was one of three stores in the mall which catered to "*the full figured woman*". However it was very pricy and upscale. Lane Bryant and Plus Up 4 U were more her speed.

"That would be nice, Sir."

She followed him in, the slight sense of giddiness she had felt when he had come to her in the hotel lobby returning. She had never really shopped in the plus sized stores with anyone other than Betty, and with Kitty on the handful of occasions the two of them had gone shopping together. Melissa was okay with it if she had nowhere else to go. Terry went *kicking and screaming* once he was old enough to realize that those stores only sold "*girly*" things. And of course

Bill would only go with her if she were just running in to get a new bra or something that she told him would not take too long. Master Douglas was going in with her not only willingly, but also at his own suggestion.

Inside he pointed out items which he felt might look good on her. Heather agreed and nodded. In her mind these clothes were all out of her league. Still, she imagined what it would be like to have some of the things he was pointing out in her closet as she continued to follow him around the store. Then he led her to the lingerie section. When she thought lingerie for herself it was always bras and panties. Master Douglas would have other items in mind.

"Look at this, Heather. You would look lovely in this."

She smiled as he pointed out a pink teddy and garter set which was no doubt displayed to cash in on the holiday. "Thank you, Sir. You're making a girl blush." And she was blushing as she tried to imagine what she would look like in it.

"This one as well."

Heather followed him along as He pointed out several other items of lingerie. There was a red teddy that had a soft floral pattern somehow stitched into it. And there was a gold negligee which he felt she would *look spectacular* in. She nodded and agreed with each assessment, imagining how she might look in each one. But to part of her it didn't matter what any of it might look like on her. The way she had been feeling since they finally saw each other in the lobby made her feel sure he could put her in a potato sack or an old blanket, and as long as it pleased him, she would be happy with it.

"One will have to keep these in mind," he commented as they walked back to the entrance of the store.

"Sir?"

He paused before they went into the mall, giving her his warm and grandfatherly smile. "A little something for my next visit," He said. "For when I have you really pose for me, Heather."

She smiled, her cheeks again burning as they did when they chatted online. "Sir, you're making a girl blush again."

"So what if I am?"

Master Douglas turned to face her, putting his lips to hers. Heather was caught totally off guard, but she allowed herself to return the kiss and extend it, opening her mouth and putting her tongue inside of his. It didn't occur to her that other people were around, or even the slim possibility that someone she

knew could be there and see her. He gave his tongue to her and she sucked on it, closing her eyes.

When you suck a guy's tongue it means you want to suck his dick, Gail Brady had told her a long time ago, when they were in middle school. Heather wondered if Master Douglas had ever heard anyone say that was what it meant. For her part, at least, she knew it was true.

"That was very nice," he whispered once they separated.

"Thank You, Sir." She almost said *ty* out loud she was so used to doing it when they chatted online.

"You've been smoking," he went on. "One can taste it, even over the chocolate."

"Yes, Sir."

He smiled again. "Good girl."

Her knees went together. *God, why are all these little things making me light headed and wet?*

Master Douglas looked to his watch. "It's almost eleven. Time to go for lunch."

"Yes, Sir."

He took her by the hand and led her from the store, leading her with her hand, but not really holding it. It made Heather even more aware that she was indeed getting very horny. As he guided her back to the hotel she had two visions of him guiding her through the mall. In one he had her by the hair, yanking her toward their destination. In the other she was naked, except for a collar, being lead along by a leash he had in hand as he walked several steps in front of her. In this daydream she imagined that all the other people in the mall were looking at them and pointing at her in her nakedness.

Heather found it to be both a humiliating and hot thought.

-4-

The Viceroy was fairly empty when they arrived, and they were immediately seated at a table. The menu was full of items that she had either never tried or had ever hear of before. She quickly decided on a shrimp appetizer, but was stumped on what she should order as an entrée. She asked Master Douglas if he could suggest anything.

"I think you will like the filet mignon, Heather."

"Very well," she told their waiter. "I will have that." After the waiter left she asked, "Sir, what is filet mignon?" She knew it was the same kind of question that Kitty had had to ask about things such as *promiscuous* and *chaste* when she had been younger and inexperienced.

Master Douglas gave a slight laugh. "It is steak."

"Oh." She smiled, this time from pure embarrassment. "A girl is sorry, Sir. As one told you before she is more used to Burger King and Wendy's."

"There's no need to apologize, Heather." He reached across the table and placed his hand on top of hers. "Just because you lack an experience doesn't mean you're stupid."

"No, Sir, one guesses not."

He smiled broadly. "I can't get over the way you speak. You've learned a lot about that from topaz."

She has wisdom, and knows what to do. That had been what Kitty had said Master Chambers and Dinah Saunders had observed on the day she had first been brought into his house. She found herself imagining it in her head spoken with Jim Morrison's voice as if he were speaking it to her and not singing it in *'Love Street'*.

"Yes, Sir."

Their courses came. All three, for he insisted that she have dessert. *Crème Brule, again at his suggestion*. And they talked as they ate, about their lives, and a lot about the kids and her domestic life, but not too very much on the subject of the lifestyle. In fact it hadn't come until they had been served dessert and he had asked for a couple of glasses of Korbel so they could celebrate Valentine's Day.

"Are you still planning on going to this lifestyle social in the spring?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir. Topaz feels that it will help a girl learn even more about the lifestyle by meeting and getting to know more people in the real world."

"One is pretty sure she is right. It will be a good experience for you. I haven't been socially active in the community for a very long time."

"What is keeping you, Sir? If you don't mind this girl asking."

"Nothing really. You could say one spends too much time running around and being online to keep much of a social calendar. I live in a very small town. It's isolated and very quiet. I could go up to Nebraska City and get to know others who are into the lifestyle, but I just haven't bothered."

“Then why don’t you sometime, Sir?”

Master Douglas laughed. “Well, because I find so many nice girls online. Usually more in tune with the lifestyle than a lot of girls in my area.”

Heather smiled. She wasn’t sure if it was just a statement, or if it was a compliment meant for her. She hoped it was the latter.

The waiter returned with their champagne, sitting their glasses in front of them and taking their plates before vanishing again as quickly as he had come. Heather caught his eyes from across the table, and it made her excited to be the center of his attention.

“Shall we toast?” he asked.

Heather put her fingers around the stem of the champagne flute and lifted it off the table. “What shall we toast to, Sir?”

“Let me see,” he said, rubbing his meaty chin before picking up his own glass. “How about to your first steps on your journey, Heather. A journey into mystery.”

“Yes, one likes that, Sir.”

“To the journey into mystery,” he said, bringing his glass toward hers.

“Journey into mystery,” she repeated, touching their glasses together with a clink.

-5-

It was a quarter after one when they finished their champagne. The day was going by so quickly. Heather knew she would have to leave by 2:30 to make it home before the kids. She talked Master Douglas into letting her come up to his room with him. He did point out what time she had to leave, but she insisted. She told him that she would like to see her roses again and spend as much time as possible with Him before she had to go.

“And you still have not gotten one’s picture yet, Sir.”

He smiled, giving up on the idea of trying to dissuade her. “Very well, but we shall make it quick, I promise.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Besides, I do have an early birthday present for you in my room, and I would be remiss if I didn’t get it to you today.”

“Thank you, Sir.” Then a little lower, so no one else could hear she added, “Thank you, Master.”

Master Douglas's room was on the sixth floor with a view out onto the mall parking lot. It was fairly small, a traveler's room, with a bed, nightstand and a small desk that had His laptop sitting on it. Her roses were on the desk as well, the hotel staff had put them in a large green vase full of water. After a brief look around she went out onto the small balcony and lit a cigarette, shivering slightly in the cool air, again very aware of her hard nipples.

As she stood there she remembered Kitty telling her of the trip she had taken with Earl to see the Gulf of Mexico. She briefly brought up an image of her sucking and jerking Earl off on the resort balcony as Master Matthew watched them from below. This would be too high up for anyone to see anything like that she noted. She finished her cigarette and went back inside where Master Douglas awaited her return.

"Here you are, Heather," he said, slipping her a small package. "Happy birthday, a couple of days early."

"Thank you, Sir." She used her nails to get under a corner of the red wrapping paper that covered the slim box. Once she had that off it was easy to slip it out. She looked at the box, which had a picture of what looked like a small remote control attached to wires, which were in turn attached to two small, egg shaped, silver balls. WONDER BULLETS was written boldly on the side of the box.

"A little something to help you enjoy yourself with," he said.

Heather blushed, this time big and red. Other than the trusty silver vibrator that Bill had given her so long ago she had never had a man give her a sex toy before. "Thank you, Master Douglas. A girl is sure that this will be a very fun thing to enjoy." She stepped to him, giving him a hug and a deep kiss.

"You're very welcome." He looked at his watch. "You don't have a lot of time left."

"An hour, Sir," she said after checking her own watch.

"What would you like us to do in that time?"

Heather smiled. "One wants to pose for a picture for you, Master."

Shaking his head he smiled to her. His face was so kindly and warm. "Very well, Heather. But only a couple, okay?"

"As *You* wish, Sir."

He had gotten his camera out of a bag under the desk and sat down on the bed as she undressed. After she peeled off her knee-highs and glanced over her shoulder at Him she was aware that she felt a little more self-conscious about being naked in front of him for the first time. It hadn't been that way with Freddy, but she reminded herself that that time she had been drunk and in the grip of passion.

"There is not much room in here I'm afraid," Master Douglas said. "I really did not intend to take pictures of you today. If I had I would have gotten a bigger room."

"This is fine, Master," she assured Him. "Where would you like one to be?"

He pointed toward the door. "How about in front of the closet there?"

Heather made her way to the closet, passing in front of him, aware that she had an arm up over her nipples. She looked into the open closet at his two suitcases tucked away on the floor. "Like this, Sir?"

"Raise your arms."

Heather complied, raising her arms out to her side as if she were going to shut the folding doors of the closet. "Like this, Sir?"

"Yes, that is very good."

"Will you send them to me later?"

"Yes, Heather. I can e-mail them and they will be on your computer when you get home if you like."

"A girl would like that very much, Sir."

"Okay, say cheese."

"Cheese, Sir." She laughed as she heard the snap of the flash. And feeling that burst of light across her bare back she felt a little more relaxed, and a little bolder. "Where should we do the next one?"

"Your choice, Heather."

She turned where she stood and faced him, really revealing herself to him. She did her best to will herself to look appealing to him. She smiled, a relaxed instead of an embarrassed smile this time. Heather pursed her lips, looking past him and back to the bed.

"You are so beautiful, Heather," he whispered. "Even more in person."

"Thank you, Master." She drug a bare foot across the carpeted floor.

"Where would you like to be?"

"Over by the bed, Master."

Still feeling emboldened she made her way to the bed. This time as she passed him she made no effort to cover her nakedness. Stopping at the foot of the bed she bent all the way over and looked back at him through her legs and laughed. "Peek-a-boo, Master Douglas."

"Silly, girl," he laughed back. "Hold that pose."

Again she obeyed, staying bent over until the flash on his camera went off.

"There. Now I have taken your picture. I am sure I will enjoy them."

"Yes, Sir. A girl hopes you do." She stretched and made her way to where he stood by the desk, plugging his camera into the laptop. She placed a hand on his shoulder and gave it a slight rub.

"What shall we talk about until you have to go?" he asked.

Heather found that she couldn't help herself. She felt bold and confident as she stood so close to him with nothing on. "I want you to use me."

"What?" He looked back to her over his shoulder, eyebrows raised behind the frames of his glasses.

"A girl wants to be used by *You*, Master," Heather repeated. She had dropped the level of her voice down, trying to sound sultry.

"That isn't necessary for you to do, Heather. I didn't bring you here because I expected anything from you."

"But I want to, Master. I want You to have me." She moved enough so she could kiss Him, long and deep. "I'm a slut, Sir. You know this."

Master Douglas moved back from her. Then he stepped closer to the bed. "Yes I know," he said. "A married woman, who sleeps with her husband and another man in the same day, is definitely a slut. It is very bad for a girl not to have focus."

"You can make me be focused," she said. "Please, Sir. You can make this girl be focused. You can show one how to be a real slut for her Master."

"Are you certain, Heather?" he questioned. "Once we start we have to finish."

"Yes, Sir," she agreed, her voice pleading. "Even if it means one is a little late getting home."

He reached out and took her hands, rubbing them lightly with his thumbs. "One will try not to keep you that long."

Heather helped *Him* undress. First she undid His tie and slipped it off. Then she unbuttoned His shirt to reveal a chest covered with silvery white hair. She kissed Him, rubbing her crotch against His leg as she ran a hand up and down His chest. When they broke the kiss He put a hand on her shoulder and made her step back as He undid His belt.

Heather sank to her knees as He paused before revealing the rest of Himself. Reaching around Him she picked up His tie and looped it loosely around her wrists. With a smile she raised her wrists up to Him to affirm that she was very willing.

"Silly girl," Master Douglas said. He reached down and slipped the tie off her wrists and let it drop to the floor. "My silly girl."

Oh, God, He called me My silly girl!

"One will be Your girl anyway you want her to, my Master."

He let go of His belt and then unhooked and unzipped His slacks. When He let them drop to the floor Heather took two steps on her knees and put her arms around His waist, kissing His round belly. Then she hooked her fingers into the waistband of His boxers and tugged them down. "Oh-. My, Master."

Master Douglas's cock was only half hard, but it was still big, and seeing it in front of her she realized that it was much bigger than Freddy's in many ways. She put her hands onto His pubic region, gently touching His soft skin and the slight nest of hair that surrounded it. Only a small bit of His pink cockhead was revealed from underneath the foreskin of His cock. Moving her hand up she gently used the sides of her thumbs to make it retract halfway.

"Yes," Master Douglas gasped in a whisper.

Uncut guys like you to pull their foreskin back and give them a long, hard, sucking right on the head, Betty had told her months before. That and that they were *so fun to play with*.

Heather placed one hand under His balls. They were soft and warm, and they felt as big as tangerines in her palm. In her other hand she stroked Him, slowing making His cock grow hard. Once it was she knew that the pictures He had sent her did Him no justice. She could put both hands on Him and she knew she would only cover the straight length of His shaft. The place where it flared at the last two inches and the uncut head could only be covered if she had a third hand.

HE'S HUGE!, had been Kristen's comment when she had seen the picture.

You have no fuckin' idea about that, sister, she thought.

"You're so beautiful, Heather," He said, breaking her out of her thoughts.

"You're not ugly, Master," she replied, looking up into His face from where she knelt on the floor. "You have had many beautiful girls."

"None as beautiful as you, silly girl." He reached down and touched her cheek, turning her head up a little more. "Aren't you going to suck Me?"

That was all it took. With a moan of delight she lowered her head down and opened her mouth, slipping her lips over His exposed cock head. She sucked it as hard as she could, her heart racing as she heard Him gasp and moan. Then she opened her mouth wider and rocked herself down, taking as much as she could of His enormous cock into her mouth. Heather quickly worked into a rhythm, sucking his cock and stroking the rest of Him with her hand, doing the best she could to do both at the same speed.

"You really do suck like a fucking slut," Master Douglas gasped.

She let Him slip out of her mouth. Then she kissed the head of His cock, following it with kisses to the shaft and His heavy balls. "Thank you, Sir," she panted, before taking Him in her mouth again and working the rest of his cock with her hands.

"I'm getting close, girl," He said. "Get into the bed so I can cum in your slut mouth."

Heather let Him slip back out of her mouth again. She didn't want to stop. She wanted to go ahead and take Him all the way on her knees, but she didn't want to refuse what He wanted. She walked around the bed and laid back as He crawled in behind her. She was turning to kneel when He grabbed her by the hair and forced her to lie on her back.

"Like this," Master Douglas panted, moving Himself closer to the head of the bed.

Heather laid back on the pillow and turned to the side to suck Him again as He knelt over her. She sucked and stroked Him, feeling a steady pulse in her mouth as she did. He was swelling inside, and it felt as if He were getting a lot bigger each time her tongue brushed His shaft.

"Here it comes, Heather. Be careful. I don't want to choke you."

Heather had barely anytime to think about what He was saying when a thick gush of sperm erupted in her mouth. He started groaning, a loud animalistic

sound, as He came. As she tried her best to suck His cum down there was another spurt, and when she tried to get that down there was another.

Opening her mouth she let out a choked wheeze, feeling His cum leaking out of each side of her mouth. He pulled out and she took in a breath, swallowing as much of His cum as she could. Master Douglas was still over her, groaning. She felt a large spurt of cum across her cheek and lips. Then another in the hollow of her neck. And then two more landing between her breasts.

Heather opened her eyes, feeling His thick and heavy cum on her face as she swallowed down what was left in her mouth. He took His cock and rubbed it over her lips, around and around, as if He were applying a coat of lipstick to them. As He did His cum was still running out of His cock.

"Take the rest."

She opened her mouth and let Him put the head of His cock inside. As she sucked it another large burst of cum coated her tongue. This one she was able to suck down.

"Oh, God," she gasped, once He took Himself back out of her mouth. He was on her, kissing her, sticking His tongue in her mouth. Her pussy was flowing. It was so hot. He was kissing her, hard and deep. It didn't seem to bother Him that her mouth had been filled with His cum, or that His cum was all over her face.

So fucking hot!

He kissed her chin, and then her neck. He kissed the sticky, cum soaked hollow between her breasts. And then He moved farther down.

Heather's eyes went wide. "Uhhhhhhhh! *Oh, my God*!"

Master Douglas moved His tongue up and down her labia. Then He plunged it into her pussy and licked straight up to her clit. He used His tongue to lash it and tease it before taking it between His lips and sucking it.

"Master, I'm going to cum!" She immediately felt the gush of her cum, but it did nothing to stop the relentless sucking that Master Douglas was giving her clit. He went down after a moment and licked her again, and within three seconds she gushed again, this time surely into His face and open mouth. He went back to work on her clit, sucking it as he drove two fingers deep into her pussy, pushing them up to hit another spot that made her gush once again.

Oh, God! Jesus Christ! She had never known that being eaten out could be so good.

He gave her a moment, coming back up and laying beside her, smearing His cum across her breasts and pinching the nipples. Heather did her best to sort through all the sensations she was feeling. Her heart was racing, and she gasped for breath. With the fingers of her right hand she dug into the mattress. She cooed and shook again as His nipple twisting set off another orgasm.

"God!" she cried. "Uuuuoooohhhhoo God!"

Master Douglas leaned closer, kissing her ear. He rubbed up her breasts and then on to her neck. "You want My cock, girl?"

"Yes!" she cried in a pant. No matter what her body and mind were trying to tell her she knew, it being the only thing she clearly knew in that moment, that that was the right answer.

"You want it all?"

"Uhhhhuuuoo, yes. Yes. Yes, Master. Please. *Please*!"

"Get on your knees, Heather," He whispered. "It's the only way you can take it all."

Heather rolled onto her stomach without a word and pushed her rear up, getting on her knees. She felt wobbly. Even with Freddy it hadn't been this intense, not even the first time. This was what it was like for it to be real. To be with a Master.

Her Master!

"Hands too."

Heather moved her arms and pushed her upper body up. She shook for a moment, and then steadied herself. She twisted her neck back and forth, trying to loosen it. As she did she did her best to wet her tongue, but all this did was remind her that the taste of Master Douglas's cock and cum filling her mouth. Behind her she could feel Him moving on the bed, and then the touch of His hands on her damp ass cheeks.

"Ready for all of it, girl?"

"Please."

He placed a hand on the small of her back, and she could feel His other hand between them. She knew it had to be awkward between His big stomach and her ample ass. She sighed as she felt Him move it up and the head of His cock touched her labia. "Umm." She panted as He forced the head in. As wet as she was there was resistance, and He had to work Himself back and forth a couple of times to get the flared part of His cock into her. Once it slid past her lips the rest of His shaft went right inside, and she let out a little yelp as the head came to

rest on her cervix. Over the next several minutes that cockhead would pound against her cervix over and over, taking Heather to heights of ecstasy she had never before imagined.

-9-

Once He had filled her pussy until it was dripping with His cum Master Douglas finally was satisfied. They rested in the bed, sweating and panting for several minutes. Then He took her cigarettes out of her purse and they lay smoking in the bed, the room's inadequate ashtray sitting between them. When they finished the cigarettes He picked up her panties from the floor. He wiped them over her face and breasts, and then down her stomach. Opening her legs Heather moaned as He jammed them into her and twisted them, wiping some of His cum out of her pussy.

"You can't have these for the trip home," He told her. And with that He leaned over and dropped them into the trash can between the bed and the nightstand. They made a slight thud as they slipped through the plastic bag and hit the bottom of the empty can.

"Yes, Sir."

"You should probably shower before you go."

"Yes, Sir. Even with that one should still be able to get home in enough time not to be too late." It was all as if in a dream. At that moment Heather still felt as if she were flying in pure bliss.

You're lost little girl, went Jim Morrison's voice in her head again. It was an odd thing to have there, another snip-it of an obscure Doors song. She realized that she hadn't listened to The Doors since she had moved into her first apartment with Bill. He hated them *because-*

"Are you okay?" Master Douglas asked, concern in His voice.

"It is wonderful, Sir." She had a huge smile on her face, the reason she had not listened to The Doors in so long already forgotten.

He smiled back to her. "Good. Now we should really get you going."

"Yes, Sir." She turned onto her side and looked to Him. He was sitting facing away from her on the edge of the bed and for the first time she realized that His ass had to be just as broad as hers, if not a little bit broader. She ran the palm of her hand down the small of His back and to His fleshy bottom. "Master?"

“Yes, Heather?”

“Could we do a couple of more pictures before a girl has to go?” she asked, her own voice full of glee. “A girl would like to see what she looks like serving You. Cleaning Your cock. That is if the timer is not too much trouble to set up.”

He looked back over His shoulder, a cool steel gaze from behind the lenses of His glasses. He shook His head. Then He leaned back and gave the loudest, most good natured laugh that Heather had ever heard, before moving Himself around to kiss her.

-10-

Terry and Melissa had only just beaten Heather to the house. She told them hello and excused herself to go to the bathroom as soon as she got through the door. She made a beeline down the hall and to the bedroom, closing the door behind her. The first thing she did was hide her brand new WONDER BULLETS in the back of her panty drawer beside her little silver vibe. Then she got undressed as quickly as she could, putting her clothes at the bottom of the laundry basket. Despite the fact she had showered she still had His cum leaking out of her and there were at least three distinct cum stains on the seat of the skirt as she examined it before stuffing it into the hamper.

Dressed only in her bra she went to the bathroom and rummaged under the sink for a box of tampons. Taking one out she sat down and relived herself, replaying the afternoon over in her mind. Snapping herself out of it once she stopped peeing she wiped herself and then slipped the tampon into her pussy in the hopes that it would soak up any excess cum that was still left inside her.

Heather came out of the bathroom and dressed in loose shorts and a t-shirt. She was sore, fucking sore all over, inside and out. The one hope that she had in mind was that tonight would not be the night that Bill wanted to come home and fool around.

She went to the spare bedroom when she was done, instead of going out and finding out what kind of day each of the kids had. She locked the door and powered up the computer. Once it was running she logged into her Peeplchat messenger and smiled when the new mail alert chime went off. She clicked on it, and an IM box from Kristen opened up as she waited.

69sns_mo_valentine: hey sis

69sns_mo_valentine: soooooooooo……. how did it go?
69sns_mo_valentine: did you try to suck Him :P
69sns_mo_valentine: lol

Heather smiled to herself as she typed in her response. Her e-mail messages came up and there was only one new mail there, FROM DOUG GORMAN: JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY. She clicked to open it.

flafemsub_bbw: one not only tried but SUCK-seeded
flafemsub_bbw: lol

Looking to the screen she watched as the four images in the e-mail opened.

69sns_mo_valentine: oh my
69sns_mo_valentine: you sucked Him on your "first date" sis
69sns_mo_valentine: naughty….. lol

flafemsub_bbw: W/we also did something that rhymes with suck

69sns_mo_valentine: omg sis
69sns_mo_valentine: does it start wiff an "F"?????????????

flafemsub_bbw: YES!

69sns_mo_valentine: k heather
69sns_mo_valentine: now i know you're shittin me

Heather opened up a file transfer window and sent it to Kristen.

69sns_mo_valentine: what's this sis?

flafemsub_bbw: evidence :P

She looked back at the pictures on the screen as she awaited her friend to respond. She had the fingers of one hand on her lips, drumming them. Heather felt far away. Her heart felt as if it were twisting, and it physically ached. The

opening line of *'You're Lost Little Girl'* drifted through her head again. She then pulled up her messenger list and looked it over, but in the past minute Master Douglas had not come back online.

69sns_mo_valentine: omfgaward!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
69sns_mo_valentine: you're sucking His cock sis!!!!!!!!!!!
69sns_mo_valentine: and yer nekkid!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
69sns_mo_valentine: peek'n tween yer legs!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
69sns_mo_valentine: you goofball
69sns_mo_valentine: lol

Heather couldn't help but laugh loudly at Kristen's reaction. Through the door she could hear the phone ring, but she didn't pay it any attention. *The kids can get it*, she thought.

Again she scrolled her friends list to see if Master Douglas had come on since she had looked away.

flafemsub_bbw: I know
flafemsub_bbw: He called me His silly girl when He took that one
flafemsub_bbw: :)

She about jumped out of her skin when there was a knock at the door. "Mom?" It was Terry.

"Yes?" Heather felt as if she had been caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

"Kitty is on the phone for you."

"Okay, son. Have her hold on just a second."

flafemsub_bbw: gotta go sis
flafemsub_bbw: topaz is calling

69sns_mo_valentine: ok sis
69sns_mo_valentine: if you don't get back on here later call me
69sns_mo_valentine: one needs to know how to see these pics in context ;)

Heather smiled at the screen.

flafemsub_bbw: chronic masturbator

69sns_mo_valentine: crookie cock slut
69sns_mo_valentine: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol

With that Heather closed everything on the screen and her messenger and went to get the phone.

-11-

Heather got on the phone with Kitty long enough to ask her if she could come over for a few minutes, and the older woman said she would be right there. She hung up the phone and went into her purse to get out her now half empty pack of cigarettes. Then she went down the hall and to the door, slightly aware of a curious look on Terry's face as she passed him.

Kitty was just coming up the walk and followed her to the side of the house as she walked around. Each of them lighting up Heather filled her in on everything that had happened with Master Douglas that afternoon.

"Goodness, Heather," the older woman commented as she finished.

"I know," she said. "You think I'm going too fast."

Kitty nodded. "Just a little. I thought things would go slow with Him. He doesn't sound like someone who likes to rush in." She took a breath and sighed. "Still, He does live halfway across the country."

"I know." Heather realized that there was a great deal of disappointment in her voice as she said it.

Kitty noticed it as well. "You feel something for Him already, don't you Heather?"

She nodded. "Well, yes. A lot more than I ever thought I could, especially when I read His profile the first time." She paused and lit another cigarette. "Isn't that the way it's supposed to feel with the right One, Kitty?"

"Yes. If it's real."

Heather nodded again. She reached down and rubbed her abdomen. It felt even more sore than it had when she first arrived at the house. "One learned

what He meant by *still very sexually active* in His profile."

Throwing her head back Kitty let out a loud snorting laugh. "God, Heather, you're becoming insatiable."

"Yeah, well-"

"Any idea when the two of you will be able to see each other again?"

Heather shrugged. "No telling."

"Well I'm sure you will both have a lot of time to think about how your relationship is going to go between now and then."

Heather shook her head. "Maybe I can learn more before I see Him again. He thinks it a very good idea that you're taking me to the social."

"As do I," Kitty agreed. "It will be a real eye opener for you."

Heather had no idea that the experience would be an eye opener for her indeed. In fact it would open her eyes in ways, that even Kitty would not foresee, about several things.

-12-

Heather spent the rest of the afternoon somewhat secluded from the rest of her family. She had gone back online after Kitty had left and chatted with the regulars in Bored Like Hell, giving out a few details about her day and hoping that Master Douglas would come on while she was there. But at a quarter till five she called it quits to fix dinner.

When Bill got home she realized that she was making an effort not to walk funny in front of him. Her pussy had been left slightly gaping from her encounter with Master Douglas. In fact when she had gone to the bathroom before her husband arrived home the tampon she had put in had slipped right out into the bowl, so she had flushed it, hoping that it wouldn't cause any plumbing problems.

She had made hamburgers and macaroni and cheese for dinner that night, and once she had sat down to eat she realized she was ravenous. Heather ended up eating two hamburgers, instead of her usual one, and two big plates of macaroni and cheese. Usually there were leftovers, even with the four of them, but that night was an exception.

"You sure are hungry, Mom," Melissa commented.

"She's just making up," Bill said. "Your mom didn't eat breakfast this morning."

After dinner she quickly cleared the table and did the dishes before heading back to the spare bedroom to go online. Neither Bill nor Melissa seemed to notice that it was unusual for her to be going online so early instead of sitting with them to watch TV. Terry however, knocked on the door a couple of times to make sure that everything was okay.

"I'm fine," she assured him. "Why wouldn't I be?"

Terry just shrugged. "I don't know. I just want to make sure you're happy."

The statement was another tug at her heart. Although it made her feel a little guilty she still went on with her chatting in Bored Like Hell.

Master_Morel: greetings silly girl

flafemsub_bbw: greetings my Master :)

It was a little after eight when He finally came on.

Master_Morel: how are you?

flafemsub_bbw: one is fine now that you are here Sir
flafemsub_bbw: a girl was beginning to wonder if You were coming on tonight

Master_Morel: :)
Master_Morel: One has been a little worn out for some reason

Heather smiled as she looked at His reply. Glancing at the main chat window she saw the others had noticed that she had stopped talking in the room.

Master_Vyper2000: uh-oh heather's gone AWOL again

delicate_rose: lol M.Vyper
delicate_rose: can you not see M. Morel is here

sassyone67: she is up in the rafters again
sassyone67: lol

sensualmaien1999: lol

delicate_rose: lol

iowa_sub: lol

flafemsub_bbw: yes one is in the rafters
flafemsub_bbw: talking to her Master
flafemsub_bbw: :)

69sns_mo_valentine: wooohooooooo…sis

Heather smiled, beaming with pride, as she looked at the last lines she had entered in the room.

Master_Morel: that's showing them My silly girl

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir my Master

-13-

Heather had chatted with Master Douglas until almost eleven, when he excused himself to turn in for the evening. He promised they would talk again the next night, once he was packed and ready to return home. She secretly wished that he would suggest that she try to come and see him, even thought of suggesting it herself, but she knew he was going to be busy, and she didn't have an excuse to get away for the evening. They would talk about when their next meeting would be later, and it would give them plenty of time to chat more and for her to learn more, as Kitty had suggested.

Instead of going back into the main room Heather pulled up her profile and the pictures He had taken of her. She put them in her profile and changed her main picture to the first one He had taken of her standing in front of the closet. It was something that did not go unnoticed as she went back into Bored Like Hell. In fact she decided to get everyone's attention right off.

flafemsub_bbw: waltzes back into the room totally nekkid

Im_Pure_Lez: wooooooooooo heather

sassyone67: rubs her virgin eyes

delicate_rose: lol @ sassy

69sns_mo_valentine: yawnz
69sns_mo_valentine: seen it

delicate_rose: lol @ sweet

Master_Vyper2000: down boy, DOWN!

delicate_rose: roflmfao

iowa_sub: is that a new pic of you heather?

flafemsub_bbw: yes
flafemsub_bbw: my Master took it today

An IM box popped up from Kitty.

topazblue58: are these the pictures He took today

flafemsub_bbw: yes :)

topazblue58: very nice
topazblue58: they're very good
topazblue58: damn this slow girl for not jumping at the chance when you made the suggestion ;)

flafemsub_bbw: lol

Master_Vyper2000: wonders if He'll be that lucky when He hits Morel's age

69sns_mo_valentine: lol Vyper
69sns_mo_valentine: yer not close to that old yet

Master_Vyper2000: getting older by the minute k
Master_Vyper2000: so you need to get here real soon

69sns_mo_valentine: * BLUSHES :) *
69sns_mo_valentine: ty Sir
69sns_mo_valentine: but don't you already have 2 subbies too many?

Master_Vyper2000: grrrrrrrrrr

One_True_Master: lmmfao
One_True_Master: too bad Aaron, but this One has His sights on k once she's free of her current master

69sns_mo_valentine: * BLUSHES :) *
69sns_mo_valentine: good to have a couple of Doms fighting over me even if valentine's day is about over

A second IM box popped up on the screen, this time from tmc.

tmc31: been getting filled in on your V. day heather
tmc31: very hot
tmc31: great pics btw

flafemsub_bbw: ty :)

She realized that she hadn't seen tmc earlier in the day.

flafemsub_bbw: so how was your day?
flafemsub_bbw: you just getting on?

tmc31: yes… a girl's been very busy

flafemsub_bbw: busy…. busy?
flafemsub_bbw: lol

tmc31: oh yeah
tmc31: a sevensome

Heather blinked as she looked at the screen. A *sevensome?!*

flafemsub_bbw: a sevensome?

tmc31: lol
tmc31: unless i lost count
tmc31: there was me, and master, and three white guys, and two black guys
tmc31: yum :) !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

flafemsub_bbw: wow
flafemsub_bbw: that i'd like to see

In response a file sharing window popped up from tmc. Heather accepted it and waited for the window to open. Her eyes widened. Every picture showed the other woman up close, either surrounded by or stuffed with cocks.

flafemsub_bbw: and i thought i had a fun day
flafemsub_bbw: lol

tmc31: lol
tmc31: but you had fun and got nice pics

flafemsub_bbw: i wish i could have them all up
flafemsub_bbw: going to run out of space for pics on my profile pretty soon

tmc31: you can

flafemsub_bbw: really?
flafemsub_bbw: how?

tmc31: you can start a blog page
tmc31: tmcgangbangslut.peeplblog

Heather clicked on the link and went to tmc's blog page. There were several more pictures of her there, quite a few casual, along with her profile and contact information. Beyond those were her thoughts and recounting of her sexual escapades. And of course lots more pictures of her having sex with lots more men.

"Oh, my God," Heather whispered to herself. The other woman was with more men in one sitting than she had been with her whole life. She rubbed her knees together, her sore pussy giving a throb.

She wondered what it would be like to do that. To at least be in a threesome. It made her wonder if that was something that Master Douglas would be interested in, sharing her with more than one man at a time. She knew he seemed to be turned on by the idea that she was a slut, but they hadn't actually had any discussion of letting other men use her in his presence.

flafemsub_bbw: this is cool tmc

tmc31: tonya

flafemsub_bbw: tonya i like the blog idea
flafemsub_bbw: if you're not busy tomorrow can you help me get started on one?

tmc31: sure heather
tmc31: it's a lot easier than you think

Heather went to bed just after one, making it somewhat an early night. She went right to sleep, but it was interrupted by fitful dreams of being fucked long and hard by Master Douglas. When He was finished He offered her to another Master, the not quite Crimson Executioner. As He fucked her from behind and Master Douglas fondled her breasts and squeezed her nipples from underneath

she caught sight of another man standing at the head of the bed, arms crossed, his face obscured by shadows.

"Yes, take that cock," the Masked Master groaned. "Get ready for all I have to give you, *you gaping cunt, slut bitch*!"

He grabbed her hair and pulled it back and she found herself looking right at the man at the foot of the bed. She realized it was the other *Master* she had seen in her dreams once before. The one she had thought was Master Chambers.

"You lack discipline," the Master in the shadows said, His voice cold, flat, logical. "You lack focus!"

The opening music and lines of *'You're Lost Little Girl'* seemed to drift through the air.

"I just want you to *throw them the fuck out*!" Bill's voice demanded angrily from somewhere behind her. Heather knew he was talking about something other than the two Masters who were using her. He wanted her to throw out…

...her Doors tapes!

"Your *journey into mystery* is to be a long and painfully difficult one, *girl*," the Master in the shadows said.

She had jerked awake, panting slightly. She was ringing wet with sweat. The dream was over in that instant, and yet the words of the Master in the shadows still rang in her ears.

"Your *journey into mystery* is to be a long and painfully difficult one, *girl*."

-15-

The next morning, the morning before her 35th birthday, after Bill and the kids were gone, Heather did the morning dishes and headed straight for the bedroom. She gathered up enough clothes to wash the skirt she had worn the day before and put them in the washer. Then she went back down the hall to the master bathroom and took out a towel from under the sink before heading right back to the bedroom. She placed the towel on the bed and then opened her panty drawer, taking out the WONDER BULLETS.

It took a few minutes to figure out how to work the little orbs. With the remote it was possible to make one or both of them vibrate at various speeds. It

seemed like it was going to be a really fun toy to use, and everyone she had told that she had gotten them in chat the night before absolutely swore by them. Iowa even went as far to venture they were second best only to the Thruster Bunny.

Heather undressed and positioned herself on the bed. Then she took one of the bullets and turned it on to a low hum, placing it on top of her clit. She gasped and squirmed immediately, getting used to it. "Oh, yeah," she whispered. Even on low it vibrated a lot faster than her old trusty silver toy.

Closing her eyes she changed the position of the bullet. First just between her labia. Then all the way inside. That felt so good she squirmed with delight. And then, again, she pulled it out and held it lightly against her clit. "Mmmmmm."

Knowing there were two bullets suddenly gave her another idea. She took the first one, wet with her cream, and gently slid it into her pussy. Then she turned the second one on and pressed it to her clit. She shook and gasped. The effect was not entirely instant, but it did not take very long.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, yeah!"

Heather panted and shook as she came. As the warm gush of her orgasm coated her fingers it made her more excited. "Yeah! Oh, yeah! Good! Good! Gooooooooooood! Ahhha!"

And within one self-play session the WONDER BULLETS replaced her little silver dildo as her toy of choice.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN:
Considerations

-1-

The night Heather turned 35 Bill took her and the kids out to celebrate. He announced on Thursday that they were going out for a fancy dinner. Heather had had visions of filet mignon and Crème Brule, just as she had eaten when Master Douglas had taken her for lunch at The Viceroy a couple of days before. Even though she knew it was not going to be anything as extravagant she still found herself somewhat disappointed that *fancy dinner* turned out to be the all you can eat buffet at Quincy Duff's Restaurant. She had half expected the Fox Fire Inn or Red Lobster at the very least.

"Wow, Mom, you're eating a lot," Melissa commented.

"Melissa," Bill scolded.

The comment made her look to the heaping plate, her third, loaded with mashed potatoes and gravy, steak, dressing and turkey. She was ravenous, she realized, and was eating without thinking. Her thoughts were far away from where she was. She was wondering about Master Douglas. *Had His flight been on time and okay? Had He made it home yet?*

That morning Betty had dropped by, and she had been equally preoccupied at first. She had hoped the phone would ring and it would be him calling to check in. She wanted to excuse herself and check the computer to see if he had left her any messages.

"So it was that good?" her best friend finally asked, noticing that she was somewhere far off.

Heather had felt a huge grin spread across her face. "God, Betty, it was fantastic." Between visions of Him and playing with the Wonder Bullets that morning it had been fantastic.

“Mmmmmm,” Betty purred. “So you have a thing for that old man cock, huh?”

“It’s a lot more than just *His* cock.”

When they had chatted a couple of days before tmc had told her not to let anyone make her feel like it was weird that Master Douglas was so much older than she was.

tmc31: my Master is 72 and He knows how to work me :)

“Sure,” Betty said.

“He’s a very gentle man. A gentleman.” *Oh, now you’re just sounding stupid*. “He made me feel really good about everything. I felt like I really belong with *Him*.”

“He’s far away, you know.”

“I know. Kitty thinks it’s good that we have distance. So we can go slow.”

Betty laughed. “Slow?”

Heather rubbed her forehead, feeling a little frustrated. She couldn’t put it into any words that Betty would understand. Hell, she was having a problem coming up with any words to explain it at all.

“You’re already sweet on the old guy,” Betty said.

Again Heather found herself smiling. “Well, yeah.”

“Because he gave you flowers, candy and a sex toy?”

Her face was red, and she laughed a little uneasily.

“Oh, this is bad.”

“Why?”

“Remember what I told you?”

Heather nodded. Yes she remembered. Betty had thought it was okay for her to fool around on Bill, but it was different if she really got involved with someone else.

“Where’s it going to leave Bill?”

She shrugged. “I have plenty of time, *and distance*. I don’t know how far things might go.”

“I get the feeling you want them to go real far.”

And Betty was right about that, Heather knew. She wanted things to go far, really far. She wanted to belong to Master Douglas totally. She wanted to be His submissive slut. *His whore*.

But how could things go that far realistically? She was married and had a family. And he lived halfway across the country.

Again, as she had dinner that night, Heather tried to push it out of her mind. She dipped her fork into her potatoes and had a bite. She wanted to get him out of her mind, at least for the moment, but it was impossible. There was no way she could rest until she spoke with him again. And after that she knew she wouldn't rest until she was able to see him again.

-2-

That night after everyone was in bed Heather went online, disappointed that Master Douglas was not there. He had left her an offline message to let her know that he had made it home and was probably going to sleep for the rest of the night.

Well, at least He made it home okay.

Everything was going slow in chat. Nearly all the Bored Like Hell regulars were out, including Kristen. Heather did her best to act as hostess for the room, seeing that she was pretty much the only *senior* regular there. Then when tmc showed up at around 11 they got together and left chat so that she could help her make a blog page.

There were forms in Peeplchat, which made it easy as tmc had suggested. The hard part was choosing the arrangement and placing the pictures, and knowing how to leave it open for editing and expansion. All of these things Tonya was very helpful with.

flafemsub_bbw: i think i'm about ready

tmc31: you going to be friends only or public?

Heather looked at the question and rubbed her chin. It was something else she had not quite thought about. If it were friends only then no one else would see it. Part of her was unsure if she should let anyone else see it. After all she was putting on pictures that Master Douglas had either taken of her or sent her. But if he didn't know that she had made the page, since it was not under, or linked to, her regular ID, then he would never have to know it was up.

Ask Him if it's okay, or just do it and be bad, hoping He will never know it's there?

flafemsub_bbw: public

tmc31: okay… let me know what it is when you're ready

Heather put the finishing touches on the page and submitted it.

flafemsub_bbw: ok
flafemsub_bbw: heatherbbwflasub

tmc31: ok…. checking it now

As she waited for the other woman she looked the finished page over again. On top were her first profile pics on either side of the heading *"sub heather's blog"*. Below was her Peeplchat profile. Then she had written about herself and meeting Master Douglas, along with the pics he had sent her and the ones he had taken of her on Valentine's Day.

The IM chime went off and she looked to see who it was, hoping it was Master Douglas. She felt her heart sink, her brief tingle of excitement gone as quickly as it had come, when she saw that it was from someone she did not know.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: Greetings

flafemsub_bbw: greetings Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: One was just looking over your blog
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and happy birthday

flafemsub_bbw: well ty Sir
flafemsub_bbw: but a girl has only just submitted the blog page
flafemsub_bbw: one did not know it would be up so quickly

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: then it seems I was browsing the right place at the right time :)

As she was thinking of how to respond tmc's IM chime went off.

tmc31: looks great heather
tmc31: pretty good for your first try

flafemsub_bbw: i know…. i already have a fan

tmc31: really….. lol
tmc31: He must have been browsing the blogs for subs or bbws

Heather went back to Master Playboy's IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: were you browsing the blogs for subs and bbws Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oooops….. you caught Me
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol Sir

She clicked back to tmc's IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: He says He was

tmc31: woohoo heather

The chime went off and she glanced back at his.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: very sexy…. you have a great body

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir

She ended up chatting between the two of them through IMs for a while. In a way it was another thing that reminded Heather of being a teenager over the past few days. She would chat with Master Playboy, and then report everything he was saying back to tmc. It was just like when she used to talk on the phone to a boy and then cover the mouth piece to turn to Betty or Gail and tell them what he was saying to her.

Master Playboy seemed to be pleasant. He got a little suggestive and she got suggestive back, but he wasn't trying to push anything. He told her that he was always in search of a new sub, and for years he had been trying to find "just the right one". Heather asked just what sub he considered the right one to be.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well, okay…. since W/we're going to be just friends

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: at least for now ;)

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol

Her eyes widened as she read his response. It seemed to be a menu of things which made her feel more than a little excited as it went past the first few. She watched the list and then keyed it into tmc's IM box, getting a few *whoops* and *woohoos* from Tonya from time to time.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: looking for one who is kind and gentle

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: someone older 40's and up

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: experienced, but not necessarily experienced in the lifestyle

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I want a girl I can guide and train

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: bbw preferred, but not really a requirement

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: should be open to new experiences

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: a little bicurious if not bi

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: willing to be shared

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I love to see a girl getting it put to her by another man

flafemsub_bbw: threesomes?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: threesomes, foursomes, moresomes

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: though as yet have never done anything higher than a mmmmf fivesome

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I find slutty and promiscuous girls very hot

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and I would keep her safe and never let her play alone

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I would always make sure she was wet and whoever she was playing with was well lubed so it wouldn't hurt

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: she would have to be willing to be tied and blindfolded

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and after that be open to learning to progress into more elaborate bondage

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: must be into discipline and spanking

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: willing to pose for pictures

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: with Me, others and toys

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and open to trying, if not into, water sports

flafemsub_bbw: wow Sir!!!!!!!! ;)

Heather was not the only one enthused over his list of desires.

tmc31: wooohooo

tmc31: where do i meet Him heather?

Feeling a little flushed herself Heather decided to ask where he was from.

flafemsub_bbw: where are you located Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh I am always on the move

flafemsub_bbw: but if you had a place to call home Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: nebraska

Heather's eyes widened.

flafemsub_bbw: really?
flafemsub_bbw: what part?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I am from a town called Collinsville
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but live in Baston, near Lincoln

flafemsub_bbw: is it far from Nebraska City Sir?
flafemsub_bbw: my Master lives near there

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well it's about half the state away

flafemsub_bbw: it's funny that You're both from the same state and You both travel

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well the world is funny
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: maybe you met the wrong One first
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol Sir
flafemsub_bbw: maybe ;P

She switched back to Tonya.

flafemsub_bbw: He's real flirty

tmc31: and getting me real horny….. lol

At a little after three Heather excused herself to go to bed. She invited Master Playboy to drop by Bored Like Hell to meet the others sometime. With his flirty, chatty and easy going attitude she had a feeling he would fit right in.

Once she was lying in bed Heather found it difficult to get to sleep. Without her mind occupied she began to think about Master Douglas again, really wishing they could have spoken, or at least chatted, at some point during the day. She rolled onto her side, trying to make her eyes stay shut as Bill snored beside her.

Maybe you met the wrong One first.

Master Playboy's statement came back into her head. She had thought nothing of it when he had posted it, but now she found herself wondering. *What if Master Douglas turned out to not be the right one for her? Then what?*

But it was silly. She couldn't imagine being with anyone other than Him, or letting anyone other than Him touch her without His blessing. She was His. His silly girl slut. *His whore*.

But He didn't say those things. At least not in so many words.

Master Playboy, on the other hand, told her that was what he wanted in a submissive. He wanted the things that she had thought about and fantasized about, awake and in dreams.

The words of the shadowy Master in her dreams came back to her once again. *You're journey into mystery is to be a long and painfully difficult one, girl*.

-3-

It was only two weeks later that a second opportunity presented itself for Heather to be with Master Douglas. He had a conference he had been invited to speak at in Jackson, Mississippi, and then another couple of days later in Atlanta, so he booked additional flights so he could come and spend a day with her. When he told her she had almost been bouncing off the walls she was so excited. She hadn't thought another opportunity would present itself so soon. Plus the timing would be excellent as well because her period would be over by then.

She felt her heart racing as she sat at the keyboard, a smile on her face so broad that it hurt.

flafemsub_bbw: :) :) :) :) :)
flafemsub_bbw: a girl is so happy to hear this Sir

In the back of her head she was already doing her best to determine what was going to be happening that day. He had to be in Jackson on Monday and Atlanta on Thursday, which meant He would be spending Wednesday with her. *Hump day*, she thought, her smile now stretching the corners of her mouth nearly to the ripping point.

Master_Morel: I knew you would be

There was a pause of a minute or two before he continued. Heather placed a hand on her chest and felt her heart thudding as she waited for *His* next words with baited breath.

Master_Morel: what would W/we do when W/we are together this time?

Heather placed both hands back on the keyboard and began writing her responses as soon as they entered her mind.

Don't think about your answer. Just say the first thing that comes into your mind.

flafemsub_bbw: :) grinnnnnssss
flafemsub_bbw: oh Sir where is a girl to begin?

Master_Morel: LOL

flafemsub_bbw: a girl wants to come to Your room as soon as she can that morning
flafemsub_bbw: she wants to undress and be naked for You all day

Master_Morel: oh my
Master_Morel: and if W/we get hungry I shall order room service so that you do not have to get dressed for lunch

flafemsub_bbw: :)
flafemsub_bbw: a girl likes that idea
flafemsub_bbw: Sir?

Master_Morel: yes heather

She smiled wider to herself as she typed in her question.

flafemsub_bbw: when room service comes may one get the door naked?

Again He paused for a minute or so before answering.

Master_Morel: your are a naughty, silly girl
Master_Morel: I suppose you would want to have sex with the room service person if I allowed you

Heather smiled at the screen, letting the slight sound of a laugh pass her lips.

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *

He paused again.

Master_Morel: well L/lets not think of something like that too soon
Master_Morel: W/we can let you be a dirty slut for Me after…

"…we get to know each other a little better", she finished aloud, before His reply fully showed up on the screen. Heather smiled half-heartedly to herself. It seemed to be one Master Douglas's favorite responses, and she already had a good feeling most times of when it was coming.
Restraint and self-control.

flafemsub_bbw: as you wish Sir

Master_Morel: * pats *flafemsub_bbw* on her head *
Master_Morel: One is sure that He will have to go to a great effort to keep you from exposing yourself

flafemsub_bbw: really Sir?
flafemsub_bbw: why is that Sir?

Master_Morel: ;)
Master_Morel: well you are going through a dry spell
Master_Morel: you used to have sex several times a day with two different men
Master_Morel: now you haven't had sex for a week and a half

Heather found herself smiling at his response. *A week and a half*. It wasn't a long time, but she knew that somehow Master Douglas sensed it was an eternity for her.

flafemsub_bbw: and a girl was good for a couple of weeks before that
flafemsub_bbw: one has done her best to be a good girl
flafemsub_bbw: Master's gift has done wonders :D

Master_Morel: I see
Master_Morel: you are not longing for the real thing?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir a girl has, especially the first two days after she was with You
flafemsub_bbw: but a girl is afraid that Master opened her pussy up too wide
flafemsub_bbw: one is sure her husband would notice

Master_Morel: * BLUSHES :) *

Heather felt her eyelids droop and she took a hand off the keyboard and slipped it between her meaty thighs. She sighed as she applied just enough pressure to feel it through her sweatpants and panties.

flafemsub_bbw: a girl was wondering if you would take a picture of her pussy after You use it next time Sir
flafemsub_bbw: one would like to see how much You open her up

Master_Morel: * BLUSHES :) *
Master_Morel: I would love to do that My silly girl

Again Heather smiled mischievously to herself.

flafemsub_bbw: which one Sir?
flafemsub_bbw: take a picture of a girl's pussy?
flafemsub_bbw: stretch it out?

flafemsub_bbw: or both?

She watched the screen waiting for His response.

Master_Morel: you are a VERY naughty girl

Heather found herself drawing a ragged breath and sighing. She could imagine hearing Him say those words to her in her head.

Master_Morel: My cock is getting hard

Seeing this made Heather feel light headed and giddy. She felt her knees moving further apart, as if by their own accord. Consciously she took her left hand off the keyboard again and slid it between her legs. Then with the index finger of her right hand she began to slowly type back to Him.

flafemsub_bbw: is it Sir?

Master_Morel: yes

Heather rubbed herself through her clothes, sighing to herself.

flafemsub_bbw: are You touching it Sir?

Master_Morel: yes
Master_Morel: My boxers are at My feet
Master_Morel: and I am stroking Myself
Master_Morel: I'm pulling the foreskin off the head
Master_Morel: holding it back as I stroke My cock

God she wished she was there to do it for him. She rubbed harder at her clit, feeling the cotton fabric of her panties pull against it. If she didn't put her hand down her pants soon she knew she was going to chafe herself.

Master_Morel: what are you wearing?

Her breath caught in her throat.

flafemsub_bbw: white sweat suit
flafemsub_bbw: white panties

Master_Morel: are you touching yourself?

flafemsub_bbw: touching my pussy through my clothes

Master_Morel: you mean you're touching MY pussy

Oh God!
It was so fucking hot. Seeing that on the screen.
Heather's nipples felt as if they had just been zapped by a bolt of electricity. She cried out as the quick sensation went through her body and passed. Seeing Him type that to her had been enough to make her have a tiny and intense orgasm after barely even playing with herself.

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: it's Your pussy
flafemsub_bbw: Your pussy Sir
flafemsub_bbw: a girl's body belongs to You Master
flafemsub_bbw: You can do anything it pleases You to do to it

She felt like a piece of meat. And she wanted to be a piece of meat. Just for Him, just for Master Douglas's pleasure.

Master_Morel: pull your pants off girl
Master_Morel: your panties too
Master_Morel: I want your bottom naked

Heather pushed away from her desk and got to her feet without even typing in a response. She quickly got her sweatpants and panties down and put them on the seat of the chair so she would have something under her when she came. Sitting back down she shifted to try and make herself comfortable on the lumps her clothes made beneath her.

flafemsub_bbw: they're off Sir

Master_Morel: good girl

God, she could hear His voice in her head again. *Good girl*.

Master_Morel: are you smooth?

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: there is some stubble Sir
flafemsub_bbw: a girl has not had a shower and shave yet this morning

Master_Morel: but you will take care of that later, as a girl should

flafemsub_bbw: yes Master

Master_Morel: very good

She brushed her hand over her bare leg and her stubbly pubic mound. Now that she was naked from the waist down she was very aware of how cold the spare bedroom was. She wished He had asked her to remove her top as well so that her nipples would be exposed to the cold. She could just imagine them, shriveled and hard, so sensitive that it would hurt if they were touched.

flafemsub_bbw: Master may a girl touch?

Master_Morel: yes

She sighed as she rubbed her middle and index fingers over her clit. Then she let them dip down into her vaginal valley. Feeling her own wetness made her shiver. Heather leaned back slightly in the chair. At first she had only intended to give herself just that slight rub, but she couldn't resist doing more. She closed her eyes tightly, making a loud cooing noise as she pushed her fingers further inside herself. After several shallow thrusts she withdrew her fingers and turned her attention back to the screen.

flafemsub_bbw: are you still stroking Your cock Sir?

For what seemed the millionth time in their conversation He took a long pause. It seemed to last for several minutes, but Heather was sure that in reality it was probably only one or two.

Master_Morel: yes
Master_Morel: I am jacking the foreskin on and off the head
Master_Morel: getting close
Master_Morel: I wish W/we were together
Master_Morel: want to unload in your mouth

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

She leaned back again, dipping her fingers as deeply inside herself as she could.

flafemsub_bbw: You can cum in a girl's mouth
flafemsub_bbw: or a girl's pussy
flafemsub_bbw: or up a girl's ass

So fucking hot!

flafemsub_bbw: you can use a girl's ass this time Master
flafemsub_bbw: it would be so good Sir
flafemsub_bbw: using Your cock to stretch it out
flafemsub_bbw: make it bigger

"Uhmmmmm," she moaned to herself, closing her eyes and shifting in the chair. She took her right hand off the keyboard and rubbed her clit, using the last two fingers of her hand to hold the lips open as she fingered herself with her other hand. Had she been thinking clearly she would have probably been worried about the chair falling over, or falling out of it in the position she was in, but she was so turned on that it never entered her mind.

Master_Morel: you want that girl
Master_Morel: I will open your ass wide

God, yes.
"Yes," she whispered.

Master_Morel: open your pussy wide

Heather gulped a breath and sat up to tap in her response with her right index finger.

flafemsub_bbw: please Master please
flafemsub_bbw: open Your pussy up so wide
flafemsub_bbw: and please take a picture
flafemsub_bbw: so one can see how big You make it

Master Douglas lapsed into another long pause. Heather leaned back in her seat and worked her clit with her the fingers of her right hand as she drove the fingers of her left hand into her pussy. Her juices were flowing and she was beginning to get sloppy wet. *God.* It didn't matter if He said anything else now or not. She was going to cum soon.

Master_Morel: you dirty slut

"Oh, yes," Heather cried, her voice hoarse. She could hear Him say the words on the screen clearly in her head. She shifted on her buttocks slightly, doing her best to quicken her pace. "*Master*."

Master_Morel: before W/we order lunch
Master_Morel: I am going to tie you up
Master_Morel: so that the room service person can do their job
Master_Morel: without you trying to get them to fuck you

"Oh, God!" she gasped.
I am going to tie you up…

Across her hands it felt as if she had been holding a water pipe that suddenly burst. The gush of her cum was enough to surprise her, but it was not enough to keep her from jamming her fingers into her pussy as hard and as fast as she could. It was the most intense orgasm she had ever had from playing with herself, and without the use of a toy. It made her neck ache. Her knees and calves began to throb as if they were being pounded over and over with dozens of hammers.

Master_Morel: I'm coming

Once her eyes focused on the screen she took a hand away from her clit and tapped in a slow reply with her pinky.

flafemsub_bbw: me 2

Then she leaned back again and raised her feet off the floor to open herself just a little more. Opening her pussy. *No*. *His* pussy. *Master Douglas's* pussy. "Oh, God," she gasped.

Master_Morel: coming hard
Master_Morel: making a mess on My feet

Heather swayed her head, feeling a little dizzy. She could feel it. It was going to come again.

Now it would be time for Master Douglas to await her response.

-4-

"That is really intense," Kristen said. "Really hot."

So fucking hot!

"Hummm," Heather purred in her throat. She was laying on her side in bed, the phone cord wrapped around her right hand and index finger. Her hair was dripping wet and soaking her pillow. Her body was still damp from the shower. A little mindlessly she rolled onto her back, raising her knees and opening her legs. Her left hand went between them and she rubbed her middle finger over

her throbbing clit. She smiled to herself; feeling satisfied that her palm was rubbing a now smooth pubic mound. "I know."

Once she had come a second time Heather and Master Douglas had wrapped up their conversation, each telling the other they needed to clean up. She had had the presence of mind to grab her clothes and to pat the cushion of the chair to see if she had made it wet when she came. In a daze she staggered down the hall and to the garage. She opened the lid of the washing machine and threw her pants and panties in. Then she peeled her sweat shirt off and put it in as well before giving the lid a careless bat. I closed with a bang, but she was still in enough of a haze that she didn't care about the sudden loud noise.

She walked back through the house naked, paying very little attention to her surroundings. Instinct was the only thing that guided her along, through the kitchen and turning to head down the hall.

Heather reached out and shifted Giggling Gary as she stumbled by the phone table in the hall.

"La, la, he, he, ma maaaaaa."

Later in the afternoon, sometime after she talked to Kristen and took a nap, she would wonder if the daze she was in was the same kind of *subspace* trance that Kitty seemed to go into whenever she told her about things that had happened to her in the lifestyle.

Heather had first tried to call Kitty before she got into the shower, but her mentor was not at home. She tried again after she had finished, but still got no answer. So, dying to talk to someone that could relate, and it wouldn't be Betty, she had decided to try and call Kristen. It was the first time that they had ever spoken to one another during the day, and it was also the first time that Heather had called her directly on the house phone.

Now that she had finished filling the other woman in, not sparing a single detail, Heather felt as if she was starting all over again. There was a slow and dull throb in her clit. As she wrapped up the story that throb had migrated to her nipples, and now the three points of the erogenous triangle were pulsing in unison. Heather pushed her finger along her clit, feeling the scrape of her fingernail along her velvety vaginal folds. She wished she could feel Master Douglas's lips and tongue down there right now.

"What are you doing, Heather?" Kristen suddenly questioned in her ear, breaking her out of her musings.

“Nothing,” she replied. Her face was hot as she blushed, feeling caught by her friend, but it was not enough to make her stop the slow fingering of her thudding clit.

“You’re playing with yourself.”

Heather smiled her to herself, pulling her phone cord wrapped hand up to her breast to feel the nipple. “You have been too.”

“Maybe,” Kristen said. Then she laughed. “It can’t be helped. I think you get the juiciest stories.”

Grinning a little wider Heather sat up. She placed both her hands in more neutral positions. “You make it sound like I’m *bad*.”

“I don’t know. Crooked cock slut.”

Heather laughed. “Chronic masturbator.”

“Size queen.”

Kristen’s last comment made them both laugh.

“I don’t go looking for unique penises,” Heather decided to inform her friend. “It just seems they have a way of finding me.”

“And finding their way into you,” Kristen added with a snort. “Confession time.”

“Okay. What is it?” She found herself listening for Kristen’s revelation intently.

“I’ve never played on the phone with another woman, but I can’t help myself when you tell me about stuff that you’ve done, or that topaz has told you about.” Kristen said. “Like I said it gets me real hot.”

“It’s not like we’re having phone sex,” Heather told her.

“I know,” Kristen said. “And it’s not like we’re trying to get to each other either.” She paused. “I don’t even know it there’s a name for this.” She laughed.

“It’s just two girls talking to blow off steam,” Heather observed. Then she laughed. “I guess.”

“It’s funny,” Kristen admitted. “I feel so close to you, Heather. I feel like I can tell you anything, admit anything to you, and not feel weird about it. I didn’t know anyone could have this kind of friendship.”

“Me either,” Heather agreed.

“You going to be on later?”

“Probably,” Heather replied. “I really should do something. So far today I haven’t done anything. Well, anything other than, *you know*.” She laid back on

her pillow again and rolled onto her side looking at Bill's vacant side of the bed. "I probably should clean the kitchen and go through the cabinets."

"Early spring cleaning," Kristen broke in. "I hear ya." There was the sound of shifting and movement on her end of the connection. "I'll be looking for you around ten or eleven."

"Okay, you better be there," Heather told her.

Kristen laughed. "K, sis. I'll talk with you later."

"Okay."

"Be well, Heather."

"Be well, Kristen."

Heather unwound the cord from around her hand and placed the receiver on the cradle. Then she sat up on the mattress, crossing her legs. *Yes*, she thought, *she really did have a unique relationship with Kristen*. It was a different friendship than she had with Kitty, and definitely different from the one she had with Betty. She wondered if it was because Kristen had become her *submissive* best friend, as opposed to Kitty, who was her main source of guidance. Part of it had to be because neither she nor Kristen had as many years experience in the lifestyle as Kitty did. As submissives they were closer to the same level of experience, Kristen being just a little more advanced.

We really should get together someday, she thought to herself, smiling at the idea. It was not a practical meeting to arrange, but she just knew somewhere down the line they should really meet in real life. She felt stronger about wanting to meet her than she had ever been of any of her past chat friends.

She was sure it would never happen though. It could never happen, at least as long as she was married to Bill.

-5-

Kitty had called just after Heather put a frozen turkey and gravy dinner in the oven. "Mom, it's Kitty McClain," Melissa announced, pushing the phone in her face as she reached into the cabinet to grab a pot for the potatoes. She rolled her eyes to herself before turning to face her girl.

Can she not see I'm in the damn cabinet?

Heather righted herself and sat the pot on the counter by the stove. She took the phone from her daughter and shooed her away with an underhanded flick of the wrist. "Hello."

“Hello, Heather,” came the other woman’s voice. “You called earlier?”

“Yes.” She looked out of the corner of her eye to see that Melissa was still hovering not too far away.

“Can’t talk right now?” Kitty asked, somehow picking up the vibe.

“Not really. I just got dinner in the oven.”

“I see. Can you come over here in a little while?” There was a slight pause on her end of the line. “This girl had a hot day,” she went on, dropping her voice and sounding a little mischievous.

“Me too,” Heather told her.

“Oh?”

“Yeah.” She was aware that her nipples were hard at her merely mentioning she had had a hot day. Turning she caught sight of Bill coming around the corner from the hall. She was slightly surprised when he stepped into the kitchen and put his arms around her waist from behind and kissed her cheek. She allowed herself a little laugh, but shrugged away from him. “I’m on the phone.”

“Oh, I see,” he said.

“You sound busy,” Kitty said.

“Give me an hour or so.”

After she hung up the phone she found herself in her husband’s embrace once again. She put her arms around him and kissed him, aware that she was aroused by having him against her, but not quite as aroused as she had been a moment earlier when she had been thinking of when she had been playing through the morning. “What was that for?” she asked when he let her up for breath.

“Can’t a guy kiss his wife?” he questioned back.

Heather smiled to him. It was sweet of him, and a little corny. Two things, she had begun to feel, which summed up their relationship.

“Who was on the phone?” he asked, letting go and moving to the refrigerator.

“Kitty,” she said. She looked at the phone in her hand, then to her husband.

“Going over after dinner?” He pulled a Corona off the shelf and looked back to her as he eased the door shut.

“For a little bit.” Heather watched as he took the top off the bottle and moved to put it in the trash.

Look at us, she thought to herself. Heather had never looked for problems between them, or problems in their relationship, but she realized the whole exchange was pretty much flat and lifeless. Their conversation was short, and neither one of the really said anything other than the basic facts to make it go on any longer.

Because, Bill doesn't want a longer conversation, Heather knew. He, she had come to realize in the weeks after the Fourth of July, lacked understanding of anything outside of his experience because he didn't want to understand. And he didn't want to understand because he liked things to remain the way they were, always.

Heather found herself with a sudden and uncomfortable thought as she watched him take a sip of his beer and make his way to the living room to watch TV with the kids while she finished dinner, as he always did. *What if he found out? What would he do? How would he take it?*

And she realized that she was unsure of the answers, mainly because they never had problems. She had no idea of how he would react, because in all the years they had been together she had never seen her husband have to react to a negative situation. She had of course seen him act jealous and overprotective in the beginning, but it was something that she had not seen since before Terry was born.

Someday he would have to react.

Wouldn't he?

Because someday he would have to find out. He was going to find out, or she was going to have to tell him. Either way Bill would have to know, because logic dictated that she wouldn't be able to keep her involvement in the lifestyle a secret forever, especially is she wanted to be trained and become as involved in it as Kitty had been throughout her life.

It was something she had been avoiding thinking about, and Kitty, Kristen and Betty all agreed the she couldn't go on forever without him finding out, even though each had their own ideas of how and why she should tell him.

We'll have to get divorced. It was the first time she had thought it on her own. Betty had said it several times, that if she wanted a new life then she couldn't be married to Bill, because it wasn't fair to him. Thinking it in her head, on her own, for the first time made it feel and sound different.

What would she do after that?

What would happen with the kids?

Where would they all end up?

Closing her eyes she leaned her head back, trying to clear her mind. She didn't want to think about it. Not right then.

Heather felt sure that she had plenty of time to answer those questions. Once she was settled with a Master, if Master Douglas did not want her as a long term commitment, and started training, being with a Master daily, then she could think about moving on from her marriage.

"Hey, hun, are you okay?" Bill suddenly asked.

She opened her eyes and turned her head to face him, suddenly feeling self-conscious. Bill was standing by his chair, and both Terry and Melissa's heads were peering back at her from over the back of the couch. "Yes," she said. "Yes, just-."

Just what?

"I was just, stretching."

"Oh," Bill said, and nodded. "I see. Okay."

Heather watched as he turned his attention back to the TV. Terry and Melissa turned back around as well, and that was it. She pondered this as she slipped the phone into her shorts pocket and made her way back to the stove to fill the pot with water for the potatoes. That was it. Just any lie or explanation and things went back to normal. Bill accepted whatever she said as the truth, and the kids did as well. It made her feel guilty, but just a little, and that made her wonder if she shouldn't feel a little guiltier.

After she filled the pot and sat it on the burner she looked at her reflection in the shallow water. There was a slight ripple form some unfelt vibration, and for a moment there was the illusion that her lips weren't twisted and ugly.

If I divorced Bill what would happen?, she couldn't help but wonder. It made her realize that, like him, she had no concept of what it would be like to have a life outside of their marriage. She couldn't place herself living on her own with the kids. Perhaps this was why she had the thought that it would be better to move on once she found herself in a permanent, long term, relationship with a Master.

Heather shook her head and sighed to herself. Once again she decided it would be something that she would have plenty of time to think about. However, as with the idea of exploring the lifestyle itself, it was one of those things which would sit just below the surface, nagging away at her mind until she thought of a way to resolve the problem.

"Welcome to our home," Kitty greeted, opening the front door for Heather.

"Thank you," Heather replied with a slight nod. She stepped across the threshold, hugging herself and glad to be stepping into the warmth of the other woman's house. Outside the wind was gusting, and it cut right through every stitch of clothes she was wearing, which didn't include a jacket because she was sure that she wouldn't need one for her brief trip.

She looked her hostess over as she closed the door behind her. Kitty was wearing a silky yellow robe, which seemed a stark contrast to her tanned arms and legs. Heather had pretty much no doubt that the other woman was wearing nothing else underneath, and she wondered how she could even stand to open the door, even for a second, dressed as she was.

Because the truth is she is hot blooded as they come and you know it, even if no one else does, she thought to herself. She felt a grin cross her face.

Kitty gave her a glance over the shoulder as she led her down the short hall to the living room. Earl was in a recliner, a newspaper open before him. He glanced over the top as they entered the room. "Hello, Heather."

"Hello, Earl," she replied as she followed the other woman around the coffee table and took a seat by her on the couch. "How have you been?"

"One has been fine," he replied. "And you?"

"One has been well." Heather listened to herself talk. To both of them. Earl had always spoken the way he had in all the time she had known him, although she had been changing her speech patterns when she was away from her family and other friends. It made her wonder if he had always spoken that way, or if it was something he had picked up since becoming involved in the lifestyle.

Kitty bent to the table and pushed a steaming mug closer to Heather's side. There were white bits floating on top of a light brown liquid, hot chocolate with mini marshmallows. "Thank you," she said, smiling and picking up the mug.

"Soooooo?" Kitty began, drawing out the question. "What did you do today?"

Heather knew her face was red, and it was probably redder than usual due to the fact that this time Earl was in the room with them. Glancing to him she could see he had a knowing gleam in his eyes behind the lenses of his glasses and a slight smirk on his face. Kitty produced her cigarettes, offering her one as

she slipped one between her lips. Once she lit up Heather related her activities of that morning.

"When Master Douglas corrected me and said that it was *His pussy*, it just drove me crazy," she said at the end. She took a drag off her cigarette and placed it in the ashtray on the coffee table so she could take another sip of the hot chocolate.

"A girl can certainly relate," Kitty told her.

Heather knew that was true. As soon as the other woman said it she found she could clearly see the tattoo above her pussy in the back of her mind.

"So, what about you?" Heather asked, trying not to dwell on the idea of looking at the other woman standing in her living room with her shorts down to her knees on the first day they had talked about Kitty's life in the lifestyle.

Kitty had a shit eating grin on her face. She laughed her little Georgia peachy laugh, and rubbed out her cigarette. She then lit another and took a deep drag before going any further. "A girl was frog tied today." She closed her eyes and sighed. "For a very long time."

"Oh," Heather said. Kitty had, over the course of the past few months, described several rope and knot styles. Frog tying, she knew, was when someone had their ankles tied to their thighs.

It, the other woman had told her, *made a girl open up nice and wide. It was being in this position which helped a girl get used to being taken from behind in a squatting position, such as the one that Master Chambers had used Dinah and herself in on the day the a girl was lent out for the first time*.

"Master Dmitri talked with this girl for a while when she was tied," Kitty added. "He is very happy that one is going to the Spring Social."

"He has ulterior motives for being happy?" Heather asked. She glanced over to Earl and saw that his face was red and he had a big smile. Seeing that made her fairly sure that Master Dmitri was not the only one happy that Kitty was going to the social, or that had some ulterior motives. She remembered a couple of weeks before when the subject had come up.

"Were you already going?"

"I hadn't planned on going. We usually don't hit the big parties."

"Would Earl come along?"

"Master will be there I'm sure. So Earl will want to stay home and wait for me to get back."

"Well at the Summer Social there is a submissive auction, for charity," Kitty explained. "At the Spring Social the girls who are part of the auction are inspected by potential bidders."

"I see," Heather said. She felt it was appropriate at that moment to say something. She wasn't too sure how there could be a submissive auction "*for charity",* but she was sure the other woman would explain how that worked. Of course she was fairly sure why the other woman had brought it up. "Did Master Dmitri ask if you would be part of the auction?"

Kitty gave her best Georgia peachy laugh and a toothy smile. "Yes, He did." She looked to Earl, who was not hiding the fact that he was staring dead at her. She raised her right foot up onto the couch cushion and a generous helping of leg and thigh was revealed from underneath her robe. "And one accepted."

Heather found herself giving an awkward smile and nodding. The sexual tension between her mentor and her boyfriend was very noticeable. "And what does a girl have to do for whatever Master wins her at auction?"

The older woman covered her mouth as if she were trying to appear coy and gave another of her polite laughs. "Anything He or She wants of course."

To this Earl let out an audible sigh.

"For how long?" Heather found herself asking.

"Three weeks," Kitty replied.

Not that sounded exciting. And hot.

So fucking hot.

Already Heather found herself imagining it. She was standing on a stage facing a room full of men, all willing to bid for her services. Anything *He* wanted. *For three weeks!*

One million quatloos!

Earl had gotten up and excused himself to take a shower and prepare for bed for the evening. Once he had been gone Kitty had said that he did not want to

be there as she described the entire scene with Master Dmitri that afternoon, which she did, not sparing a single juicy detail, because he knew she would tell him everything once she came to bed. She told Heather she knew he hoped it would be a long visit because the suspense helped drive him wild.

"A girl's pussy isn't sore enough," the older woman had laughed with a wink.

Of course she had more to tell Heather once she was finished. With the social under four weeks away the other woman felt it was time for her to know more about the local BDSM community and how it worked. The set up, she quickly realized was somewhat different than the one the other woman had always talked about in Savannah. It seemed that just as many individuals had different takes on the lifestyle, so did different areas.

"The community in this area is called the Clover Leaf Society," Kitty began. "And it is pretty much a closed society. It doesn't mean that you have to be in the society to be involved in the lifestyle, but you have to be invited in to be allowed to join."

"Why be exclusive?" Heather found herself asking. Her first thought was that being different was okay, just as she had learned to think on the first day. But then she realized, even before the other woman answered, that it all had to lay in S.S.C.

"The Society does not want to associate with people who would make it look bad, or have violent criminal histories," the other woman explained. "People usually join after they come into the area and find out about the Society, as Earl and I did. The first Master we met was a member, and generally that's how it works. A member dominant will sponsor a submissive they have met to bring them into the Society."

"So it's easier for subs to join than it is for dominants?"

"Pretty much, yes," Kitty told her.

"And outside people can still come to the socials, as guests?"

"Yes," Kitty said. "That is why, like I told you when it first came up, there will be a lot going on, but you will not be able to join in."

"Well it isn't why I'm going."

"I know," Kitty nodded. "I just want you to know all the hows and whys before we go."

Heather shook her head. "Okay." She thought for a second, then asked, "How do people get in, or even meet people in the Society, if they can only go to

one of the socials as an invited guest of a member?"

"The ways people in the lifestyle meet under any other circumstances," Kitty replied. "Munches, ads, chat rooms."

"Okay, I see."

"The Society has a few chapters here and there, mostly in the East," Kitty went on. "It publishes a monthly lifestyle magazine, offers support for people just finding the lifestyle, and, *of course*, some charity work."

"There's a council?" Heather asked. "Like in Savannah?"

"Somewhat," Kitty told her. "There's a group called the Elite Eleven, which is made up of the Society's chancellor, six dominants and four submissives who have at least 20 years experience in the lifestyle. So it's not quite like the Council of Dominants. The idea of the Eleven is that things are balanced."

Though not totally balanced, Heather observed to herself. There were a total of seven dominants in the Eleven and only four submissives. But she was sure that was the way it should be. Her observation of the lifestyle all along, especially since becoming involved in chat was that dominants were always to be placed high while their submissives were lower.

"Master Dmitri will be getting a wristband for me to give to you before the social," Kitty went on. "It's a white wristband that will identify you as an outside guest. It will allow you access to most places while you are at the social, but no one will bother you or ask you to participate in any scenes. And you are not allowed to participate in any scenes, even if you decide that you want to."

"Well I am going to learn more about the community," Heather said. "And I have a Master, so I wouldn't want to be part of a scene with anyone."

To this Kitty smiled and gave a slight laugh.

"What?"

"Heather, I know you," the other woman said. "So far you haven't heard about a fetish or a kink that you didn't want to try."

Heather felt her cheeks, burning hot. She wanted to laugh, but in a way, Kitty's statement made her feel just a little angry at the same time. "Well, I am with Master Douglas, and I am committed to being restrained and being a good girl."

Kitty nodded. "Yes, I know." She clenched her hands into fist, and then quickly put one to her mouth. "I'm getting excited thinking about it. I can hardly wait."

"Me either," Heather admitted. She hoped that going would make her feel even more like she belonged in the lifestyle. For the past several months it had been just Kitty. Everyone else she knew that was in the lifestyle was from chat, and far away, even Master Douglas.

She looked to Kitty and realized that the other woman was already thinking ahead to the Summer Social and the sub auction. Despite her comment, which she knew was basically true; she couldn't help but feel excited for the other woman, *and yes*, envious too. What would it be like for her, taken by Master Dmitri to be auctioned off to some other Master to do whatever He wanted with her, *for three weeks*! Heather was sure that the other woman was excited over the prospect, but she suspected she would have been more excited if it were Master Chambers sending her to be auctioned and not the Master she was playing with as a surrogate.

Will I ever feel that way?, she wondered. *Someday, maybe, with Master Douglas*. The thought of Him made her heart do sudden flip-flops.

Feeling a sudden heart ache that He was so far away from her made Heather feel certain that someday she would indeed feel the same way Kitty did for Master Chambers.

-8-

Terry looked over the side of the couch as Heather came inside and closed the door behind her. Her son had the living room and the TV all to himself. A flicker in the hall was enough to let her know that Melissa was watching TV in her room. The only person in the house unaccounted for was Bill.

"Dad went to bed after his shower," Terry said, as if he had been anticipating her asking.

"Really?" A little odd. "That's early."

Terry shrugged, half turning his attention back to the television. "He said he was tired." He straightened himself up a little more on the couch and twisted his face as she walked past. "You were smoking at Kitty McClain's."

Heather stopped in her tracks and looked at her son, giving him an uneasy smile. "Just one," she said. It was another lie, but at least it was just a little lie.

"It's not good for you," her son observed. He looked down the hall and then back to her. "I know you smoke when you get together with her."

The statement made her feel a little on the spot. Hearing it from Terry made her feel guilty, even though most of the time she hadn't even given her lapse back into smoking any thought at all. "I know, I shouldn't. It's just a bad habit."

Terry nodded, frowning. "I just don't want you to get sick from it."

Heather felt her heart swelling again, this time because it was so sweet of Terry to be concerned about her health. She stepped up to him and put a hand on his shoulder. "You're right," she said with a nod. "I promise I won't do it too much, just when I'm with Kitty. And if I hang around her too much I'll just have to," she paused looking for an intelligible way to end her statement, "stop hanging around with her."

Terry flashed one of those '*tween'* smiles, which was enough to let her know that everything was alright for the moment. "I'm just going to check my messages," she told him, excusing herself to continue down the hall to the spare bedroom. "I'll be back in a minute and we can watch something."

"Okay," he told her.

Heather went on, resisting the urge to make Giggling Gary laugh as she went by. There was enough ambient noise in the house not to disturb Bill, but she wondered what Terry would think if he saw her playing with the laughing man.

She entered the bedroom and went straight to the computer, turning on the monitor and unlocking the modem. She had decided within the last week that she would leave the computer on at all times, unless it looked like there was going to be a storm. So far Bill had given it no notice, and was likely not to notice, even if it were to cause a huge spike in their electric bill.

An offline message from Master Douglas popped up as soon as she logged into her messenger.

Master_Morel: sorry to be missing you silly girl
Master_Morel: One has a question
Master_Morel: there is something I wish to send you
Master_Morel: is there a safe place to have a package delivered?
Master_Morel: to topaz, or perhaps you friend betty?

Heather sent an offline message back to Him to let Him know that she would see, and she was certain that it would be okay with Kitty if He had something delivered to her address.

Sitting and looking back over His words on the screen made Heather feel giddy. *He* was going to send something to *her*. She wondered what it would be. Another toy? Pictures? Specially made out instructions written by His own hand?

Heather rubbed her knees together, finding the last idea the most appealing.

-9-

Bill was like a rock on his side of the bed, sleeping a deep sleep and occasionally snoring. He seemed not to take any notice when Heather had first come to bed, automatically throwing an arm over and embracing him as she had done for almost every night for the past 16 years.

As time wore on she envied him. Within a few minutes she had rolled onto her back, her arms folded under her breasts, eyes wide open. *Was this what it was going to be like if she stuck with the decision she felt was the only option? Night after night, awake beside Bill when she wished to be somewhere else*?

But where else would there be?

Nebraska?

She entertained the thought as she lay there. She knew she wanted to be with Master Douglas, and be closer to Him. At least physically closer to Him. No matter how hard she tried she couldn't see herself and the kids living with him. She felt for sure that they would not accept him, and she had no idea if He would want kids around.

Instant family at his age?

The thought made Heather smile at the ceiling.

Did he even want a "new" family at all, or even only her 24/7?

They had not discussed things that far, and he refused to discuss too much. *Everything was to come in good time*. It seemed to be the mantra that Master Douglas Gorman lived by. There was to be a pace to their relationship, and he would be the one who determined what that pace was.

But she wanted things to go faster.

Her thoughts turned to the kids, caring Terry and obstinate Melissa. Terry, she was sure, would understand, eventually, if she left Bill. Melissa on the other hand, she was sure that she wouldn't accept it. She was too close to Bill, and she would never accept another man in her life at all.

And of course there was Bill. *Where would he be in all of this? What would he do?*

Again, she knew Kitty, Betty and Kristen's opinions. But she also knew that she knew him better than any of them.

And she found herself imagining getting divorced and setting Bill adrift. What she saw was that it would destroy the family that he had built, the family that he had always wanted. His world, she realized, would be torn apart because something that she wanted. And it was she who wanted it, not Bill, and certainly not the children.

Heather found herself thinking of *Mrs. Doubtfire*. It was a movie she hated.

And why do you hate it?

Because Robin Williams character is separated from his children. His time, which he so valued, taken away by courts and lawyers and agreements, and a whole load of crap, when it would have been just as easy for his ex-wife to say he was free to spend time with them whenever he wanted.

She couldn't do it, she realized again, coming to the same conclusion she had earlier in the day. She couldn't do that to Bill, and she wouldn't do it to the kids.

Divorce was not an option.

At least not now.

But when?

Melissa was eight. Which would mean ten years.

Ten years of what exactly?, she wondered. She turned her head and looked to see the covered rising and falling in the dark where her husband was sleeping. *This?*

Heather had the uncomfortable feeling that this was not what she wanted her nightly routine to be for the next decade.

But if this was really the only option then she would have to find some way of making things work.

-10-

It was nearly two when Heather gave up on trying to sleep. And as it had become a pattern and a habit, she went to the kitchen and made a mug of hot chocolate, and then she went to the spare bedroom and got online. Logging into Peeplchat she was surprised to see that Bored Like Hell was not there. There

were several people from her friend's list online thought, and she soon was invited into a sub Club conference by Ines. Fan and saffron were the only other two people in the conference, and to Heather it seemed almost perfect because they were both in fairly unconventional relationships as she had come to learn from months of chatting to them in Bored.

sensualmaiden1999: soooooooo….what's keeping you up tonight heather?

flafemsub_bbw: I'm trying to figure out my future

sensualmaiden1999: oh?

Heather explained that she had for the first time seriously thought about getting a divorce, and all the things that complicated that idea.

saffron_sub_girl: happens to be my favorite problem
saffron_sub_girl: lives with it every day

Saff lived in Spain with her husband, and as with Fiona Logan, she was expected to stay with him due to family obligations. Heather had come to understand that she too had a sort of arranged marriage to an older man, but she had also married him in equal parts due to the fact that they were friends who had gotten along well, and that he was very wealthy.

However, time had worn on. She had discovered the lifestyle, like Heather, and wanted her freedom. The problem was that she didn't have any kind of prenuptial agreement, and her husband had no intention of letting her go because it would make him lose face in the village they lived in. She was free to play as long as she went out of town, and at all other times maintained the appearance that their relationship was the same as it always been. Saff had accepted the compromise, although she did not totally like it.

sensualmaiden1999: wish one could help heather
sensualmaiden1999: never been married
sensualmaiden1999: so my advice is limited

Heather smiled to the screen.

flafemsub_bbw: it's okay maiden

flafemsub_bbw: just hard to think of what to do

flafemsub_bbw: part of me says i need to get divorced to really be part of the lifestyle

flafemsub_bbw: and the other says it will totally ruin bill's life and the kids if i do

fantasyland2000: it is tough heather

fantasyland2000: sometimes one feels like she has the opposite problem

Heather considered the other woman's statement. Since she had joined the sub Club it had become apparent to almost everyone that she was not quite satisfied with her current relationship with Vyper. Fan wanted to be his only sub, a want obviously complicated by the fact that he was married and had two young children. And on top of that Kristen had told her that Vyper had said fan had an on again off again live in boyfriend, as well as a husband she had been legally separated from for eight years or so.

Kristen herself, Heather remembered, was only legally separated from her husband. Sassy maintained vanilla relationships with men of her own race, which always seemed to fail because they could not handle her being involved in the lifestyle. Kitty was a submissive committed to a deceased Master, living with a male submissive, and open to playing for a Master long term without being considered collared by him.

They were all so the same, but they were also so different. Each one of them lived in and with the lifestyle in different ways. Heather realized that no two people she knew from Bored Like Hell had even the remotest closeness in their personal experiences in the lifestyle. It seemed to be totally individual, and each one of them handled it in their own way.

We all have to find our own way to live with it, she thought to herself.

Feeling she had a grasp on the answer she typed her thoughts to the other women in the chat conference.

flafemsub_bbw: so I suppose all of us find some way to live with the decisions to make to have the lifestyle lives we want

fantasyland2000: i think you're right heather

saffron_sub_girl: this one agrees too

But what are you going to do to be able to live with it?, she wondered to herself as the others began to discuss the issue.

This, was the answer. What she had been doing for months, what she had done so far. Heather knew she was going to have to do the same thing she had been doing since October. She was just going to have to think less about it. She needed to separate *vanilla housewife Heather* from *lifestyle submissive heather*.

She took a ragged breath, feeling tears brimming in her eyes. It wasn't going to be easy, this journey in to mystery as Master Douglas called it, and the shadow Master in her dreams had assured her that it would not be easy as well.

Divorce was not an option. No matter how stale and cardboard their marriage and their relationship was in general Heather felt that she just couldn't do it to Bill. She might not love him in the way she had always believed she had, but she did love him enough not to want to see him hurt by suddenly finding himself on his own, and for reasons he would never be able to comprehend.

There was a way, she was sure there had to be, that she could be a full time wife and mother, as well as a full time submissive. She just knew, even if the idea was a contradiction, that she just couldn't be both at the same time. She just had to figure out what it was and make it work. Then everyone could be happy.

At least, so she thought.

CHAPTER NINETEEN:
Just Like Gym Class Gossip

-1-

Heather, for all intents and purposes, was exactly where she had dreamed of being. At least almost exactly. As Master Douglas let room service into the room she was in the middle of the bed, head and chin down on the pillows, her ass raised in the air, wrists tied to her ankles with slim bits of nylon cord. Master Douglas had covered her with the sheet and heavy blanket leaving nothing, not even her neck, exposed. He had told her to stay still and not move, and since He had faced her head toward the sliding glass door she could not even see the man who had brought them their lunch, only hear that he had a deep voice as he spoke to Master.

God, she wanted to squirm so badly. Her pussy was aching, throbbing. The lips of her labia felt as if they had been stretched away from her body, and each time her blood pulsed they felt like they were three times their normal size. She was very aware that a long and gooey drop of His cum was sliding down the length of her left inner thigh and to her knee.

In her mind she imagined what it would be like if the next hour or so were to go as she imagined over the past week. Master Douglas would say to the room service person that He wanted to show him something, and bring him to the bed. He would order her to bury her face in the pillows and not look back as he yanked the sheets back to reveal her bound and naked underneath to the room service person.

"Wow, she must be a real slut," she could imagine the other man commenting.

"Yes, she sure is," Master would tell him. *"How would you like to fuck her?"*

And of course the anonymous bell services man would say nothing. He would just slip out of his uniform pants and underwear and get behind her on the bed. She would be tempted to raise her head, she knew, and when she would try Master Douglas would put His hand on the back of her neck and hold her down.

"You just keep your face down like a good girl, Heather," He would order her.

"Yes, Master," she could almost hear herself reply, her tone awestruck and loving, the voice of total devotion.

"One hopes you do not mind sloppy seconds," Master Douglas would say.

"No way," the other man would say. *"She doesn't. Right?"*

Master Douglas would let out a little laugh.

With a raspy breath Heather would moan as the unseen stranger positioned himself behind her and slid his cock deeply into her pussy. She could feel his hands on her waist, holding tight as he started thrusting himself inside of her.

"When I get through this nasty bitch is going to have a double cream pie up there."

Hearing the man thanking Master Douglas for a generous tip and the door to the suite opening was enough to snap Heather out of her imagining, and to let her know that that was not about to happen. At least not today.

That can wait until we really *know each other a little better*.

So with the fantasy of the future out of her mind, for the moment, Heather found herself going over the past few days. Kitty had told her it was okay if Master Douglas wanted to send something to her address, and she had sent him a message to let him know. Two days later a box arrived and the other woman had called her over. Master Douglas's package was filled with clothes, blouses, gowns, lingerie and underwear, much of it the items they had looked at together in The Woman Extra.

Kitty had been excited for her, and convinced her to try on the outfits and model them for her. Heather had, playing dress up in what would be a dry run for dressing up for Master Douglas today. The other woman felt that the arrival of the clothes was somewhat convenient since they had planned to use a shopping trip to Tampa as a cover for Heather going to the Spring Social. She suggested that Heather do her best to leave all the tags intact.

Dressing up for Master Douglas and letting Him take pictures of her in the various outfits He had gotten for her was even more exciting than she had imagined that it would be. Despite the fact that she had initially wanted to

undress as soon as she arrived so that she could spend the whole afternoon serving Him in bed she had found it thrilling, even euphoric, to dress and undress in front of Him six or seven times, and then have Him direct her to sit, stand or lay. Her heart had actually felt like it was beating harder each time her gave her an order as to where to position herself. He told her to light cigarettes, take drags, exhale, pick up a glass of wine and take a sip, and each time He told her to do one of those things it excited her just as much as it did when He would tell her to open her legs, play with her pussy, and rub her tight asshole.

Heather was afraid that she would not be able to take much more by the time He put His camera down and began to unbutton His shirt. She had come to realize that it was all part of it for Him. Taking the pictures and directing her was part of the foreplay for Him. In a way it made her regret pushing things so quickly on His first visit. He was probably not as aroused as He could have been the first time, when it was a quickie pretty much due to the time she had to work with that afternoon.

Heather sat back on the bed, watching as He walked toward her. Again she realized that He was not handsome, or well built. Master Douglas was exactly what she envisioned a man of his age looking like, overweight, thinning white and gray hair, and a grandfatherly face. But He was her Master, and she knew she felt exactly the way she should feel about Him.

Her eyes went down the overhanging droop of His hairy belly and to His cock. That was where Him being equal to any other man of His age in her imagination ended. Even in the couple of weeks since they had first met she had found she had forgotten how big He really was. Looking at it now she found herself wondering how He had even gotten it into her. And that made her regret telling Him that she wanted Him to use her ass this time if He wanted to.

With a slight, nervous, smile on her face she looked up to Him as He looked at her. She was dressed only in a lacy, peach, bra and panty set that He had sent her. As He knelt on the bed she shifted her weight from side to side a couple of times, getting the momentum to raise her ass off the bed. She then pulled the panties down, noting that they were already sopping wet as they brushed down her thighs and ankles, and she had had them on for less than ten minutes. Letting them lay where they came to rest after she got them past her heels she had spread her legs widely, feeling a tingle go through her body as her bare pussy was exposed to the cool air of the suite. “Would You like to use *Your* pussy, Master?”

"Yes," Master Douglas had breathed in a hiss.

Heather reached out and took His cock in her hand. She stroked it, pushing her hand toward His body. Again she was fascinated by the way the foreskin retracted back to reveal the fat and glistening head that crowned his oddly shaped cock. Listening to Him moan as she stroked Him Heather realized that she was on the side of liking uncut cock. The way it moved fascinated her, made her feel hotter.

Fuck liking it. She loved it!

Without Him asking she had gotten off her knees, then spread her legs out so that she could lie out in front of Him. Master Douglas did not protest as she pulled the foreskin over His cock head to cover it. She kissed the skin covered head lightly. Then she licked it and ran her tongue around the top, trying to see if she could get to the head inside. The smell and taste of His musk was strong, again perhaps because last time things had been a little rushed. Heather pulled the foreskin back off the head and licked it. There was a frothy cream under the head, a new taste in Heather's mouth that she was sure was neither precum or cum. Once she licked the head clean she had begun to suck Him in earnest. She went slowly and deliberately down on Him, pulling back the foreskin as she sucked Him down, then working it back on the head as she brought her head back.

After several minutes she felt His fingers in her hair. He laced them in and tugged at it, and when He did it sent a pulse through her clit and her nipples. Heather took her head back and when His cock came out of her mouth it made a slurping noise, which she realized was the first sound in the room for the past few minutes other than their breathing and His cock being rubbed by her lips and tongue.

"Come here," He had said, yanking her up.

Heather got to her knees and let Him pull her to His height. He turned her face to Him and they kissed. She sighed, her heart beating harder. Down below she could feel a slow and steady flow as her pussy lubed itself. He kissed her harder, pulling her closer. They were chest to chest, His hairiness rubbing against her smoothness everywhere except for where her bra was covering.

Master Douglas pulled her head back, breaking their kiss. Then He had stooped slightly and ran his free hand up between her legs. She gasped, moaning as he pushed a couple of fingers into her. Almost automatically she

found herself putting an arm around Him and then grinding her pussy on His fingers.

God, it was so fucking hot!

"Lay down," Master Douglas breathed.

Again, it was like an automatic response. Heather moved back on her knees enough so that His fingers had slid out of her. Then she had positioned herself to lay down. She moved slowly, ending up on her left side at first.

"On your back, girl," Master said.

Heather rolled onto her back, opening her legs and raising her knees.

"Take off the bra."

Her hands went up, and she wasn't even thinking about it. She counted in her head as her fingers met between her breasts. *One. Two. Three. Four.*

Master Douglas reached down and pulled at the bra as it came open, urging her to sit up so He could slip it off her shoulders.

"Master," Heather heard herself whisper. She opened her legs wider to give Him enough room to get between them. Then she yelped as he took His cock and used it to slap her exposed pussy lips. He did it several times, each time harder than the last time, and each time His cock head hit her squarely on the clit she could swear she could feel a small spurt of liquid jet from between her labial lips. Slightly dazed, her vision slightly blurred, she raised her head to look at Him. He looked as if He was moving His hand down the shaft of His cock, His glorious morel. Both of their round bellies obscured her view, but she was sure He had just pulled the foreskin back off the head.

And then with a slight lurch forward He put the head between her pussy lips. Heather drew a sharp breath. He felt bigger than before. The last time He had eaten her out before getting into her, and somehow she was sure that that had made her a lot wetter than she was now. He put His hands on her hips, grunting, struggling slightly to get Himself the rest of the way in.

Heather threw her head back and cried out as He forced His cock the rest of the way into her pussy.

No.

HIS pussy.

Immediately she came, a quaking and total body rocking orgasm that unleashed a flood of cum from deep inside her.

"Yes," Master Douglas gasped. "Yes. That's a good girl. Wet that cock."

Now she knew she was wet enough, because He began to glide in and out of her with no problem at all. "Oh, Master." Her blood felt as if it were boiling. "Use *Your* pussy, Master. Use *Your* hole. Please. Please! Pleeee-heeeeeasssshhee!"

-2-

Their coupling had been hot and furious, and within minutes Heather was dripping with sweat as the smell of their musk and their sex seemed to completely fill the room. It was so overwhelming that she thought she was going to pass out from the smell alone, not to mention the hard fucking that Master Douglas was giving *HIS* pussy.

After a little while she was gone, both aware and not so aware it was happening, a journey into subspace. She lost count of her orgasms because they became indistinguishable. She was aware that her ass was freezing because the towels under her were quickly soaked, and she could feel each time Master Douglas's cock head pounded the deepest part of her insides, but other than those two things there was nothing else she could focus on.

Her clarity returned somewhat when Master gave her a couple of hard thrust and let out a hissing grunt. She had reached up, placing her hands on His waist and finding Him to be just as sweaty as she was. "Yes," she gasped. "Cum. Cum, please. Cum in *Your* pussy, Master. Cum in *Your* hole."

"Uhn-yes," He panted.

"Mmmmm, cum, Master," she begged. "Fill this girl with Your seed. Fill *Your* hole. Oh, please. Please! Plahueeeeeeesssseee!"

"Yes," He groaned. "That's right, you slut."

"Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir!" she cried. "This girl is Your slut. This girl is Your slut." There was a big one building deep from within her, just ready to burst. "This girl is *Your* slut, Sir. Master! Master! Oh, yeah! *Oh, yeeeeeah*!"

Heather came, and it was the *big one*. Having Him inside her made it feel like when she had her thumb over the end of the garden hose to make the water pressure higher. She gushed that hard burst, and then gasped as her orgasm shook the other parts of her body. Every sensitive part seemed to pound and throb.

It must have been that last gush that had finally set Him off because He groaned, then began slamming Himself into her with a vicious pace. He threw

His head back and made another long and loud groan as He came. He continued to pound her for another minute or two before He slowed down. Then He slipped His cock out of her and stretched out beside her.

"God," she panted. "Oh, God, Master." She could feel His hand on the left cheek of her ample ass, rubbing.

"You're such a good fuck," He whispered, resting His chin on her shoulder. He then kissed it, and kissed her again down her arm.

Heather's head swam. She felt like she was in bliss. At that moment nothing else seemed to matter.

Then she remembered.

"Master?"

"Yes?"

Heather looked to Him over her shoulder and smiled. "Hummmmmm," she purred. "Picture."

Master Douglas smiled and laughed. "Silly girl," He said. Then He shifted His position and rose up over her so He could lean down and kiss her on the lips. He then sat up and maneuvered Himself to the edge of the bed. "Okay. Let me get the camera."

Heather made an excited, childish, sound and pushed herself up on one arm, smiling broadly. She could see that His cock was still nearly all the way erect, although the foreskin sheathed the head of it as it did when it was flaccid. "May a girl have a cigarette, Master?"

"Yes, of course," He told her as He waddled to the desk where His camera sat on a dock beside His laptop.

Heather crawled across the mattress on wobbly arms and legs and grabbed her purse from the nightstand. She then dug inside for her pack of Marlboro. Once she had one out and lit Master Douglas was at the foot of the bed. Heather rolled over and opened her legs widely. "Do you like what You see, Sir?" she questioned, taking a drag off her cigarette and then exhaling.

"Of course I do, silly girl," He told her. He raised the camera and snapped a picture. Once He had taken a couple of her as she was He began to direct her to hold her arms a certain way. Then to open her legs wider. "Yes, that's a good girl."

She was very excited when He leaned in between her legs and took a good close up of *His* pussy. "Is it open, Sir?"

Master Douglas shook His head. “No, not really.” He took a finger and rubbed her cool labial lips, dipping it into His cum. Then He raised his hand up and stuck it in her face.

Heather cooed as she sucked His cum off her finger. A shock went through her body as she realized that she had not tasted it since the other time they had been together. At that moment she vividly remembered Him running His cock over her lips coating them with His cum as if He were applying a coat of lipstick to them.

Finished she sat back and looked to Him before taking another drag off her cigarette. He was rock hard now. She was sure because she could see the pinkness of His cock head peeking out from the sheath of skin that covered it. “You are hard, Sir,” she observed.

Master Douglas turned off the camera and started moving back to the desk. “You know I don’t waste them.”

Heather cooed and laughed.

“Finish your cigarette and I will give it to you, silly girl.”

“Oh-ah,” she laughed. She quickly took the last drag and rolled over to rub it out in the ashtray beside her purse.

“On your knees, silly girl,” He told her as He made His way back to the bed.

For Heather they were words she had longed to hear from Him. She quickly turned herself over and rose up, glancing behind her. She smiled to Him as He knelt on the bed and knee walked up behind her. Once He made it to her she turned so they could kiss. She closed her eyes, letting it deepen, feeling His tongue in her mouth as she worked to feed hers right back to Him. She sighed in her throat as they kissed, feeling His hands on her cool ass.

“I want you,” He whispered after breaking their kiss. He raised a hand and brushed her hair away from the side of her head. He kissed her on the ear. Then on the neck, and finally on the shoulder.

“You can have this girl, Sir,” she replied, closing her eyes as He continued to give her little kisses on the shoulder. “One is Yours to do anything You want.”

He kissed the side of her neck. Then He kissed her cheek and rested His own against hers. “I want to fuck your ass,” He whispered.

It was somewhat surprising, despite her trepidation at the thought earlier, how quickly Heather found herself going to her knees and raising her ass up for Him. Going into her pussy had been a little bit difficult this time, and logic dictated her ass would be a lot harder, but she had trust in Master Douglas that He would be able to do it without hurting her. Plus she had meant exactly what she had said, everything she had said, when she told Him her body was His and that He could do anything that He wanted to with it.

"You're so wet," He told her, rubbing her ass. "All your cum loosened that hole. I know it."

"Yes, Sir," she agreed. And she found that she believed Him.

"Of course there's something else that can help."

Heather felt her eyes go wide as He put a hand between her thighs. He slid two fingers into her pussy, then drew them out, bending them slightly as He did. Then He rubbed something cool and sticky on her puckered anus.

Oh, my God!, she realized. *He's going to lube my ass with* His *cum!*

That was-

Well, kinky.

And-

So fucking hot!

Master Douglas worked for a moment, rubbing His cum on her asshole, and then fingering it to get in on the inside. Then He scooped more out of her pussy and she could feel that He was rubbing it on His cock.

OH GOD!

He put a hand on each hip and worked to put Himself slightly higher than she was on the bed. "Just relax," He assured her in His soothing voice. "Just relax."

Heather moaned and gasped as He slid His fat cock into her ass. He slipped inside easily, but she knew immediately that she had never been stretched so wide back there before. It was both euphorically exciting and ultra scary in the same moment. But once He started working Himself in and out only the bliss began to matter, her fear slipping away after each thrust. She was tickled and excited as the hair on his balls brushed against her clit.

"You're in a girl's ass, Sir," she found herself gasping, her tone highly excited.

"Yes." He gave her a couple of short strokes, pressing Himself against her as far as He could and grinding on the last one. "All the way to the balls."

"Oh, God!" she cried. "Master, this is *so fucking hot*!"

Somewhere in her mind she found herself feeling like she was truly a lucky girl. Master could stay hard and come several times before He was spent, pretty much like Freddy. Every other man she had been with came and their erection died, and that was pretty much it. Usually the second round was never as hard, and she couldn't imagine Bill or anyone she had been with before him being able to get into her ass after they had already cum once.

Still very sexually active, she thought to herself. Then she laughed out loud as she felt the first tinglings of a building orgasm.

-4-

Once He had emptied Himself into her ass Master Douglas had decided that it was time for lunch, since they were both getting exhausted. That had been when He had produced the rope from His suitcase and tied her so that she would not *try and fuck* the person bringing their food to them. Heather was a little surprised that He had not brought anything to gag her with.

"You want a gag, too?" He asked, sounding bemused.

You want a better gag, cunt? Do you?

"You had just better be a good girl and be quiet," He told her. "Or I will have to punish you."

"Oh, Master Douglas," she smiled; squirming and making her ass wiggle as He pulled the sheets over her. Near the end of fucking her in the ass He had started spanking her, making her cum another flood, gushing all over His balls. She imagined Him spanking her again, maybe if she made some kind of sound, or whispered something that would not quite catch the attention of room service when it arrived. She quickly decided against it though, remembering what Kitty had told her early on about girls who deliberately were bad to *get punished* and ended up with a more *real punishment* instead of a more enjoyable one.

So she had been quiet, room service coming and going, bringing them lunch, and, at her suggestion, more towels.

"Let's see what we have," Master Douglas said once He had uncovered and untied her.

Heather listened as He named off the food that had been brought to the room without comment. She of course knew that He had ordered the filet for her, and Mahi for Himself, but He felt the need to describe every item before letting her

see what had been brought up, and she had felt the need to remain on her knees as He did so, feeling that He perhaps still would like her that way.

"Oh, and there's a banana," He announced, again using a bemused tone.

"Hummm," she purred. "For desert."

"Or an appetizer."

Hearing Him say this Heather felt her whole body give a quiver, that sudden horniness perk despite the fact she should be worn out by now. Behind her she felt Him put a knee on the mattress, and she raised her ass a little higher, already sure He had been serious about the banana as "an appetizer".

"Ummm, Master, that's so kinky," she purred as she felt the cool skin of the banana touch her labia.

"Yeah?"

"Oh, yeah," she gasped, almost breathless as He pushed it into her pussy. "Ummm."

Master Douglas placed His free hand on her back and rubbed up and down along her spine. Underneath He worked the banana in and out of her pussy, pounding His hand against her exposed lips as He drove it in as hard as He could. "You like this, Heather?"

"Yes, Sir," she moaned, beginning to grind down to meet His upward thrust with the banana. She cried out as He quickened His pace for a couple of strokes. "It's like Freddy. Uhhnnn, it's curved."

"Mmmm, you like that?"

"Oh, yes, Sir."

"You wish this was him?" Master Douglas slammed it in hard several times, and then kept up a steady but faster pace.

"Mmm, God, yes, Sir."

"*Slut*."

"Yes, Sir."

"You wished I would let you fuck the room service man?"

Heather lowered herself enough to make her legs open just a little more as she took His next thrust. "Mmmm, yes, Sir."

"You can't help being a slut, can you?"

Heather found she couldn't help but smile as she looked over her shoulder at Him. "No, Sir."

After several more thrust Master Douglas took the banana out of her pussy. She waited a moment, and then she felt Him place the cool and now sticky skin

against her cheek. In response to it being there she turned slightly and ran her tongue over the surface. Then she slipped her mouth over the end and started sucking on it, looking around to Him as she did. He looked as if He approved, and she imagined that it was Freddy, that he was there and she was sucking his cock in front of her Master.

"You're a dirty, horny, slut, you silly girl," Master Douglas said, taking the banana out of her mouth.

Heather watched Him as He peeled it. Once He had the skin off He placed it on the small of her back. Then He moved back down behind her. "This time be still," He ordered.

She obeyed, and was surprised as He slipped the now skinless banana into her pussy. "Sir, this is *very kinky*."

"You need kinky," Master Douglas observed. "You were vanilla for too long."

"Mmmmmmm," she cooed as He slowly worked the banana in and out of her pussy. "Yeah."

Master Douglas then took the banana out of her and held it over her shoulder. "Eat," He said.

Heather's head was swimming. She had felt almost certain that things could not get any kinkier than they already were. She took the banana and put it to her mouth, slowly taking a bite. It tasted sweet, but there was something else there, the heady taste of their combined musk and cum.

"That's right," He said, His tone assuring. His hand was back between her legs, three fingers pressed into her folds and massaging her clit expertly.

Once she had another bite of the banana she couldn't help but moan. "Oh, God," she gasped. Then she quickly ate the remainder of the banana as Master Douglas rubbed her to another orgasm. She felt she had gotten it down just far enough before the sensation was overwhelming. "Ooohhhhhh, Gooooooooddddd!" Her legs felt rubbery, her arms too, as another orgasm came. "It's coming. Master, it's coming again! It's coming again!"

With a sharp gasp she came, knowing that she was soaking Master Douglas's hand as He continued to rub her. She could hear drops of water hitting the already soaked towel beneath her, and it only made her more excited, so much so that she had one last mini-gush as He stopped touching her.

"God! Oh, my, God!" she panted. As soon as she felt Him remove His hand from between her legs she let them relax and slowly sank down to the mattress.

He put a hand to her hair and stroked it. "Just rest for a minute," He told her. "Then you really need to eat."

-5-

At around one it was time to come back to the real world. After getting a shower and dressing Heather prepared to switch back into wife and mother mode. During her elevator ride to the lobby she rubbed her stomach and back, her arms crisscrossed around her. She felt as if she had huge gaps in her where Master Douglas had used her pussy and ass.

His pussy and ass, she thought to herself with a smile.

Thankfully he had allowed her to keep her panties this time, although they had to go into the washer as soon as she got home. She stuffed herself with a tampon to soak up his excess cum, and not wanting to risk putting one in her ass she put a wad of toilet paper in the rear of her fresh panties. They had had sex three times after lunch, and Heather still did not know where he got his energy, or the ability to keep producing the copious amounts of cum he filled each of her holes with before it had been time for her to go. She wondered if the opportunity presented itself and she was in the position to spend an entire day with him if he would have the stamina to keep fucking her like that around the clock.

"Holy shit, sis," Kristen breathed once she had finished relating the events of the day to her.

Heather smiled to herself, imagining the other woman and what she was doing on the other end of the line. "You're playing with yourself."

"Uh-hu," her friend replied, her tone matter of fact. "A girl's panties were off by the time you got to the banana part." There was a pause and a slight throaty sound on her end of the line. "Been playing with my little vibe, just haven't had it on."

"You're awful," Heather told her.

"Says you, crookie," Kristen returned with a laugh.

"Finish up," Heather told her in a mock impatient tone.

"Already done," her friend informed her. "So he has to leave tonight?"

Heather frowned to herself, winding the phone cord of the bedroom phone around her arm. It wasn't what she wanted to think about. "Yes. He has a late

flight to Atlanta tonight. He's going to be really tired by the time He gets to the conference."

"You're sweet to think about that," Kristen said.

"Well, I-," and Heather realized she didn't know quite what else to say.

-love Him?

"-am *His* sub," she finished.

"Ummm. Too bad he can't come back after the conference."

"Oh, I know," Heather said. She realized she sounded the same way she had her sophomore year of high school. "But that would be Friday, and there's no way. It's my in-laws' anniversary. Which reminds me I still need to buy them something."

"Mine are having theirs next month," Kristen commented.

Heather suddenly felt that it was odd they were talking about their in-laws. She supposed it shouldn't feel that way, they were both married, though Kristen was separated from her husband, therefore they had in-laws, still. She wondered if she was letting *vanilla Heather* and *lifestyle heather* overlap just a bit too much still.

"Well I need to get my panties on and get going," Kristen said. "The girls are going to start filing in soon."

"I know," Heather said. "Same here."

"See you in Bored afterwhile?"

"Yes," Heather replied, nodding. "I'll be there."

-6-

Heather waited until after everyone had gone to bed before she went to the spare bedroom and got online. She had wondered to herself if she were looking a little suspicious because she was concentrating hard on keeping her thoughts balanced but more on home once the kids and Bill had come home. If she had no one else had noticed there was anything out of the ordinary about the way she was acting.

As soon as she logged onto Peeplchat and went to Bored Like Hell she pulled up her blog page and e-mail in separate windows so she could add the pictures that Master Douglas had taken to her blog. She selected all of the pictures from his e-mail and transferred them to her blog page. As the file transfers began she minimized the windows and turned her attention to the room

flafemsub_bbw: ok one is truly here now

sweetandshaven_mo: lol wb sis

Once everyone welcomed her back they started to ask about her day.

sensualmaiden1999: so how was your visit with M Morel heather?

sassyone67: yes E/everyone wants to know

sweetandshaven_mo: yawnz
sweetandshaven_mo: already heard this one
sweetandshaven_mo: is pretty booooorrrriiinggggg

flafemsub_bbw: fu k
flafemsub_bbw: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lol

Heather gave the condensed version of the events she had related on the phone to Kristen earlier. For the most part she felt as if she had the room to herself. Everyone was into her story, only interrupting at the juicy parts.

fantasyland2000: He lubed your ass with His own cum heather?
fantasyland2000: WOW now that sounds fantastic
fantasyland2000: cuts her eyes to her Master

Master_Vyper2000: hey now don't look at Me like that
Master_Vyper2000: lol

grubgirlx6969: guys using their cum for lube is awesome

tmc31: agrees with gg

MasterSkullhead: gets out His steno pad and takes notes

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao @ Skullhead

flafemsub_bbw: lol @ steno pad

tmc31: has been in situations before where Someone had cum on her asshole
tmc31: then another Someone rubbed His cock in it and put it in her
tmc31: :)

grubgirlx6969: woohooooooo tmc

Master_Vyper2000: not comfortable enough with Himself to use A/anyone's cum for lube

MasterSkullhead: lol Aaron

fantasyland2000: lol @ my Master

Master_Vyper2000: trojan extra lubricated
Master_Vyper2000: NUFF SAID

sweetandshaven_mo: omfg lmfao @ that

Master_Vyper2000: doesn't even like his Own cum on Him

iowa_sub: it does sound interesting heather

sensualmaiden1999: agrees and she's not even much the fucking type sub

lilhotsubbie: not sure she could hack it

sassyone67: well……

Kristen pressed her to continue after there was a slightly long pause.

sweetandshaven_mo: well what sassy?

sassyone67: :)
sassyone67: * BLUSHES :) *
sassyone67: one once had it done to her as tmc describes
sassyone67: :) fans herself
sassyone67: a very hot memory

sweetandshaven_mo: omg sass you was in a threesome?

Mistress_Saybin: sassy was in a threesome!!!!!
Mistress_Saybin: really?????

Heather laughed to herself as she watched the screen. Sassy had prided herself on not being the type to kiss and tell, even in their sub Club conferences. That she was admitting anything sexual to the room was a definite change. She was also feeling a little more behind since Tonya and sassy had their asses lubed with cum from one Master and a different Master used it to get in.

She glanced at the progress bar on her file transfer, and then back to the screen.

sassyone67: * BLUSHES :) *
sassyone67: it wasn't a threesome it was a foursome
sassyone67: m m m f :) :) :) :)

tmc31: wooooohooooo you go sassy

grubgirlx6969: one didn't know you had it in you sass

fantasyland2000: wow

sensualmaiden1999: seconds that fan

Mistress_Saybin: is amazed

sweetandshaven_mo: is really wanting to hear the full story

delicate_rose: this one does too

sassyone67: lol
sassyone67: NO
sassyone67: lol

Heather found herself laughing.

flafemsub_bbw: lol

A small window popped up to let her know the transfer from her e-mail to her blog page was finalizing.

sassyone67: anyway heather was saying…

sweetandshaven_mo: oh no you're not getting off that easy sass

flafemsub_bbw: okay, but one is going to stop in a bit to get her new pics up on her blog

tmc31: wooohoooos heather

sweetandshaven_mo: but one already knows your story

sassyone67: lol

Heather then filled them in on being tied when room service came, and how frustrating and exciting the thoughts in her head were. Smiling to herself she slowed and became a little more detailed in describing how Master Douglas had fucked her with the banana. Remembering the things He had said about her being a slut made her feel a slight throb in her clit for the first time since she had left the Trinity Heights.

delicate_rose: He used a nana on you heather
delicate_rose: kinky

flafemsub_bbw: < ---------- knows
flafemsub_bbw: He peeled it and used it on one without the skin

sensualmaiden1999: wow

flafemsub_bbw: and then one had to eat it
flafemsub_bbw: :)

Mistress_Saybin: gets up to put the CLOSED sign on the store door

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao @ Saybin

Mistress_Saybin: One is interested in fruit and veggie play
Mistress_Saybin: I used to chat to a male sub online that used to put on cam shows for Me

sweetandshaven_mo: really Saybin?

fantasyland1999: wow Saybin

flafemsub_bbw: what sort of shows?
flafemsub_bbw: what kind of things Mistress Saybin?????

Mistress_Saybin: little tomatoes, oranges, bananas, mangoes
Mistress_Saybin: some kind of squash I've never seen, really huge
Mistress_Saybin: soda cans
Mistress_Saybin: he would stuff large things and lots of things in there

MasterSkullhead: lmfao @ soda cans

Master_Vyper2000: lol @ lots of things in there

Mistress_Saybin: it's been a while since I saw anything from him
Mistress_Saybin: but One has always thought it would be fun to stuff a boy or girl's ass with a couple of oranges the way he did
Mistress_Saybin: it's just that one has never taken the time

sassyone67: lol @ Saybin

sensualmaiden1999: pulls her panties down and gets on her hands and knees ass upraised

flafemsub_bbw: lol @ maiden

sassyone67: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: omfg lmmfao @ maiden

delicate_rose: lol maiden

Once the "laughter" died down and most of the lol's had scrolled across the screen Heather continued to fill the group in on the rest of her afternoon with Master Douglas, telling them about Him using her pussy as she laid on her side. Then using her ass again after a short break. And finally of kneeling on the carpeted floor of the suite and sucking Him off until His cum dribbled from the corners of her mouth.

tmc31: would have loved to lick that up

grubgirlx6969: agrees

fantasyland2000: acks

Master_Vyper2000: You have to give it to Morel

MasterSkullhead: without a doubt Aaron
MasterSkullhead: am 15 years younger and I didn't even have that stamina when I was 16

grubgirlx6969: He must have some big balls

tmc31: you mean you never saw his pic grubby?

flafemsub_bbw: bigger than tangerines
flafemsub_bbw: :)

Mistress_Saybin: lmfao @ bigger than tangerines

MasterSkullhead: okay heather when you say tangerines
MasterSkullhead: do you mean the whole scrotal area
MasterSkullhead: or each ball?

delicate_rose: lol @ scrotal area
delicate_rose: lolololololololol

flafemsub_bbw: each one Sir

MasterSkullhead: * H O L Y *

fantasyland2000: wow

sweetandshaven_mo: tell T/them what the link is to see His pic crookie
sweetandshaven_mo: T/they won't believe it really until T/they see it

flafemsub_bbw: again fu k
flafemsub_bbw: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lol sis

Heather typed in Master Douglas's Bigfatmushroomhead ID and watched to see Skullhead and grub girl's reactions.

MasterSkullhead: mmmmm
MasterSkullhead: big juicy and firm tangerines

sweetandshaven_mo: lol

grubgirlx6969: and He's uncut

grubgirlx6969: what a bonus!!!

fantasyland2000: acks

lilhotsubbie: is sure she agrees with whatever fan says
lilhotsubbie: no offense flafem

flafemsub_bbw: none taken it is just different

grubgirlx6969: well as a preference one likes & a girl has to say heather is a lucky girl

flafemsub_bbw: ty grubby
flafemsub_bbw: one knows
flafemsub_bbw: * SMILES :) *

delicate_rose: < ---------- is from Britain
delicate_rose: more uncut cocks here than anywhere
delicate_rose: lol

Master_Vyper2000: lmfao @ rose

Heather gave the room a minute and then decided to excuse herself because her transfer was finished.

tmc31: bring some of those pics back here

sweetandshaven_mo: yes a visual aid might make your story less boring sis
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

flafemsub_bbw: fu k
flafemsub_bbw: yet again
flafemsub_bbw: lol

She minimized the window, and then maximized her Peeplchat blog window. She scrolled to a tab marked New Gallery and watched as another window popped up with all the pictures that she had transferred from the e-mail that Master Douglas had sent her. Seeing them clearly now she could feel herself become a little flushed, and that little tingle surfaced again for only the second time since she had been home.

There were several sets of her dressed in lingerie and smoking, the *foreplay* pictures. In one she wore a black teddy. In another set she wore a sheer black gown with a red feathered hemline. There were several of her smoking, wearing a metallic gold corset, which He said was a compliment and contrast to the first picture she had ever posted of herself with Betty's silver wrap hung over her waist. There were a couple of her in a red teddy, and several of her in the peach bra and panties, smoking. And of course the picture of her pussy, open and filled with His cum.

Heather scrolled back up to hide the pussy shot. Her clit seemed to almost vibrate and she had to rub her knees together. It made her wonder how in the world she could still want more.

You can't help being a slut can you?

No, Sir!

Trying to push the morning out of her mind she scrolled to the first picture and clicked edit to name it. She wanted to finish as fast as she could, and get back to the room. She also knew that she needed to copy a couple and update her profile with them so everyone would be able to see them without going to her blog.

Another appetizer, she thought, smirking to herself.

-7-

It had taken just over an hour for Heather to update her blog page, as well as her Peeplchat profile. She looked them both over a couple of times to make sure she was satisfied with the end results before submitting them. She found herself sitting for a moment before she brought the Bored Like Hell chat window back up, half expecting that MasterPlayboyAtLarge would send her an IM the way he had the night that she had first put her page up.

flafemsub_bbw: is back

sweetandshaven_mo: well wb sis
sweetandshaven_mo: a girl was beginning to miss you

flafemsub_bbw: ty sis :)
flafemsub_bbw: one has her blog finished
flafemsub_bbw: and she put new pics on her profile

MasterSkullhead: new pics of heather
MasterSkullhead: nearly breaks His fingers pulling up her profile

fantasyland2000: lol @ Skullhead

sassyone67: lol

Heather sat back in her seat, grinning to herself. She knew it would only be a minute before everyone started commenting. She had put the picture Master Douglas had taken of her pussy up and labeled it, Master's Cream Pie!

sweetandshaven_mo: omf gaaaawwwwaaarrdddd sis
sweetandshaven_mo: look at the size of the hole Morel left!!!!!!!!

tmc31: starts a line to lick that up

grubgirlx6969: is NEXT!!!!

fantasyland2000: eeeeeeeeewwwwwwww
fantasyland2000: ack
fantasyland2000: * *fantasyland2000* acks at *tmc31* *
fantasyland2000: * *fantasyland2000* acks at *grubgirlx6969* *

tmc31: lol

fantasyland2000: you two are a couple of sick little monkeys

MasterSkullhead: and speaking of monkeys

MasterSkullhead: heather you have a nice one empty or full

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir

MasterSkullhead: and what is the name of your blog page?

flafemsub_bbw: heatherbbwflasub

MasterSkullhead: ty

Master_Vyper2000: gets ready to book mark that page

fantasyland2000: HEY

sensualmaiden1999: lol @ Vyper and fan

sweetandshaven_mo: well this certainly proves it

Master_Vyper2000: proves what

delicate_rose: proves what sweet?

sweetandshaven_mo: crookie is a total size queen
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

Im_Pure_Lez: lol

Mistress_Saybin: lol

sensualmaiden1999: lmfao @ crookie

grubgirlx6969: lol @ crookie is a total size queen

flafemsub_bbw: fu k
flafemsub_bbw: lol

She was aware she really was laughing hard and deep. There were tears in her eyes, and her bladder suddenly felt full. So Heather calmed herself, dabbing her eyes with the bottom of her night shirt and catching her breath before she woke the rest of the house or peed herself. The next comments which came up did nothing to help.

Im_Pure_Lez: One has a suggestion for a new nick for heather

Mistress_Saybin: what's that Pure?

Im_Pure_Lez: crookie_monster
Im_Pure_Lez: lol

sassyone67: omg
sassyone67: lol
sassyone67: crookie monster

sweetandshaven_mo: roflmmfao @ crookie_monster

sensualmaiden1999: lmfao @ crookie_monster

And Heather couldn't help herself. She snorted and let out a loud laugh, and in doing so lost control of her bladder for a split-second. As soon as she realized what she had done she was on her feet, embarrassed for herself. But somehow she couldn't help telling the others what just happened.

flafemsub_bbw: brb
flafemsub_bbw: laughed so hard i pissed myself

Mistress_Saybin: perks @ piss

sweetandshaven_mo: omfg sis!!!!!!!!!
sweetandshaven_mo: Master Morel is sooooooooooo HUGE He's tearing up your plumbing!!!!!

sensualmaiden1999: lmao sweet

flafemsub_bbw: fu A/all
flafemsub_bbw: gonna change

MasterSkullhead: lmfao @ He's tearing up heather's plumbing

Heather hurried quietly out of the bedroom and into the hall bathroom. Luckily she had only let out enough to soak the front of her panties, but it had barely touched her shorts. She stepped out of everything as she sat down to finish relieving herself, and peeled her panties out of her shorts and dropped them between the tub and the toilet. She would get them in the morning and throw them in the washer.

Finished she slipped her shorts back on and headed back across the hall. She shut and locked the door behind her, and took her shorts back off, sitting them over the corner of the desk to dry out the slight dampness they had absorbed.

flafemsub_bbw: is back

As soon as she saw her words appear on the screen the IM chime went off and an IM box for Master Douglas popped up.

Master_Morel: greetings silly girl

Heather clicked on His box and responded, surprised to see him on so late.

flafemsub_bbw: greetings Master
flafemsub_bbw: where are you?

She smiled at the screen, patiently waiting for his response.

Master_Morel: I just got into My room

flafemsub_bbw: You must be very tired Sir
flafemsub_bbw: You should get Your rest

Master_Morel: I will but I had to see you first
Master_Morel: I have a surprise for you

Heather smiled to herself. Another gift.

flafemsub_bbw: oh Sir what is it You're giving a girl now

Master_Morel: I changed flights and booked one for tomorrow afternoon
Master_Morel: I will be back in Lake Trinity tomorrow night and fly home Saturday morning

flafemsub_bbw: really Sir?

Before he could say anymore she pulled up her friend's list and quickly IMed Kristen.

sweetandshaven_mo: what is it sis?

flafemsub_bbw: remember when you said it would be nice if Douglas could come back

sweetandshaven_mo: He isn't

flafemsub_bbw: He has a flight to come back here tomorrow afternoon

She looked back to His IM box.

Master_Morel: that is okay?

flafemsub_bbw: of course Sir
flafemsub_bbw: W/we just won't have as much time

The chime on Kristen's IM box went off.

sweetandshaven_mo: didn't you say that was your in-laws anniversary or something?

flafemsub_bbw: yes

sweetandshaven_mo: eeeeek

Heather clicked on Master Douglas's IM box as He chimed back.

Master_Morel: that is fine heather
Master_Morel: any time One can spend with you is fine

flafemsub_bbw: a girl feels the same Sir

And she did of course. The only problem she foresaw was the juggling act. If there would ever be a challenge of giving *vanilla Heather* and *lifestyle heather* equal, opposite, separate and overlapping times it would be Friday.

If you can pull that off you can pull anything off

, she could almost hear Betty saying in her head.

CHAPTER TWENTY:
Domestic Entanglements And The Playboy At Large

-1-

Thursday Heather found herself feeling nervous. It made her feel that once she had made a conscious decision to try to think of her life in separate terms the more complicated things were, as opposed to when she hadn't put any though into it. She wasn't sure why. Maybe it was because thinking about it, actually thinking about it and how to handle it, made her feel a little more guilty.

She was sure the feeling would pass in time. At the very least she hoped it would. It made her feel more stressed than when she had been seeing Freddy. *Was it because Freddy, in reality, was vanilla, and therefore not as serious, and Master Douglas was a true dominant in the lifestyle and that made it too real?*

Heather was unsure of the answer, and for the better part of the day she was unable to talk to Kitty or anyone from Bored to get their take on things. Without the luxury of Friday she had to shop for Sammy and Meredith's gift, which she had already put off for weeks, that day. Plus she had to order a cake and arrange to have it delivered to Quincy Duff's.

She left the house that morning and drove through McDonald's for breakfast. Then she had gone to the Lake Trinity Square Mall to find something appropriate for each of her in-laws, because she knew if she got them a single gift it would end up being something that only one or the other would use. On her way out she ran to the food court and to the Chick-Fil-A, stuffing down lunch and heading home.

As soon as she got inside Melissa was petitioning to go shopping at Superior so that she could get something for Grandma and Grampie. Terry overheard her

and said that was a good suggestion, and he should get them something too. So Heather had run her bags to the bedroom and then went back out to take the kids to do their own shopping. Which of course, she knew, would all be coming out of her account.

"Can we get something to eat?" Melissa asked. "I didn't get anything."

"Me either," Terry said in the front passenger's seat.

Heather nodded as she turned on to the highway. "Where do you want to go?"

"Steak-N-Shake," Melissa said.

"Burger King," Terry said at the same time.

"*Steak-N-Shake*," Melissa repeated with a little more force and emphasis.

"Well, we'll go to Burger King this time," Heather said, deciding to head off the argument. "The Steak-N-Shake isn't on the way to HyperMart."

Melissa huffed in the backseat, and Heather heard the sound of, what she knew was, the girl folding her arms across her chest. "Okay," she said in a defeated tone.

From the corner of her eye Heather could see her son smirking over his victory, although he was doing his best to hide it.

They reached their destination after a couple of minutes and Heather pulled into the drive-thru line. There was only a car ahead of them, so it didn't take too long to pull up and place the kids' order.

"Will that be all?" the attendant's voice asked over the speaker.

"Yes," Heather replied. As soon as she did she felt Terry's hand on her shoulder. She glanced back to him.

"Aren't you going to get something, Mom?"

Her response should have been, *No I just ate before I left the mall*.

Instead she said, "Oh, yeah," as if she had forgotten, and told the person taking orders to hold on for a moment. She looked the menu board over. "I'll have a number six."

"Medium or large?" the attendant asked.

"Large."

Heather had pulled up and paid, and then went to the next window and had gotten their order. After pulling into a space and making sure that everything was correct she passed the kids their food, and then arranged hers so that she could eat while she was driving. It was another few minute's drive to Superior

HyperMart. In that time Heather had finished her sandwich and fries, and drank over half of her Coke.

Pulling into a fairly close space she killed the engine and gathered up her trash. Terry had half his chicken sandwich and fries left. From the back seat she could hear Melissa munching. Heather pushed her garbage to the bottom of the bag and dropped it into the foot well on Terry's side.

"You sure can eat a lot of food fast, Mom," Melissa commented from the back seat.

Glancing into the rear view mirror she watched the girl put a single fry in her mouth and start munching it. And watching her daughter, her comment sinking in, made her feel suddenly angry. Heather could swear she could feel her blood pressure jump up in a single instant. She wanted to say something. *Who did she think she was?*

Your clothes are all getting tight, little miss.

You're probably the only eight year old I've ever seen with stretch marks.

You're going to inherit this ass someday. I wasn't always this big.

But she knew that she couldn't fire off a comeback without looking childish. Plus she had already had three meals so far, and it was only 3:45.

You're compensating, she told herself. Yesterday had been a busy day. She had definitely used a lot of energy, and sweated like a pig.

Pig sweat, she thought. And thinking that made her think of having sex with Bill for the first time in weeks.

When the kids finally finished their lunch they left the car and entered the superstore. As was her habit she let Terry take off on his own while she followed Melissa around. Given her druthers she knew she would have rather gone with Terry. No matter if she was willing or being drug along Melissa moped around when they went shopping, which made it a slow and painful process, even when they were shopping for something that she really wanted.

The whole ordeal lasted for over an hour, and it was a little after five o'clock before Melissa settled on a pair of earrings for Meredith and a new wallet, traditionally reserved as a Christmas gift every other year, for Sammy. It had only taken 15 minutes for Terry to find what he wanted to give his grandparents and meet up with them before announcing he was going to poke around the video game section as his sister shopped, and for that Heather herself was a little envious.

Purchases in hand they had made their way to the front of the store and spent at least 25 minutes in the checkout line. After waiting the first ten minutes Heather had Terry wait in line with Melissa while she ran to the self serve counter at the deli and picked up a family size pack of chicken fingers and potato wedges so she would not have to fix dinner when she got home. Bill would probably beat them there, and she knew there was nothing in the kitchen that could be thrown together quickly.

As they made their way to the exit she saw Betty stepping out of the Wolf Pack Subs dining area. She waved them over, taking a sip out of a super-size cup and then dropping it in a trash can as she went by. "Hey," she called, walking up to them with a sub bag clutched in one hand.

"Hey, auntie," Melissa called.

"Hi," Terry greeted, his voice low.

"I didn't know you were coming up here," Betty said.

Heather shrugged, slightly raising the bag of the kids' purchases. "Last minute."

Betty nodded and let a smile cross her pudgy face. "I'm getting off break, but I can walk you out."

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Terry roll his eyes. It was that sure sign that he didn't have time for any girl talk. Heather passed the bag to him and then dug her keys out of her purse. "You two go on," she said. "I'll be behind you."

The kids took off, and with her and Betty walking at only a slightly less than normal pace it didn't take half a minute before they had a good piece of distance between them.

"So," Betty began, stretching the word out. "You're going to get together with the old man tomorrow still?"

Heather nodded. "Yes." She slowed just a slight bit more. "He knows we can't spend too much time together."

With a smile Betty nodded. "Think it's gonna be worth it?"

Well of course, she thought in her head, her heart doing a flutter.

"Yeah." She listened to herself. Again she realized she sounded like a high school sophomore with a first crush.

"I don't know," Betty told her, now taking her walking pace even slower as they neared the car. "Seeing him tomorrow you could be playing with fire."

Heather sighed. “Why do you think so?” Usually she knew her best friend was more supportive and confident with her sneakiness. After all she had learned a lot from watching Betty over the years, and Betty considered herself to be the best.

“Because of Meredith Ford,” Betty replied. “You’re gonna go out and play around tomorrow afternoon and then sit across the table from your mother in-law on the same day?” She stopped in her tracks and shook a pudgy finger, causing her sub sack to swing around in her hand. “They know when shit is going on, because they’re mothers. She’s not your mother, but she’s your husband’s mother, which is worse.”

“Come on, Betty.” She tried to laugh, but the idea of her mother in-law figuring out there was something going on was a little scary. Bill had things going on right in front of his face and he couldn’t see it because his mind didn’t register anything that was out of his norm. Meredith, his mother, would be a different story.

“Just something to think about,” Betty said. “The only reason Bernice didn’t figure out I was fooling around on Brad was because I would never go within 100 feet of that bitch.” She sighed, looked at Heather and gave a wan smile. “Call me on your way home and tell me how it was.”

Heather cracked a smile, feeling that even if it were a brief encounter it would be longer than the first time they had met, and it would definitely be good. “I will.”

“And take this,” she said, thrusting her Wolf Pack Subs bag into her hands.

“I’ve already got-”

“It’s a meatball,” her best friend interrupted. “You know I never eat anything I bring home, but someone at your house it bound to.”

Heather nodded. “Yes.” There was no need to fight and make Betty try and take her sandwich home. After all she was right. Someone at the house would be bound to eat her leftovers.

Betty took a couple of sidesteps away. “I better get going. You call me tomorrow on your way back home.”

“I will,” she assured her. Heather watched her best friend turning to walk back into the superstore. Then she looked at the Wolf Pack bag and sighed. *Well at least it was food and not some junk that they couldn’t use*, she observed.

After being out all day shopping all Heather wanted to do when she got home was relax. As she suspected Bill had made it home before they did, and he was just getting ready to get into the shower when they came through the front door. She sat the sub bag and the deli food on the kitchen counter, and then went to the living room and struggled out of her shoes, kicking them behind the couch and out of the way before going back into the kitchen.

"Mom!" Melissa yelled from her room. "Do we got any tape and wrapping paper? I want to wrap Grampie and Grandma's presents already!"

"Yes, in my room," Heather called back. "Give me just a minute."

And stop yelling through the house, she added in thought.

Heather stepped out of the kitchen and into the hall. Rounding the corner she saw Giggling Gary, as of course, she always did, and it being a stressful day she gave him a push to make him work.

"La, la, ma, ma, hee-heee."

As soon as she looked up she saw Melissa standing in the doorframe of her room, arms crossed over her chest and a sour look on her face. "Oh, God, you're still playing with that baby toy? I thought you were going to throw it out."

Heather tried to give a little smile, shaking her head. "Melissa, I'm not going to throw Giggling Gary out. He's the first toy I bought you."

"He's a piece of crap," her daughter informed her.

"Excuse me."

The girl drug her foot across the carpet. "Sorry."

Of course Heather knew that her daughter's apology was insincere. She wasn't at all sure what had gotten into her. Melissa was being more irritating than usual, even for her.

Was she becoming a woman already?

Heather hoped not.

God that is all I need.

She passed her ingracious child, headed to the bedroom to get her some wrapping paper from her closet.

"Fat bitch," Melissa said under her breath as she got to the bedroom door.

Heather whirled around and faced her daughter, not believing what she had just heard. "What did you say?"

"Nothing," the girl murmured.

Taking a step toward her, Heather shook her head. "No, what did you say?"

"Nothing." There was the faintest hint of a smirk on her face.

"Oh, there's no way in hell you're going to stand there and lie to me." Heather had only though that Melissa had made her blood pressure go up before. At that moment she felt as if her eyes were about to explode. "You called me a fat bitch."

"No."

"Yes the hell *you did*!"

"I didn't. Jeez." She threw her hands up and turned to go back into her room.

"Stop right there!" Heather told her. "You're not going anywhere." From the corner of her eye she saw Terry looking around the doorframe of his own room to see what was going on.

"God, what's your problem, Mom?" Melissa said in an exasperated tone. "Are you on the rag or something?"

Oh, yeah. It felt like her eyes were definitely going to explode. "Where the hell do you get off talking to me that way?" she yelled.

The door to the master bedroom opened and Bill stood looking out, dripping wet with a towel around his waist. "Hey, what the hell is going on?"

Heather looked at her husband, feeling her cheeks on fire. Then she turned and pointed to their daughter. "She called me a fat bitch, Bill."

Bill got a look on his face of total disbelief. He was obviously trying to comprehend the situation. "Melissa," he growled, using that rare and angry voice that was solely reserved for her.

"I did not, Dad. I don't know what she's talking about. She's mad because I said she needs to get rid of that baby toy. I mean. It's mine. I can do what I want with it. Take it Goodwill or something. I don't want to look at it anymore."

"This isn't a big deal," he said, looking at Melissa. He then looked to Heather. "This isn't a big deal," he repeated.

"Bill," Heather said. "It is a big deal. Her calling me a fat bitch is a big deal."

Bill sighed and hung his head. Terry leaned out a little further, but just far enough that he was obviously not trying to reach a point where they would notice him.

"Melissa, get in your room and I'll talk to you when I get dressed," Bill said.

"That's not fair," Melissa whined.

"Melissa!" Heather yelled. She was pointing the way, every muscle in her arm pulled tight.

"Fuck you!" the girl yelled back.

"Hey!" Bill yelled.

"*Fuckin' fat bitch*!" Melissa screamed. She was past the threshold, slamming the door so hard that it knocked a picture of the four of them that hung between her and Terry's rooms off the wall.

Bill looked at Heather, a confused look on his face. "What the hell was that about?"

Heather could do nothing but shrug, biting her lip slightly. "I have no idea, Bill. She just started going off." And she did have no idea. It had to be more than just her making Giggling Gary laugh.

With a sigh Bill grabbed his towel tighter. "Let me get dressed and I'll talk to her."

She watched him turn and go back into the bedroom. For once she found herself as dumbfounded as he was. She turned to go back to the kitchen and saw that Terry had come out of his room and was picking up the picture frame. She reached out as he handed it up to her.

"I'm sorry, Mom," he said.

"It's okay," she said. "It's not your fault." She put the wire around the nail on the wall and placed the picture back in place. "Do you have any idea what's going on with her?"

Her son gave her a sympathetic look and shook his head.

"It's okay. Your dad will straighten her out." She hoped.

"Do you want me to put him in my room?"

Heather followed his gaze to where Giggling Gary sat on the phone table. She shook her head. "No. I'll take care of him." With that she stepped to the table and retrieved the laughing man. Placing him protectively in her left palm she walked to the spare bedroom door and opened it. She took him and sat him on the desk between the monitor and the keyboard of the computer. Since she was already there she decided to go ahead and unlock the modem.

When she came back out the house was quiet. Terry was in his room again, Melissa was still in hers, and Bill was still dressing in theirs. She sighed to herself and walked to the kitchen.

God, I want a cigarette. If there had ever been a time when she actually needed one this was it. *Just what had caused Melissa to snap, and why was she taking it out on her?* Maybe she was getting her first period. She dreaded to think about it. She had done her best to explain it to her six months ago, even though she knew that Melissa would more than likely have another couple of years before she needed to know, but she herself had gotten her own first period a couple of months before she turned ten, and if it was time to refresh her memory about it she didn't want to do it until Melissa calmed down.

Fat bitch.

Fuckin' fat bitch!

Heather shook her head. Then she looked at the food still sitting on the counter. Terry would come to eat if she told him to, but it would be a little while before Bill or Melissa would get there she was sure. She stepped to the counter, considering putting everything away except for a plate for Terry. Then she saw the Wolf Pack Sub bag.

It's a meatball. You know I never eat anything I bring home, but someone at your house it bound to.

Heather picked up the bag and slid the still lukewarm submarine sandwich out of it. She would sit and eat with Bill once he was ready. Until then she really felt like she needed a little something to tide her over. So she unwrapped the sandwich and took a bite, savoring the taste of meatballs and pasta sauce. For that instant everything was calm, and in that instant that sub tasted so good it was almost blissful.

-3-

Bill's talk with Melissa calmed things down, but Heather felt that nothing was resolved. Her daughter had apologized, but it had been hollow, and she gave no reason for saying the things she said.

At ten she had gone to bed with Bill, and was surprised when she drifted right off to sleep for a change.

It didn't last forever thought. She dreamed, sort of. Heather did not much see images as she did catch words and impressions from other dreams she had had in the past.

"That girl is headed for trouble," the not quite Crimson Executioner seemed to whisper in her ear.

"You are headed for trouble," the phantom Master she believed to be J.J. Chambers seemed to whisper in her other year.

"You can't help being a slut," Master Douglas seemed to say to her from all around. "Silly girl."

Heather twisted and moaned. "Master," she murmured.

Her eyes snapped open. Beside her Bill took a ragged breath, snorted and then snored. Turning to her side she looked at the clock. The numbers glowed a red 11:37.

God, damn it, she thought to herself. *I've only slept an hour*.

-4-

Sitting down at the desk she wanted to give Giggling Gary a roll, but she was afraid that Melissa would somehow hear him, and after the incident earlier it was a chance she did not want to take. Turning her attention to the screen she logged into her Peeplchat messenger. An offline message from Master Playboy popped up first thing, and after she read it she felt herself smile for the first time since Melissa's outburst in the hall.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: Greetings & WOW…I just saw your blog page….no I don't look at it every day to see if you added more….just every other day….lol…anyway….love all the new pics…..especially the last one…. ;)

Heather answered the IM before logging into chat.

flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir

She ran through the list of rooms and found Bored Like Hell. Kristen, sassy and fan were all showing up as online on her friend's list, so she was not surprised to find them all in the room. They all greeted her, along with a few of the other regulars, and she greeted them in return. She also noted that she had been greeted by, and returned a greeting to, Masterful_One, who had in the past few weeks had become a hanger on-er to the room, not quite accepted, but not rude enough to be chased off. He seemed to straddle the lifestyle, looking from the outside in and thinking himself in some way a part of it.

sweetandshaven_mo: yep, a girl's sis is a creature of habit
sweetandshaven_mo: one knew that nothing like a need for sleep would keep you away

sassyone67: lol

MasterSkullhead: lol

MasterMind: lol

fantasyland2000: lol

Heather offered a wan smile to the screen, her right hand touching Giggling Gary instead of the mouse. She drew it back and typed into the room.

flafemsub_bbw: a girl has had a hellatious night

sweetandshaven_mo: what's going on sis?

flafemsub_bbw: one's daughter called her a fucking fat bitch

Master_Vyper2000: * gasp * no way

sweetandshaven_mo: yer flippin kiddin

fantasyland2000: now is she the 9 or the 12 year old

flafemsub_bbw: 9

fantasyland2000: whip her ass
fantasyland2000: whip her ass like you're a Master

flafemsub_bbw: oh one wanted to fan

And she definitely had wanted to.

fantasyland2000: mine popped off on me like that when he was 11
fantasyland2000: i beat the shit out of him and he said he was going to call child abuse
fantasyland2000: i told him go ahead and he would be shipped off to foster care so strangers could beat his ass every day

sassyone67: lol fan

fantasyland2000: well he never talked down to me again

flafemsub_bbw: i just don't get it
flafemsub_bbw: she just started going off on me for no reason
flafemsub_bbw: i wasn't telling her to do anything or getting on to her
flafemsub_bbw: she just started going off
flafemsub_bbw: i'm wondering if she's about to get her first period

MasterMind: covers His ears
MasterMind: oh no
MasterMind: la, la, la… can't hear the P word

sweetandshaven_mo: well could be sis

Master_Vyper2000: lmfao @ Mind

Masterful_One started to give a long and rambling speech about girls coming of age that Heather didn't bother to pay any attention to after the first two lines. She knew he was only all of twenty something, and therefore uninformed about little girls and the problems they had.

MasterSkullhead: perhaps that is all it is heather
MasterSkullhead: at least the rage part

sweetandshaven_mo: He's right sis
sweetandshaven_mo: the language usually starts at 13
sweetandshaven_mo: the whole you ruined my life thing starts at about 15

fantasyland2000: lol

Masterful_One: but isn't that stereotyping the younger generations sweet?

sweetandshaven_mo: not at all Masterful
sweetandshaven_mo: it's just stereotyping the human race
sweetandshaven_mo: and little girls of course
sweetandshaven_mo: this one does have four of them
sweetandshaven_mo: < ----------knows all about hormonal little girls

sassyone67: lol

fantasyland2000: lmfao k

The chime went off and an IM from Kristen popped up.

sweetandshaven_mo: JACKOVF
sweetandshaven_mo: gurrrrrsssssssss
sweetandshaven_mo: runnnnnnnnssssss all around your PM box in frustration
sweetandshaven_mo: i just want this kid to say the wrong thing so W/we can run him out of the room

flafemsub_bbw: lol

In the room Masterful went on.

Masterful_One: is there some problem with offering insight

MasterSkullhead: insight comes with wisdom Masterful

MasterMind: and there is a difference between knowledge and wisdom

sweetandshaven_mo: and experience
sweetandshaven_mo: < ----------has four girls
sweetandshaven_mo: and how many do you have again Masterful?

Masterful_One: none yet sweet

Kristen chimed another line into the IM box.

sweetandshaven_mo: and no subs yet either
sweetandshaven_mo: i wonder if he has any hair down there yet
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lmfao

Heather was about to say something in the room when another IM box popped up from Master Playboy.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: ah, there you are

Heather smiled.

flafemsub_bbw: greetings Master Playboy

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: greetings flafem

flafemsub_bbw: heather

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: heather
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: One has been thinking of you all day

She felt her smile stretch into a grin that spread across her whole face.

flafemsub_bbw: have You Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh yes, something about one of those pics
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yeah, the one with the pie
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: now what was that called?

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh yeah, Master's Cream Pie!

flafemsub_bbw: *giggles*

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: now being that I am a Master
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and that is Master's Cream Pie
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well…..
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: One thinks He would just love to eat that

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: a girl is sorry but that pie is gone Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well then you must invite Me around when there is another

flafemsub_bbw: lol

Heather found she liked chatting to him. He was flirty and funny.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: is serious

Her eyes widened.

flafemsub_bbw: really Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: truly

She grinned and let out a little laugh. "Oh, you're such a kidder," she whispered to herself.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you know I'm a raging bisexual with the right person

flafemsub_bbw: lol

Heather laughed a little louder, covering her mouth.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I would love to get down between your chunky thighs

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: maybe use a couple of fingers to spread your lips wide

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: though I doubt I would have to since your Master's cock opens them up pretty good

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: then slide My tongue in as deep as it will go and lap every bit of that cream pie right out of you

She watched his words on the screen, aware that her nipples were hard. And then she realized that she had placed a hand between her thighs. She quickly took it away and put it back on the keyboard.

flafemsub_bbw: oh my Sir

flafemsub_bbw: You truly are a raging bisexual

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well One can dream

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and this One sure can dream a lot

Heather had to agree. The slight tingle in her pussy told her that his imagination wanted her to do a little more imagining of her own.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: so what are you doing on here tonight?

flafemsub_bbw: chatting Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: just on messenger or in regular chat?

flafemsub_bbw: regular chat Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: do you have a particular room you go to heather?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir with a good group of friends in the lifestyle

flafemsub_bbw: would you like to join us?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: okay
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: sounds fun

Heather clicked on the Invite User tab on his IM box. Having him come into Bored Like Hell, she was sure, would liven things up even more. She clicked back onto Kristen's IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: pssttt…sis

sweetandshaven_mo: where you been sis?
sweetandshaven_mo: i thought you might have went back to sleep

flafemsub_bbw: got an IM from someone i talked to before
flafemsub_bbw: am inviting Him to Bored

sweetandshaven_mo: Him….? is it a Master?

flafemsub_bbw: yep

sweetnshven69: hokay

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: peeks into the room and sees a lot of interesting Peeplchat peeps
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: ah, One thinks this will be a great place to hang, because His new best favorite subbie is already here

Heather smiled as Master Playboy made a somewhat unconventional entrance into a BDSM chat room, which she supposed was okay because Bored Like Hell was not quite a conventional BDSM chat room to begin with. He was using a wildly different font than he was in his IMs, and she wondered if that was part of his style.

flafemsub_bbw: E/everyone this is Master Playboy
flafemsub_bbw: Master Playboy this is E/everyone

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: greetings E/everyone

The other's welcomed him to the room, and she watched as he took the time to greet every one of them back. Kristen's IM box chime went off.

sweetandshaven_mo: i get the impression that He's a perv, but that He's a nice perv

flafemsub_bbw: nods
flafemsub_bbw: lol

In Bored Like Hell he seemed to already be making himself quite welcome among the regulars.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: so any hot topics?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: burning questions?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: free advice?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: anything?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: aw, come on a packed room like this and there's NOTHING?

Kristen seemed to take it as a potentially bad sign.

sweetandshaven_mo: uh, ah-ha?

Heather shrugged as she looked at the screen.

flafemsub_bbw: okay maybe one could be wrong

And then in the room Masterful_One was the first to speak up.

Masterful_One: how about free advice
Masterful_One: I for one like to expand my knowledge

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: ah I see
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: never eat a girl out first thing in the morning Masterful

Looking at the screen Heather cringed.

Masterful_One: why not?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: shakes His head
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: Masterful?

Masterful_One: yes Master Playboy

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: have you ever opened up a hot grilled cheese sandwich?

"Have you ever opened up a hot grilled cheese sandwich?" Heather whispered aloud. Then the punch line sat in and she busted out laughing.

sweetandshaven_mo: omfg lmmfao

sassyone67: lol lol lol lol lol lol

MasterMind: lol @ Master Playboy

fantasyland2000: ack
fantasyland2000: ack ack ack
fantasyland2000: acks
fantasyland2000: * *fantasyland2000* acks at *MasterPlayboyAtLarge* *
fantasyland2000: sick monkey, sick monkey oh soooooo gross!

sweetandshaven_mo: lmmfao @ fan

sassyone67: lol @ k lmmfao @ fan

“Oh, my God,” Heather laughed, not quite caring that is sounded really loud in the closed bedroom. There were tears in her eyes and she wiped the side of her hand in the corners of her eyes to clear them.

sweetandshaven_mo: eeeeeeeeewwwwwwww
sweetandshaven_mo: cold cum cold cum
sweetandshaven_mo: runnnnnsssssssssssss

fantasyland2000: * *fantasyland2000* acks at *sweetandshaven_mo* *
fantasyland2000: groooooossssssssss eeeeeeewwwwwwwwwwww

Master_Vyper2000: lol @ My sub

The chime on Master Playboy’s IM box went off and Heather looked to see what he was saying.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: now you I would eat out first thing in the morning
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I usually like a cream pie to be fresh from the oven
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but for you I would make an exception

Heather smiled and fanned herself slightly with her left hand. For some reason it seemed that Master Playboy knew what buttons to push to turn her on, and they were buttons that she herself hadn’t be aware of.

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: You are very kinky Sir

In her head she could hear herself saying, *That’s very kinky, Master*, to Master Douglas two days before.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: GRINZ LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: You have no idea heather
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: at least not yet
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: :) hehe

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: shall W/we go back to the room before W/we start cybering?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: errrrr
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I mean shall W/we go back to the room before E/everyone else thinks W/we cybering

Heather couldn't help but laugh again.

flafemsub_bbw: very well
flafemsub_bbw: as You wish Sir

Although she had to admit that at the moment she was not opposed to cybering.
Save it, she thought. *You'll be with Master Douglas in a few hours*.
In Bored things were about to get a little more interesting.

Masterful_One: I don't get it
Masterful_One: what does that have to do with BDSM and the lifestyle?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: hummm….well
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: nothing really
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: then again…..
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you see…
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: um…right it does have nothing to do with it
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you see Masterful it's a little something I like to call a joke

sweetandshaven_mo: roflmmfao @ Master PBA

Kristen's IM chime went off.

sweetandshaven_mo: okay sis i love this mother fucker
sweetandshaven_mo: where the hell's He been for the past three weeks?

Masterful_One: what kind of response is that?
Masterful_One: why doesn't anyone talk about the lifestyle in here?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well I'm not sure
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you know, just being in here for all of 10 minutes
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but My guess would be that a chat room, no matter where it is
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: is for chat
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and chat varies to many different subjects
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and sometimes it's jokes and hi how are you doing and you know I have a strange growth on My balls

fantasyland2000: lol
fantasyland2000: lmfao @ growth on My balls

MasterSkullhead: LOL

sweetandshaven_mo: hallel-freakin-lujah Master PBA

MasterSkullhead: steps away from k
MasterSkullhead: * warns E/everyone to stand back from *sweetandshaven_mo* because it looks like she's gonna blow *

sassyone67: lol @ Skullhead

Masterful_One: jeez what's your problem shaven?
Masterful_One: what's all of your problems?
Masterful_One: I'm here to talk about BDSM lifestyle

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: sooooooooooo
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: talk away

sweetandshaven_mo: agrees with Master PBA
sweetandshaven_mo: go ahead

fantasyland2000: lol @ sweet

Master_Vyper2000: lol k

Masterful_One: I'm here to talk about the lifestyle
Masterful_One: it's a serious thing

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh I agree it is a serious thing

MasterMind: agrees

sassyone67: totally agrees

Masterful_One: it's a serious thing

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: ah yes Masterful I believe W/we already agreed the lifestyle is a serious thing
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: just like that growth on My balls is a serious thing

fantasyland2000: lmfao

Kristen's IM chime went off again.

sweetandshaven_mo: this is so great
sweetandshaven_mo: why aren't you saying anything in the room?

Heather smiled at the IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: a girl brought you a pinch hitter
flafemsub_bbw: what else could you want sis?

sweetandshaven_mo: lol

In the room Masterful's waffling continued.

Masterful_One: I really want to talk about the lifestyle

Master_Vyper2000: is waiting

sweetandshaven_mo: is waiting too

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: W/we are all waiting Masterful
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but it kind of reminds me of waiting for something to happen in *House of 1000 Corpses*
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I mean I waited for almost 2 hours and nothing
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: am so glad I saw it on cable
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: if I went to the movies and paid I would have been really pissed

sweetandshaven_mo: lmmfao @ Master Playboy

Masterful_One: what's with you?
Masterful_One: I came to chat about the lifestyle

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and I'm waiting for you to start
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I'm waiting for you to blow My socks off
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I'm waiting for you to make a profound observation on the lifestyle

sweetandshaven_mo: oh fuck yeah!

sassyone67: lol @ k

flafemsub_bbw: lol

Masterful_One: well what do you know about it "Master Playboy?"
Masterful_One: you know you can tell a lot about someone by their id
Masterful_One: so what do you think you are?
Masterful_One: some kind of player who gets a lot of girls?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well yeah
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but I really try not to brag

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well when I say I try not to brag
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I mean I don't try to brag too much

Master_Vyper2000: lmao @ PBA

A new IM window popped up on Heather's screen, this time from Vyper.

Master_Vyper2000: ty for bringing this guy in…I like Him…W/we need to keep Him around

flafemsub_bbw: yw Master Aaron

Playboy's IM chime went off.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: watch this

flafemsub_bbw: :)

Heather turned her attention to the main chat screen.

Masterful_One: see there you don't act like a real master

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and what does a "real" Master act like?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but wait….don't answer that
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: because I would like to make sure that W/we address the subject of ids and their meanings fully beforehand
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and I have to admit "Masterful"
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I find yours a little vague
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: or is that revealing
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh yes I think that's revealing

Kristen's IM chime when off again.

sweetandshaven_mo: did I tell you I love this mother fucker or what?
sweetandshaven_mo: is making an appointment first thing in the morning to get her tubes undone so she can bear Master PBA's children

Heather covered her mouth and laughed.

sweetandshaven_mo: He hasn't been here an hour and He's calling Masterful right out without even knowing his story
sweetandshaven_mo: i love it
sweetandshaven_mo: you didn't tell Him about masterful?

flafemsub_bbw: not a thing
flafemsub_bbw: one is finding that He has a kind of gift for figuring things out

sweetandshaven_mo: where did you find Him sis?

flafemsub_bbw: i didn't…He found me

sweetandshaven_mo: oic
sweetandshaven_mo: soooooooooo then what's the deal with His penis sis?
sweetandshaven_mo: is there really a growth on His balls?
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: fu k

Glancing at the chat tread in Bored she could see that Playboy was still going on.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: now you're not a sub
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you're far too mouthy to be a sub
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: even a bratty one

fantasyland2000: lol

Masterful_One: no

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and One is betting you're not a Master either

Masterful_One: no
Masterful_One: I'm Masterful

sweetandshaven_mo: wtf does that mean anyway masterful?

Masterful_One: it means I'm masterful….that I'm Master like
Masterful_One: I am leaning toward being like a Master

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oic
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you're pretending to be a Master
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: kind of sort of

Masterful_One: no

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you're a wannabe Master

Masterful_One: NO!

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: a pseudo-Master?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: a kayfabe Master?

Again Kristen chimed her IM box.

sweetandshaven_mo: wtf is kayfabe?

flafemsub_bbw: shrugs
flafemsub_bbw: guess it means fake

In the room it looked as if Masterful's time in Bored Like Hell was coming to an end.

Masterful_One: I didn't come here for this

sweetandshaven_mo: then why did you come here masterful?

sweetandshaven_mo: hoping to eventually score some novice sub pussy???

MasterMind: now now k

Master_Vyper2000: she can have her say on this Mind
Master_Vyper2000: after all this is her room

Masterful_One: I came here to chat about BDSM lifestyle

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: looks at His watch

Heather laughed again. He was funny.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: is still waiting for you to start

sweetandshaven_mo: has been waiting for weeks PBA
sweetandshaven_mo: A/anyone is welcome here
sweetandshaven_mo: but please be real
sweetandshaven_mo: be yourself and just go with the flow of the room

Masterful_One: well you don't have to worry shaven because I'm done in this damn room

sweetandshaven_mo: hallel-freakin-lujah!!!!!!!!!!!
sweetandshaven_mo: buh-bye Masterful and please don't let the door hit you in the ass on the way out

sassyone67: lol
sassyone67: you are terrible k

Heather watched as the *Masterful_One has left the room* announcement came up at the bottom of the screen.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh One hopes it was not anything He said

sweetandshaven_mo: this girl hopes it is

flafemsub_bbw: lol

sassyone67: lol

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: looks around for a good place to finally relax
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: okay then…now that that's out of the way
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: how is E/everyone?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: a/s/l :P

-6-

Heather stayed in chat all night, even though the time was steadily getting closer for Bill to wake up. She wanted to get an earlier start so that she wouldn't be rushed, but it was hard to tear herself away, especially since Master Playboy had come into Bored Like Hell. He easily dominated the conversation in the room, and no one seemed to mind because he was flirty and funny, especially when other regulars, and even passerbys, came into the room. She watched what he would say, smiling a little, and doing most of her own chatting to Him through IM.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: your are a cute little one
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and you have to be lying about your age because you can't be that old
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: One thinks He will have to come and examine you to be sure

iowa_sub: what sort of exam Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: it's like counting the rings on a tree
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: there's growth rings inside a pussy too
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: One just has to get very close to count them

iowa_sub: * BLUSHES :) *

vintage_vagina: oh my

vintage_vagina: lol

Heather laughed, trying to imagine iowa's face. He was just as flirty and suggestive in the room as he was in IM. However he was slightly more suggestive in IM, so she knew the others in the room knew he was joking around for the most part, even first timers.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: very nice tattoo pixie

Heather knew he was commenting on flutter_by_pixie's avatar pic, which was a tattoo of a fairy sitting on a mushroom reaching out to touch a butterfly.

flutter_by_pixie: :) ty Master Playboy

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: is that where I think it is?

flutter_by_pixie: * :) SMILES :) *
flutter_by_pixie: yes, right by where the right thigh meets the mons

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: the detail looks very intricate
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but One thinks He needs to come to your house for a closer look

flutter_by_pixie: lol

fantasyland2000: lol

The IM chime for Kristen went off.

sweetandshaven_mo: He's soooooooo bad
sweetandshaven_mo: lol

Master Playboy's own avatar was a generic drawing of Martini glass. Since she had still not looked at his profile she decided to bring it up. She gave the page time to load, and then maximized it over everything else on the screen.

NAME: Later On

NICKNAME: Master

OCCUPATION: Master, world traveler, generally work well with My imagination

AGE: 39

SEX: Well One doesn't like to brag……

LOCATION: Variable, but mainly somewhere in the U.S.A.

MARITAL STATUS: divorced, as if Y/you didn't already guess

HOBBIES: Oh, what to list? What not to list? Okay here's a few, and I mean just a few, in no particular order: BBW, ws, over stimulation, role play, sexy pictures, photo swapping, pussy spanking (yeah it's monkey spanking, but a lot different from the male version of monkey spanking), threesomes, foursomes, moresomes, black on blonde, black on brunette, black on redhead, black on gray, black on BBW (and oh yeah that list just seems to go on), big cocks, uncut, older men, breast bondage, tit torture (no they are not the same thing), erotic spanking, cum swapping, gushers……(did I mention black on blonde?)…..etc., etc., etc……

ABOUT ME: Dominant male into a variety of things (see above). Financially stable, occasional writer, and I own an indy (and if you think that's an Indy racing car you have no clue what I am talking about). Love to travel and have been known to go someplace for a month or two, or for 30 minutes to an hour. Size, age, marital status and distance no problem. I love group situations (not sure if that got covered up above….am sure I meant to put it somewhere between erotic spanking and cum swapping). Fully orally bi. Prefer top, but will bottom with the right person (as long as he isn't a bear).

QUOTE: "You know I say so much….it's really hard to narrow it down to just one."

She laughed to herself and shook her head. Was he like that in real life? Or was it just a chat persona? She closed the window and clicked on his IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: so where are you tonight?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: seattle

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: resting a couple of days before getting back home

flafemsub_bbw: are you in seattle on business?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol no
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: am literally recovering from the first part of My trip back home

flafemsub_bbw: where did you go Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: new zealand
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: spent three days with a girl there
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: nice tits…..FF
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: hehe :)

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: did You enjoy her Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh, very much, always do
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but coming back is a killer
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: flew from there to japan to hawaii to seattle in a day

flafemsub_bbw: You should be on *the amazing race* Sir
flafemsub_bbw: lol

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yes probably
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: anyway I made the whole trip without a break in december
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: never again from new zealand to nebraska without taking a day or two break in between

flafemsub_bbw: ic

A chime went off to let her know someone else from her friend's list was online. It was Master Douglas. She pulled up her messenger and was about to send Him an IM when she saw His ID pop up in Bored Like Hell.

Master_Morel: Greetings E/everyone

iowa_sub: greetings Master Morel

sensualmaiden1999: greetings Master Morel

vintage_vagina: greets M. Morel

sweetandshaven_mo: hiya Morel

flafemsub_bbw: greetings Master :)
flafemsub_bbw: runs to her Master and jumps into His arms

Master_Morel: be careful silly girl, you might hurt Me

flafemsub_bbw: :) never Sir

MasterSkullhead: W/we're all light and young in cyberspace Morel

Master_Morel: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lol @ Skullhead

sassyone67: is hanging onto her monitor because she is so light she's is going to float away

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao @ sassy

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: so this is your Master heather
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: it is good to meet You, lucky fella
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: < ----------is a fellow corn holer….I mean husker

sassyone67: lol @ corn holer

Master_Morel: ty and greetings Master Playboy

flafemsub_bbw: hugs and squeezes on her Master
flafemsub_bbw: a girl is so happy that you are here

Master Playboy's IM chime went off.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh I see where I rate

flafemsub_bbw: :P

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: :P :P
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: :P 69 :P 69

flafemsub_bbw: lol

She turned her attention back to the room.

Master_Morel: you are on early this morning

flafemsub_bbw: couldn't sleep Sir
flafemsub_bbw: this girl and hubby had problem with daughter last night

Master_Morel: is everything okay heather?

flafemsub_bbw: it is for now Sir
flafemsub_bbw: nothing that would keep one from being with you this morning

sweetandshaven_mo: wooohoooos sis

sensualmaiden1999: you go girl…..lol

MasterSkullhead: tries to even things out
MasterSkullhead: go for it Morel

MasterSkullhead: git You sum!

sweetandshaven_mo: lmmfao @ Skullhead

Heather clicked on Playboy's IM box when the chime went off again.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: tell your Master I would love to suck His cock

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *

The brief image of what Playboy was suggesting went through her head, and although it was something she never thought would turn her on in a million years thinking of it now made her squirm in her chair.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: there's yours…..here comes Mine

Heather looked at the chat tread in Bored.

2scorpioDL_nz: greetings Master PB
2scorpioDL_nz: surprised to see You online

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you know Me scorp
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: come on in and meet some new friends

sweetandshaven_mo: greetings scorp
sweetandshaven_mo: welcome to Bored Like Hell

A tone sounded and a file transfer window popped up from Playboy marked *scorp*. Heather accepted and watched as the file opened to reveal a picture. The woman looked young, mid to late 20's. She had long and curly black hair, a cute face and breasts that were each bigger than her head. She was lying back on a yellow bean bag chair, naked; her legs open to reveal a shaved and slightly pouty pussy.

"Wow," she whispered to herself. *So that was what a Double F looks like*.

flafemsub_bbw: very nice Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: ty heather

Another IM chime when off, this time from Master Douglas.

Master_Morel: are you sure everything is okay at home

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: melissa is going to school so there's no need for one to stay here today

Master_Morel: okay I wanted to be sure
Master_Morel: I will have breakfast waiting for you

flafemsub_bbw: that isn't necessary Master
flafemsub_bbw: will have to eat with bill or he will worry

Master_Morel: okay, but will keep something light aside for you just in case

Heather nearly jumped as she heard the muffled sound of a door closing. She glanced at the clock in the corner of the screen and knew immediately that Bill was up and in the bathroom to begin getting ready.

flafemsub_bbw: he is up now Sir
flafemsub_bbw: one needs to go fix his breakfast

Master_Morel: okay
Master_Morel: I shall see you when you arrive My love

Heather smiled, feeling her cheeks warm up.
My love.
She hurriedly made her good-byes to everyone in the room, closing out Kristen and Playboy's IM windows and letting her good-bye in Bored suffice. Then she locked the modem and slid out of the chair. She was about to leave the

spare room when she caught sight of Giggling Gary as she started to turn. She paused long enough to give him a little push.

"La, la. He heee."

-7-

Heather had gone straight to the kitchen, just a little mad at herself. She had stayed too long online and was about to do the one thing she didn't want to do at the beginning of the day, and that was rush to get things done. She put a pan on the stove and turned the burner on, and then grabbed the bacon from the refrigerator and threw most of it in the pan.

The few dishes they had used from the night before were sitting in the sink, so she went there and ran the water, planning to switch back and forth between cooking and getting the dishes clean. Once she had the water run and the sink full of suds Bill walked into the kitchen. As she concentrated on her job he came up behind her and slipped his arms around her waist. He craned his neck around and kissed her on the lips. Then he kissed her cheek. And then he moved his head down, first kissing her neck and then giving it a hard suck.

Closing her eyes Heather sighed. Without thinking she inched her feet a little further apart while she bent over the sink. Her nipples were hard. "I need to get everything done," she said after a minute of him sucking at her neck.

"I'll help," he offered.

As she continued to work on the dishes he went and got the eggs from the refrigerator, and then got out another pan after sitting the carton on the table. It felt funny to Heather, and somewhat awkward. She was used to doing everything for everyone in the morning. For her to be doing the dishes while Bill cooked their breakfast seemed completely wrong. The fact that he was showing interest in her without being guided into it by her seemed wrong as well.

"I'm sorry about last night," he said after a few minutes. "I don't know what's wrong with Melissa. She stayed clammed up when I went to talk to her."

Heather sat a plate in the sink and looked over to him. "There's nothing you can do, Bill. It isn't your fault. She's just angry about something. Or she's getting her first period and her hormones are going wild."

Bill sighed. "Well-"

"What is it?" she asked.

He shrugged, picking up the tongs to turn the bacon. "Maybe I shouldn't go to work today," he suggested. "Maybe we need to take her to the doctor or a counselor or something to see what's wrong."

"No!" Heather spurted. She realized that she had said it too fast on the heels of his suggestion, and her tone was excited and worried.

God, damn it!

"I mean-, it's your parents' anniversary tonight," she quickly recovered. "I'm sure she will be okay." The skewed look on his face was enough to let her know that Bill was buying every word she said. "If I haven't figured out what is going on by the end of the weekend or her attitude hasn't changed I'll take her to the doctor on Monday."

Bill gave one of his nods that made the upper half of his body move along with it. "Okay," he agreed. "You're right. Whatever you think is best." He turned back to the stove to stir the eggs, but turned back to face her before he did. "I love you, Heather."

"I love you, too." It had come automatically from her lips. The statement was flat and bland, with no feeling or emotion to it.

I shall see you when you arrive My love

Heather turned back to the sink and the dishes. A single large tear welled in her left eye, and she quickly wiped it away. She felt for Bill, she was sympathetic and sorry for him. She had just told him she loved him without meaning it, but he believed it. She felt so sure that if anyone else would have heard that they would have known the words were meaningless, but not Bill.

She drew a breath and turned her attention back to the dishes. It was best not to think of it right now.

But do you really feel that way?

Or are you just burying whatever love you still have for him to keep from feeling guilty?

Heather wasn't sure. At that moment she just wanted to be done. She wanted to get Bill and the kids out of the house so she could go to be with Master Douglas.

Just get through the first part of the day with Bill and the kids and the rest of the day will be easier

, she told herself.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE:
How Do You Follow Two Paths?

-1-

Heather was back through the front door at 2:30, having had her foot on the floor all the way from Trinity Heights. She quickly shed her clothes, stepping into the garage just long enough to throw them into washer. Then she hurried down the hall and started what was becoming her post Master Douglas ritual. First a shower. Then once she dried off she got a tampon from under the counter and inserted it in her vagina to soak up His excess cum. *God it was still unbelievable that one person could come so much.*

She sat for a moment, naked on the toilet, thinking to herself it was funny she thought of this as a ritual after only three visits from Him. A smile spread across her face as she thought about Him taking a few pictures of her and pushing her down on the bed, urging her to undress and open up for Him.He had come three times, once in each hole, as if He were making claim on them. And she had cum, well, as usual, too many times to keep track.

Heather wished she had enough time for a cigarette, or had slowed down enough to have one before she entered the house. Time was too short now, and the kids would be getting home any minute.

This thought made the real world intrude into her thoughts, as by now she knew it should be. Melissa had said nothing that morning, and Heather, for her part, had done her best not to look at her and do only the things she needed to get the girl moving and off to school. Despite that there was nothing out of the ordinary with her daughter that morning, but she had seemed pretty normal the previous day too.

So who was coming home today?

Jekyll?

Oh, Mommy, you look so pretty!

Or Hyde?

FAT FUCKIN' BITCH!

Heather wasn't sure, and since Melissa seemed to get a little worse with age it made her wonder if there would be much difference soon.

Feeling she had sat too long she rose off the toilet and walked into the bedroom, letting her feet slide across the carpeted floor. Then she opened the closet and reached inside, pulling hangers of clothes aside and trying to determine what she should wear. Ironically there was nothing that she felt even remotely looked good, and she had to settle on the tiger blouse and black skirt she had worn on the night she had went out with Freddy for the first time. She shrugged to herself and tossed them on the bed, and then she stepped to the dresser and got out a plain white bra and cotton panties.

After she had her underwear on she sat down on the bed. Then after a minute, feeling unmotivated, she laid back, looking up at the ceiling. From down the hall she heard Terry come in. Then a few minutes later she heard Melissa come in as well.

Because of Meredith Ford. You're gonna go out and play around and then sit across the table from your mother in-law?

Heather closed her eyes and again tried to put her best friend's words out of her mind. She hadn't though anymore about their conversation from the day before. The only unpleasant thing she had allowed herself to think about was Melissa's strange meltdown the night before.

They know when shit is going on, because they're mothers. She's not your mother, but she's your husband's mother, which is worse.

Heather leaned back, reaching over her head and grabbing the phone. She dialed Kitty's number and put the receiver to her ear.

"Hello," came Kitty's voice after a couple of rings.

"Kitty it's Heather."

"Hey. How was this morning?"

Heather couldn't help but smile, raising one knee up and placing a foot on the mattress close to her plump ass cheek. "Wonderful. Brief, but wonderful."

"Good."

"Kitty, He just-," she paused. "I don't know how to explain it. It's like He owns every part of me, and I want Him to really control everything about me."

"You want to belong to him?" Kitty asked.

"Yes." And she did. She wanted to truly be His, as much as she could be. She placed a hand on her cool stomach, the tip of her index finger running around the edge of her belly button. She ran her fingers up her body and touched her neck, wishing there was a collar there, before moving them up and through her hair.

Then she suddenly sat up, realizing that she was starting to day dream. She had called Kitty about more pressing issues. "We had some trouble last night."

"You and Bill?" Kitty questioned.

"Me and Melissa."

"What happened?"

Heather shrugged to herself. "I'm not sure how to explain it. In fact I think it started earlier. She made a comment about me eating, being able to eat a lot of food fast, like she was trying to push my buttons.

"Then she asked me to get some wrapping paper and when I went down the hall I touched Giggling Gary, and she went off wanting to know why I didn't get rid of it."

"Giggling Gary?" the other woman questioned.

"The first toy I ever bought for her, the day we found out I was pregnant," she explained.

"Ah."

"Anyway," she sighed. "I went to go to the bedroom and she called me a fat bitch under her breath. So I got on to her and she said the she didn't say anything, and then Bill came out, and before it was all over she called me a *fucking fat bitch*. Screamed it."

"You're kidding."

"No," she said, shaking her head.

"I really don't know what to say."

"Me either. I have no idea what brought all this on?"

"PMS?" Kitty asked, and then laughed her Georgia peachy laugh.

"I have thought that. And a lot of the people in Bored wondered the same thing."

"How old were you when you had your first cycle?"

Heather gave a sigh, then she thought, trying to remember. "I about was ten."

"So about Melissa's age."

"What about you?"

Kitty laughed slightly. “I was 13 I’m sure.”

“What should I do, Kitty?” she asked. “If she’s getting her period and is screwed up by it should she be in trouble?”

“Well I only know subs and not children,” the other woman confessed. “However, I don’t think having a menstrual cycle is an excuse to call your mother a fucking fat bitch. You and Bill need to decide on an appropriate punishment.”

“Mom! Where’s my sparkle shirt?” Melissa suddenly called from down the hall.

Heather took the phone away from her ear and covered the mouthpiece. “Hanging in the garage.” She had washed it that weekend, knowing that she would want to wear it that night for no other reason than it was the most god-awful thing that Bill had ever bought her. “I’ll come and get it in just a minute.”

“Duty calls?” Kitty asked in her ear.

She sat up and glanced down to the clothes laid out on the bed. “Yes, she’s calling.” Sliding off the bed she went to the closet and grabbed one of her long night-shirts. “She wants this shirt for tonight, and I hate it. Bill gave it to her for Christmas. It’s pink with a bunch of rhinestones across the shoulders, and it just comes down to her waist, so when she bends or moves it rides up over her stomach.”

“Like something I would wear?” Kitty laughed.

Heather laughed back. “No. Trust me you would not wear this thing.

“Anyway, I better go so I can get it and finish getting ready.”

“You’re all going out tonight?”

“It’s Meredith and Sammy’s anniversary.”

“Oh,” Kitty said. “Oh, really? It must be a big one.”

Heather threw the night shirt across her shoulder. “Their 40th.”

“Ruby,” Kitty observed.

“Too expensive for my budget,” Heather laughed. “I found blue jay salt and pepper shakers and a birdhouse pitcher for her, and an electric shaver and trimmer set for Sammy.” She pulled her night shirt over her shoulder, and then shuffled the phone around from hand to hand and under her neck as she pulled it on so she could make a trip to the garage.

“Are you nervous about tonight?” Kitty questioned. “Seeing you in-laws.”

“No,” she said. Then, “Well, yes. I wasn’t until Betty started putting these ideas in my head.”

“What sort of ideas?”

Heather filled her in on their brief conversation in the Superior HyperMart parking lot the pervious afternoon.

“And now you think Meredith will look at you tonight and suddenly know that you’re cheating on Bill?”

“Well, no. But still. It has me a little paranoid.”

Kitty laughed.

“Mom! Are you coming?” Melissa yelled.

“There she is again. Kitty, I’ve got to go.”

“Okay. You call me later to let me know how things go, and how thing are with Melissa. Even if it’s late.”

“I will.”

“Mom! Can you hear me?” She sounded just outside the door.

“Be well, Heather.”

“Be well, Kitty.”

-2-

The tiger blouse was tight. Too tight to wear. Heather went through the closet and found a sleeveless red knit top which had went out of style over a decade before that still looked fairly decent. She pulled a pair of jeans out of the bottom drawer and found she had to lay down on the bed to get them up, and take a deep breath to be able to button them. After wearing nothing but shorts and sweats around the house and into town the past several weeks dressing for dinner revealed that the rest of her wardrobe was suddenly shrinking.

“At least I have an excuse to go on that shopping trip,” she whispered to herself, staring up at the ceiling and puffing for breath as the waistline of the jeans cut into her belly.

Bill had gotten home and showered, and as soon as he was dressed they had all gotten into the car and headed straight to Quincy-Duff’s to meet the Fords. Her in-laws made her feel overdressed. Meredith was in a red blouse and black slacks, and Sammy was wearing a plaid western shirt with pearl buttons.

They had gone through the buffet line, and on the first trip she had made a rather large salad, and then to a big table in the back. As Betty had suggested it would happen, she found herself sitting directly across from Meredith Ford, and the woman, real or imagined, was scrutinizing her. Bill sat across from his

father, and the kids sat across from one another, thankfully not arguing for the first part of dinner.

Heather had been more than happy to get up and go through the line again. It seemed that everyone at the table, even the kids, were talking, while she and Meredith had said nothing since entering the restaurant. It was really awkward, sitting there and feeling her mother in-law's gaze from behind a pair of glasses, whose frames had probably last been manufactured in 1986. She found that she could not imagine that the other woman was thinking about anything other than the things which Betty had suggested to her the afternoon before.

Because of Meredith Ford. You're gonna go out and play around and then sit across the table from your mother-in-law?

They know when shit is going on, because they're mothers. She's not your mother, but she's your husband's mother, which is worse.

The only reason Bernice didn't figure out I was fooling around on Brad was because I would never go within 100 feet of that bitch.

The other reason she was ready to go through the line was because she hadn't eaten lunch or a snack that afternoon. She had filled up in the morning, bacon and eggs with Bill, a couple of toaster pastries while the kids were eating, a sausage, two more strips of bacon, a handful of scrambled eggs and a plate of hash browns when she met with Master Douglas, but nothing to fill in the middle part of the day. At the moment she felt like she was starving. She gave herself a healthy helping of mashed potatoes and gravy, a couple of slices of turkey, a scoop of French fries, a small piece of steak, and a couple of yeast rolls that were just being sat out.

When she sat back down at the table Heather was sure that she noticed Meredith raise an eyebrow. "The rolls are hot, they just came up," she said. She felt awkward, and it was an awkward statement to make, and Meredith still sat there, saying nothing and sipping her iced tea. Heather cut one of the rolls open and buttered it from the plastic cup the waitress had sat on their table.

Looking at Meredith she took a bite and smiled, thinking that maybe if the other woman saw how much she savored the buttery taste she would make some comment about the rolls. Still nothing though. She just took another sip of tea.

You're gonna go out and play around and then sit across the table from your mother-in-law?

They know when shit is going on, because they're mothers. She's not your mother, but she's your husband's mother, which is worse.

She finished her plate with still no conversation from her mother-in-law, although she seemed to not be speaking across to everyone else either. Quietly she got up and went through the line again, grabbing three large potato wedges, a scoop of macaroni and cheese, another piece of steak, a pork chop, a couple of chicken fingers, a few slices of pepperoni, a few cherry tomatoes and two more yeast rolls. Making her way back to the table she saw Bill at one of the desert tables getting cake, and Sammy and Melissa were at the ice cream machine filling up bowls. So it seemed that everyone else was already having desert.

Once she sat back down she did her best not to pay attention to the fact that her mother-in-law was staring at her, but not saying anything. She concentrated on her dinner, wolfing everything down. Then as everyone else wrapped up their deserts she made her own way to the desert bar. She got a slice of red velvet cake, a brownie, two sugar cookies and a little cup of Berry Blue Jell-o.

As she sat to eat she felt as if the scrutiny she had been getting across the table had spread. Everyone else was finished, and they all seemed to be looking at her, waiting for her to finish. Bill she was sure, picked up on it because he suggested the kids go to the small game room at the very back of the restaurant while *"everyone else"* finished desert. Sammy excused himself to tag along, to see what they were playing and give them a little more money. Then Bill went to the car to bring their gifts in.

So finally she was alone with Meredith. A glance revealed the other woman squinting at her from behind the lenses of her glasses. She shifted in her chair, slightly changing position.

Getting ready to go in for the kill, Heather found herself thinking.

You're gonna go out and play around and then sit across the table from your mother-in-law?

Heather glanced at her again as she sucked the last bite of Jell-o between her teeth. The other woman took a sip of her tea without taking her eyes off of her.

"Heather, since we're alone there's something I want to ask you," Meredith said.

"Yes?"

God, here it comes. Just like Betty said.

Meredith shifted her jaw to one side, then placed her hands on the table and laced her fingers together. "Heather, are you-"

In her mind she added every possible continuation of the question.

-having an affair?
-screwing around?
-breaking your vows?
-cheating on my William?
-sneaking off to the no tell motel?
-committing adultery?
-having afternoon delights?

"-gaining weight?"

Heather could feel the last bite sliding down her throat.

Gaining weight?

GAINING WEIGHT?

She shook her head. "No, I don't think so."

But wasn't she?

The blouse she wore in October didn't fit. Her jeans didn't fit anymore. She was eating, and eating, and eating. *How could she not be gaining weight?*

"Your face looks-, well, swollen," Meredith observed.

Heather fought the urge to reach up and touch her cheeks.

"And your hands," her mother-in-law added.

This time she couldn't resist a glance down at her hands, sitting on either side of her empty dessert plate. They didn't look any bigger, but after hearing Meredith they for some reason felt bigger.

"And I couldn't help but notice that you did have quite a bit from the buffet," Meredith went on.

And Heather could suddenly hear Melissa's comments in the back of her mind.

Wow, Mom, you're eating a lot.

You sure can eat a lot of food fast, Mom.

Fat bitch.

FUCKIN' FAT BITCH!

Heather picked up her fork and sat it on her plate. "Meredith." She frowned to herself and moved the fork to the center of the plate. "You haven't said anything to Melissa about this?"

"Why, no," her mother-in-law replied. "I was just noticing tonight. I haven't talked to anyone else. And if I did why would I say anything to Melissa?"

“Bill didn’t tell you about last night?”

“What happened last night?”

“Grandma! Grandma!” Melissa cried, running up to the table. “Your presents are here!”

Looking over her shoulder she could see Bill approaching their table with a couple of large plastic bags in hand. It was obvious to Heather that Melissa had seen him coming, inadvertently saving her from having to tell Meredith about the scene which had taken place the night before. Sammy and Terry followed behind Melissa, and once everyone was at the table the anniversary couple began to open their gifts.

-3-

Heather sat silently for the rest of the evening, not that she had said much to begin with. She had went from being paranoid about Meredith suddenly accusing her of cheating on Bill to being paranoid that she was going to ask her to explain what had happened the night before. Before they left Quincy-Duff’s she would get to suffer another bit of discomfort.

“To Mom and Dad,” Bill said, raising his drink glass. “For 40 happy years. May you have many more.”

Everyone leaned toward the center of the table and tapped their plastic soda glasses together.

After everyone took a sip Sammy cleared his throat and raised his drink glass once more. “Here’s one for you, Son,” he announced. “To Bill and Heather, may the two of you have 40 years of your own and a whole lot more after that.”

Bill looked at her and smiled. She wanted to sink down in her chair until she was under the table. Slowly she put her glass up again and brought it together with everyone else’s.

-4-

After the kids went to bed Heather had gone into the bathroom and undressed. She looked at herself in the mirror, looking at her face and trying to see if she could see any difference there. She held her hands up, looking at the front and then the back of them in the mirror. Then she looked down. Beyond

the paunch of her belly she could just see the tips of her toes if she didn't try to bend over.

Are you gaining weight?

When had it happened? It couldn't have just started since Halloween. But then, looking back into the mirror at her face she felt certain that she hadn't been as big over the summer.

Looking between the toilet and the bathroom counter she saw the dust covered scale she had bought five or six years ago when she had been determined to lose 50 pounds. And that had only lasted six weeks. She thought for a moment about sliding it out with her foot. Then she decided against it.

"Bill?"

"Yes?" He had just gotten out of his clothes and stretched out on the bed in nothing but his underwear.

"Am I getting bigger?" She glanced out the bathroom door and watched as he sat up.

"No," he replied, giving his head a shake. "Why? Is it about last night with Melissa?"

Heather stepped to the doorframe, cocking her head and looking at him. "Not really. Your mother said something tonight."

"What did she say?"

"She asked if I was gaining weight." She turned off the bathroom light and then made her way to the dresser to pick up the night shirt she had worn briefly earlier. "Am I?" She reached back and unhooked her bra, slipping it off. Looking to Bill she saw that his eyes were locked on her breasts, and for some reason it made her feel a little uncomfortable and embarrassed. Taking the shirt off the dresser she covered them without putting it on.

Bill shook his head. "No. I don't think so."

She turned away from him so that her back was toward him and slipped the night shirt on. "Some of my regular clothes don't fit."

"So," Bill said. "It doesn't matter."

Heather frowned to herself before turning to face him. It probably didn't matter to him. Like a lot of men he liked her because she was big. And maybe he even thought bigger was better without even thinking about it.

"Are you getting on the computer?"

She shook her head. She really wanted to, but after being on all night, and then all the running around she had done that day she also just wanted to lie

down and close her eyes. "No."

Heather went to the other side of the room and turned out the light. In the dark, as her eyes adjusted to the light, she could hear Bill getting under the covers. She felt her way to her side, then raised the edge of the covers and slipped under them. She scooted to the center of the bed automatically, meeting him there.

The next thing she knew was that his arms were around her and his mouth was over hers. She slipped her arms around his waist as she kissed him back. She jerked slightly as he ran a hand down her side, tickling her. Then she felt his fingers tugging at the waistband of her panties, and it was like a giant red stop light went off in her mind.

"Bill," she moaned, breaking the kiss. His mouth went to her cheek and he kissed her there and then on the chin as he slightly shifted the waistband of her panties.

"Bill."

"Yeah?"

"I'm really drained by everything," she said. "I just want to go to sleep tonight." In the dark she could make out his face and his eyes, and in them she looked to see if there was any sign that he wondered if she was not being honest.

"It's okay, hon." He moved up and kissed her on the forehead. "Good night."

"Good night, Bill."

He let go of her and rolled over onto his side. Then she spooned up against him and put her arm over him. Within ten minutes he was snoring as her thoughts kept her from finally falling off the edge and into sleep.

What were you just doing?

She had been embarrassed for him to see her nearly naked, not because Meredith had her worried over gaining weight, but because a part of her didn't want him to see her naked. It felt in a way like that wasn't for him. Not anymore. Not since she had been with Master Douglas.

Yes, she had definitely felt different when she had been messing with Freddy. She had lots of thoughts of being with other men, and more than one man at a time, but for some reason Bill did not fit into those thoughts anymore. Hell she hadn't even fantasized about Bill since the summer.

Then logic crept in and told her that she couldn't stay married to Bill and not have any sort of sexual relationship for a long length of time without his

suspecting something. He wouldn't be that blind. And over the past couple of days he had shown, even if it was in small ways, that he had some sexual interest.

I have to, she resolved, *sometimes. When he wants to do things*. Just not tonight. She couldn't do it tonight.

Heather rolled onto her back, letting her arm slip off of him.

To Bill and Heather, may the two of you have 40 years of your own and a whole lot more after that.

Her eyelids felt heavy.

Sammy was so sweet. It's where Bill got his gentleness. Terry too.

Heather shut her eyes tightly, feeling tears squeeze from the corners.

Why isn't that enough? Why had she ever thought it would be?

-5-

Heather glided along in her dream world. She floated along cold gray corridors of stone, burning torches lighting the way. She could hear the wind in her ears, and around her, almost in whispers, the sound of moaning and of hands on flesh.

Next she found herself rising up, floating above the steps of a spiral stone staircase. The further she traveled up the stairs a light grew brighter. Ahead she could see an opening, a high vaulted arch which framed in sunlight. As she flew through the arch she found herself outside.

Master Douglas was there, standing in a courtyard. He opened His arms as she came toward Him, and she raised her arms out to Him so He could catch her as she passed by. "Master," she called.

Heather found herself flying toward Him faster. Just as she reached Him she flew over Him, higher in the air above a castle. She felt cold, and the sky darkened. Before her stood a giant figure wearing a black robe and a black leather mask with a zippered mouth hole, the not quite Crimson Executioner. He threw his head back and laughed.

Heather shook her head, finding herself unable to speak.

"Your journey into mystery is going to be a long and difficult one, girl," came a voice from all around her.

She continued shaking her head, unable to speak. *No, no.*

"Mommy," a scared voice called.

-6-

"Mommy!"

Heather's eyes snapped open. She rolled to her side to see a figure at the bedroom door silhouetted in the light from the hall. She squinted, still groggy from lack of sleep and still half in her dream. "Melissa?"

"Mommy, I'm bleeding", she cried in a small and scared voice.

-7-

Melissa sat at the kitchen table as Heather placed a mug of hot chocolate in front of her. She sat down with her own cup and watched as her daughter took a shaky sip. She supposed talking with her about getting her first period had done nothing to truly prepare her for the reality.

Once her feet had hit the floor she had told her to go to the bathroom and she would be there in a second. Then she had gone to her own bathroom and went under the counter where she pulled out a box of pads. There was only one tampon left, but she already knew that Melissa was having a traumatic enough time to spare her giving her that option. Pad in hand she went down the hall and helped Melissa clean up.

In one way it was a relief. So she and everyone else were right, Melissa was hormonal as a result of beginning her menstrual cycle. It did not solve whatever problem the girl had with her though. And there was definitely some kind of problem.

I don't think having a menstrual cycle is an excuse to call your mother a fucking fat bitch.

That had been Kitty's opinion.

But as she sat across the table and looked at Melissa now, shaken and scared, she couldn't help but feel sympathy for her. She reached out and placed her hand on her wrist. Melissa was beginning the process of becoming a woman, but also in that instant, she had reverted back into being a child that Heather had not been able to see for three or four years.

She did wonder if maybe she had said something to Meredith. That maybe she had called Grandma and said that she was eating a lot and getting fat.

But looking at her as she was now made it not matter to Heather. She was sure it wouldn't last long, and within a week or two her daughter would be her usual piss and venom self. *But for now*-.

Heather gave Melissa's wrist a squeeze and flashed her a wan smile. For now at least she could have this.

-8-

The next day Heather really didn't get going until after 11, the events and emotions of the past couple of days finally catching up with her. After their hot chocolate she had taken Melissa to bed and tucked her in, kissing her forehead. It was something that her daughter hadn't allowed her to do for the past year and a half. Then she had made her way to bed and slipped back under the covers.

"What's going on?" Bill mumbled in a sleepy voice.

"Melissa got her period," she told him.

"Oh, great," he said in a drowsy tone. "She's on the rag."

That had been the last thing she had heard, almost immediately falling to sleep. She had hoped in those last moments that the dream would come back, and that she would see more and it would all make some kind of sense. But it didn't return and there was only blackness once her eyes were shut.

She had stirred when Bill got out of bed. Then a second time when he popped his head in asked when she was going to get up. Finally around 11 he had come in again to tell her that he was going to take the kids to the movies and out to eat, and she could stay at home if she wanted and they would bring her something back. Heather told him that she was just going to stay home, and finally sat up and got out of bed to see them off.

She pulled Melissa aside and was sure to give her a couple of pads, which overstuffed the tiny purse she carried, and to ask if she was sure she could handle things on her own if she didn't go to the movies with them.

"*Yes*," she had said in a disgusted, don't baby me, tone. And that had been enough to let Heather know that she would revert back to her usual self a lot faster than she had expected.

Once they were out the door she poured herself a bowl of cereal and took it to the spare bedroom. She signed into her Peeplchat messenger and an offline message popped up from Kitty. She took a bite of cereal and read it.

topazblue48: greetings heather, one called earlier but terry said you were still sleeping…so since one was online she decided to leave you a message here too…going to town now but will be back later, about 3.…so give one a call…..be well

Heather responded saying she would call later, although she was not sure quite why she had the need to send a response. The same reason Kitty felt the need to leave her an offline message when she lived practically next door. She also made a mental note to get on to Terry and Bill for not giving her the message that Kitty had called in the first place.

Logging into chat she went straight to Bored Like Hell. There were about ten people in the room, but none of the usual regulars were there. She rechecked her friends list and confirmed that sassy, maiden and tmc were all offline. She had seen it when she opened messenger, but she had surely thought that someone she knew would be in Bored.

She took her hands off the keyboard and took another bite of cereal, slurping the milk off the spoon in an unladylike fashion since she was home alone. She looked down in the space between the keyboard and the monitor and looked at Giggling Gary sitting there. She smiled at the toy, returning hers with its forever painted on smile. Then a tone went off and she glanced up at the screen.

iowa_sub has invited *flafemsub_bbw* to a conference in *The sub Club*

Heather smiled to herself and moved the mouse to accept the invitation. The chat conference window opened up and she found that along with iowa, saffron and rose were also in the conference. *Subs of the world*, she thought to herself.

flafemsub_bbw: greetings girls

iowa_sub: greetings heather

saffron_sub_girl: greetings heather

“Hello,” rose’s voice came over the speakers.

Heather smiled to herself again. She loved hearing her on voice. Her accent made her sound so cute.

“You gonna join me on voice today, Heather?” she asked.

Sitting down her cereal bowl she clicked VOICE ENABLE and pulled her ancient mic closer to her.

“Okay.”

“Ya,” rose giggled.

delicate_rose: :)

saffron_sub_girl: nice voice ff

“Thanks, saff.”

iowa_sub: < --------- sounds like a boy
iowa_sub: lol

Heather and rose laughed.

“So how are you all doing today?” she asked.

saffron_sub_girl: one is fine

“I’m good,” rose said.

iowa_sub: is okay

“Good.” She had another spoonful of cereal. “You have to excuse me. I’m eating.”

“Oh is Master Morel there?” rose asked, giggling.

iowa_sub: lol

saffron_sub_girl: lmao

“One wishes.” She sat for a second, trying to think of what to say. She hardly voice chatted because usually someone else was at home. Most of the time she had the speakers either low or off. “I’m having kind of a hard time.”

“What with, Heather?”

saffron_sub_girl: being married and in the lifestyle?

"Yes," she sighed.

iowa_sub: is sorry

"How do you do it, saff?"

saffron_sub_girl: it's not easy
saffron_sub_girl: since i don't leave my husband Masters are not interested too long

"That's terrible, saff," rose commented.
"How do you do stuff when you see a Master, saff. Is it like me having to see Master Morel someplace away from home?"

saffron_sub_girl: sometimes
saffron_sub_girl: my husband has an understanding with me i can't do anything so that anyone in our town would find out
saffron_sub_girl: have had a Master here one time before and at our guest house when my husband was out of town
saffron_sub_girl: have been to hotels, but in towns far away
saffron_sub_girl: many times a Master arranges to meet me somewhere for vacation
saffron_sub_girl: have went to france, thailand, australia and canada to have months holidays with diff Masters

"Wow!" rose said. "That's a lot of travelin'. Have had two Masters offer to bring me to the States, but it's never happened."
Heather took another bite of cereal. Finding that it was getting soggy she took a couple of more quick bites. "What about sex?"

saffron_sub_girl: with my husband?

"Yes, how do you handle that?"

saffron_sub_girl: have done okay with it
saffron_sub_girl: actually it's pretty regular, at least once or twice every few weeks
saffron_sub_girl: sex with him is still nice
saffron_sub_girl: it's pretty comfortable to be with him

"Was there ever a time when you didn't want to?"

saffron_sub_girl: hell yes
saffron_sub_girl: when i first discovered the lifestyle and met this Master i fell totally in love with
saffron_sub_girl: i did not want him to touch me

Heather sighed. "I can relate."

delicate_rose: :(

"Sorry to hear that, saff."

saffron_sub_girl: well i think we both kind of adjusted in time
saffron_sub_girl: would still rather be free of marriage, but for now things work as well as they can

Heather could see that this was where she was headed, into a world where things just worked out as well as they could.

iowa_sub: longs for a Master

delicate_rose: * pats *iowa_sub* on the hand *

"You'll find one someday, iowa. I just know it."
"I think if I can find one anyone can," Heather added.

saffron_sub_girl: agrees, i'm with heather, if i can find Masters so can you iowa

iowa_sub: ty
iowa_sub: just feels like the only sub on earth that never had no Master
iowa_sub: if one didn't play with herself her pussy would leak dust :(

saffron_sub_girl: lol iowa

"Now, now, iowa, it can't be that bad," rose chuckled.
Heather laughed. "Needing a playmate, iowa?"

iowa_sub: yes pls
iowa_sub: is the crooked cock person you were with before Master Morel available?

saffron_sub_girl: lol

Rose gave a belly laugh over the speakers.
Heather picked up the cereal bowl and drained the milk out of it after eating the last spoonful. As she sucked it down she heard the IM chime go off over rose's laughing. She looked to see that it was from Master Playboy. Smiling to herself she sat the bowl down.
"I'll be back in a minute. Master Playboy is sending me an IM."

iowa_sub: Master Playboy :) !

She turned off voice chat and pulled up his IM box.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: greetings heather

He had changed his IM font to Bradley Hand. Still smiling to herself she put in her reply.

flafemsub_bbw: greetings Master Playboy
flafemsub_bbw: are you invisible?
flafemsub_bbw: one didn't see you on her list earlier

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well I am
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but not to you
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you're special

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *
flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir
flafemsub_bbw: one sees you changed your font

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well I like to
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: every now and then
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: change is good

Heather clicked on the change style box in the corner of the IM box. Rose was saying something through voice, but she was not paying attention enough to hear what it was. She scrolled through the fonts and changed to another one.

flafemsub_bbw: like this?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well it is different

Heather clicked the box and tried the Bradley for herself.

flafemsub_bbw: or this?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well now…
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: that's more Me I think

Heather glanced over to the chat conference window.

iowa_sub: wonders what she is talking about with Him?
iowa_sub: He talks very hot

"Really, iowa?" rose asked.

iowa_sub: thinks she would like to private chat Him

saffron_sub_girl: lol

Laughing to herself Heather chose another font.

flafemsub_bbw: or how about this?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yeah
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: that one is surely you heather

flafemsub_bbw: it is the same font my mentor uses when she chats

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: mentor?

Rose's laughter crackled over the speakers and Heather reached up and turned the volume down a little more.

flafemsub_bbw: my friend who lives down the street introduced me to the lifestyle

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: ah, I see
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: older woman?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: she seduced and corrupted you
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I've been there before

Shaking her head Heather laughed. She gave Giggling Gary a push before answering.
"La, la. Mama. He-hehe."

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: nothing like that

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: awww :(
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: hehehehe

flafemsub_bbw: lol

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: so are you home now?

flafemsub_bbw: yes, chatting in a sub Club conference

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: a sub Club?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: so subs only huh? : (: (: (

flafemsub_bbw: sometimes Mistresses too

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: so girls only huh? : (: (: (

flafemsub_bbw: pretty much lol
flafemsub_bbw: so how about You are You at home now?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yes

flafemsub_bbw: relaxing finally?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: no, not really
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: have some business to take care of Monday
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: then I'm off again

flafemsub_bbw: where to now?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh, not too far this time
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: just to idaho

flafemsub_bbw: and what is in idaho Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: pixie ;)

flafemsub_bbw: really Sir?
flafemsub_bbw: You truly are a playboy Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well…….yeah

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: My worst kept secret
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you see I do My best to be brutally honest about Myself
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: that way people know what they're getting
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: no surprises

flafemsub_bbw: one does not think so of You Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh?

flafemsub_bbw: this girl thinks You are full of surprises Sir

Heather clicked on iowa's name and sent her an IM.

flafemsub_bbw: iowa

iowa_sub: yes?

flafemsub_bbw: Master Playboy is going to see pixie

iowa_sub: what?
iowa_sub: i thought they both came to bored the first time the other night
iowa_sub: bad boy

flafemsub_bbw: lol

iowa_sub: lol

Heather then sat for a minute before saying anything to anyone. The avatar pic of the martini glass was still the only thing Master Playboy had on his profile.

flafemsub_bbw: Sir one was wondering if you had a pic of Yourself

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh sure
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: it's only fair

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: after all I've seen lots of your pics

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *

A file transfer window popped up and she clicked on it. After a moment the picture, titled ME, opened up. He was not at all what she expected. Master Playboy was an average looking man with brown hair, wearing a pair of black framed glasses. He was standing in a hallway dressed in a multicolored striped t-shirt and jeans. He had not attempted to pose for the camera or look sexy. It was just a picture, like any other picture that millions of people had of themselves.

Still, *there was something sexy about him though.*

flafemsub_bbw: You look very nice Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: ty
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but just nice?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: not handsome?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: or adonis-like?

flafemsub_bbw: lol

It seemed like the Masters she had met so far, the few she had seen and of course mostly in pictures, were never what she imagined them to be. A majority of them were not the square jawed, chiseled musclemen that Kitty always found herself with, and seemed to attract. Everyone Heather had seen was the average everyday person, and she knew if she saw them on the street she would have no idea they were Masters, or even involved in the lifestyle.

flafemsub_bbw: would You mind if one shared Your pic with a friend?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: which friend :) ?

flafemsub_bbw: iowa

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and that would be iowa sub from Bored Like Hell?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: then by all means
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: share Me with as many of your friends as you like
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: One doesn't mind
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and of course if iowa has any more pics of her let her know I would love to see them
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: * GRINZ *

flafemsub_bbw: lol

She clicked back to the other IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: heads up

iowa_sub: yes heather?

flafemsub_bbw: sending you Playboy's pic

iowa_sub: oh plz

Heather resent his pic to iowa. Then she went back to talking to him.

flafemsub_bbw: so when are you going to meet pixie?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: flying out Tuesday afternoon

flafemsub_bbw: fast mover

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well it all depends on My motivation

flafemsub_bbw: ic
flafemsub_bbw: by the way one was wondering

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: what about?

flafemsub_bbw: earlier You said You weren't invisible to me because one was special

flafemsub_bbw: what is it that makes one special Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well….

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: though W/we haven't talked too much it's just a feeling I have about you

flafemsub_bbw: and what's that feeling Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: the feeling that you just might be the one

Heather's eyes widened. *He felt that she could be his one?*

Heather had excused herself from the sub Club conference so that the others wouldn't think she was being rude as she decided to continue concentrating on her conversation with Master Playboy. She was only distracted by the clock, keeping track of the time so that when it neared three she could break off and call to see if Kitty was home. She also periodically checked her messenger to see if Master Douglas or Kristen came online.

In the two plus hours they had chatted Heather found out that she had learned a lot about Master Playboy, but at the same time it was only enough to ensure that he was still a mystery. He seemed to think she was the one for him because she closely seemed to match his ideal vision of a submissive. While discussing their turn-ons and interest she found that many of them were close. His honesty held her interest. He felt he had nothing to hide, especially if he wanted to find the sub who would be the one for him. He felt they would have to match exactly, and there could be no compromise for a girl to be totally the right one for him, and she found that she could not disagree with his logic.

She excused herself around 2:30 to get dressed and call to see if Kitty was back home. While she was dressing she though over Master Playboy's list of

matching interest. It made her think back to their first, brief conversation, when he had suggested that maybe she had met the wrong master first.

-10-

"Welcome to our home," Kitty greeted as she opened the door. She looked as if she had had a workout. Her hair was in slight disarray, and her skin had a sheen to it that made her look like she had been sweating. The older woman was wearing a thin black tank top, with obviously no bra underneath, and red gym shorts.

"Thank you," Heather replied.

They went to the living room where drinks were already sitting on the coffee table. Earl leaned around the corner of the kitchen and gave her a wave, then went back to whatever he was doing on his laptop at the kitchen table. Kitty lit a cigarette, and then passed the pack to Heather. She lit one for herself, and then sat it in the ashtray to take of drink of the generic grape soda sitting on the table.

"Busy day?" Heather asked.

"Not what you think?" Kitty laughed.

"Oh, really?"

Kitty took a deep drag off her cigarette, and then a sip off her own drink. "I was out with a group from the Society, helping to clean up a lot to convert into a playground."

"Oh," Heather said.

"I think you would know by now that my life does not revolve around sex."

"I know." She felt a little bit small. She always made incorrect assumptions, even after nine months of talking to Kitty about the lifestyle and becoming involved in it herself. Sometimes it seemed the more she thought she was becoming like her friend she would have a chance to learn more from her and see things in another light, and then she would have a moment like this, and that would make her feel further away from being more like the other woman.

"How was last night?" Kitty asked.

"Hellatious," Heather replied. "I spent the first part of the night paranoid that Betty was right and that Meredith had everything figured out. She didn't say anything to me for nearly the whole night."

"But she didn't?"

Heather shook her head. "No. She asked me if I was gaining weight."

Kitty shifted on the couch to get comfortable and scratched the side of her neck. "Where did that come from?"

"It's pretty much a fact," she informed her.

"I'm not seeing it."

"Neither does Bill, but I am, Kitty." She shook her head and looked across to her mentor. "The outfit I wore to Club Electronica in October doesn't fit anymore. I had to about kill myself to get into jeans last night, and I'm pretty sure those aren't the only things in my closet that don't fit."

Kitty looked at her, scrutinizing her face. "I guess it's because we see each other so often. It's probably the same for Bill."

"What's Melissa's excuse?" Heather asked. "She seems to see it."

"I don't know," Kitty replied, obviously being honest. "How did things go with her last night?"

"Fairly well," she informed her. "She acted as normal as she gets while we were out. Then she woke me up in the middle of the night last night. She got her period."

"Ah."

"She was pretty disturbed. And for a little while it was like having her back, when she was younger."

"But?"

Heather sighed. "Today she acted like it wasn't anything she couldn't handle, like it wasn't the first time."

Kitty took another drag off her cigarette. "I wish I could help you with her. All I know to tell you is that there are just some girls who are very well at misbehaving. I've seen a few, from all kinds of backgrounds and environments, and I don't think that environment has much to do with it. It just seems to me to be something inside."

"And in another seven years she's going to be a hellcat," Heather sighed.

"At least you're optimistic. Karen is sure than Jenny is going to lose her virginity before she's 14. I told her if she was that worried she either needed to get her a chastity belt or lock her in a cell until she turns 18."

Heather couldn't help but laugh. She could hardly imagine Kitty saying anything like that to Karen, especially coupled with the fact that Karen Anderson knew nothing about the lifestyle or Kitty's lifelong involvement in it.

"Can I ask you something?" she asked after a minute.

Kitty smiled. "As always you know you can ask me anything."

Heather nodded and put out her cigarette. "Okay." She looked at her mentor and took a slight breath. "I know it was hard, but how hard do you think things were for Sister Fiona?"

"It was terrible, I think," Kitty replied. "She did her best to not and let it show. She wanted to be with Master Chambers, wanted to be His wife. She was happy He could find happiness with others, and she was happy that He found me, but it was something she wanted for herself so bad. I know deep down she had to. And I think if it hadn't been for her children she would have ignored her responsibilities and went to stay with Master Chambers.

"You know there was a great sadness in her under any joy she felt, Heather, you read her letter to me."

Heather nodded.

"You're trying to decide if you can do it, aren't you?"

She nodded again. "Ever since I met Master Douglas I've wanted more, Kitty."

"Yes, I know."

"And I've really started to think about it, what it means, and wondering what I should do. I've actually thought about divorcing Bill."

"You have?" Kitty questioned in a surprised tone. "That's a different step for you."

Heather shook her head. "But I can't." She reached to the table and picked up Kitty's pack of Camel and her lighter. After getting another one out and lighting it she continued. "I can't let Bill go. I can't force him out on his own. He has this simple view of the world and how it operates. If he was to be on his own I don't know what would happen to him. He needs the structure of his life to be the same, and he needs to be with the kids."

"Have you considered the fact that you could divorce and let him have custody of the kids, or that you could have joint custody?" Kitty asked. She leaned across the table and retrieved her lighter and cigarettes.

"No." And it wasn't anything that she had thought about. However, briefly reviewing it in her mind she felt that that wouldn't be an option either. "I think if I did that, no matter what kind of arrangement it is that the kids will think I am abandoning them."

She took a drag and exhaled. Then she took a breath before she went on. "I've tried to separate myself. I have to have time to be a wife and mother, but I also have to have time to explore submission."

Kitty nodded. "You've always known that this wouldn't be an easy prospect."

Your journey into mystery is going to be a difficult one.

"I know. But part of me wants to be free." Heather laughed. "I guess that sounds a little ironic."

"No. Not to me," Kitty said. "Not to someone who has lived in the lifestyle as long as I have. You wish to surrender yourself into the bonds of freedom."

The bonds of freedom? It was a contradiction, Heather knew, and at the same time it was one of the most sensible statements she had heard in months.

"Can you see yourself having a future with Master Douglas, beyond the arrangement you have now?" Kitty questioned. "I know you've only seen him a couple of times over the past month, but one is sure you have had some thoughts."

Heather shrugged and sighed. "You know, I really don't know. At least not when I sit at a distance and look at it." She took a drag off her cigarette. "I know you feel that Him being physically far from me is a good thing, that it will make me have to take things slow. But sometimes-." She stopped herself and laughed. "Okay, most of the time, I don't really want to go so slow."

"And he wants to go slow?"

Covering her eyes with the back of her forearm Heather let out a frustrated groan. "Oh, hell yes." She uncovered her face and looked to her mentor, shaking her head. "No offense to Him and His age and wisdom, but sometimes it's like working with a turtle. At least outside of the bedroom."

Kitty let out her little Georgia peachy laugh at this, and from the kitchen Earl laughed too.

Heather felt a little smile on her twisted lips. "He seems to consider everything a great deal. It's painful. And when I make suggestions or press Him for His thoughts on the future, where we're going and how fast we're going to go, He just tells me *in time*. Everything is *in time*."

"Which is not necessarily a bad thing, Heather."

"I know," she admitted. "I know. I should be reserved and patient." She paused looking for the right thing to say. "And the way He makes me feel, and the way I feel about Him. I feel so loved, Kitty, and I feel so devoted to Him. I love Him, and when He skirts the issue, and when He says things to me that make me feel special it makes my heart feel like it's going to burst."

Kitty shifted on the couch, crossing one leg over the other. She took a drag off her cigarette and exhaled. "But something is missing?"

"A collar," Heather replied. "Something else He assures me is something we should discuss later on, when *we know each other better*."

The other woman sat looking at her, obviously waiting for more. "However?"

Heather shook her head and sighed. "And I guess I'm not sure He's the one for me. Even with all that. Even with the way I feel and the way He makes me feel."

"It's your first time," Kitty said. She uncrossed her legs and leaned forward to rub her cigarette out. "Master Douglas is the first person in the lifestyle that you've been involved with. I'm sure it's a little scary, you want that commitment, and at the same time you're not sure."

Heather nodded.

"Is there anything else that gives you any reason to doubt?"

She looked to her friend through bleary eyes. "There is someone I've been chatting with."

"Okay," Kitty said. From her slightly dismissive tone she sounded as if she expected her to say that.

"The funny thing is he is in Nebraska too," Heather laughed.

"Anyone I know?"

Heather shook her head. "He just came into Bored and chatted with everyone the other night." She sighed. "He's my age. Travels. Very funny and flirty, and totally honest about himself."

"Really?"

Heather shrugged. "He says if he's ever going to find his ideal sub that she has to know everything about him. No surprises.

"And you know a little while ago when you said there wasn't a kink or fetish that I've heard about and didn't want to try?"

"Yes, when we talked last week about you coming to the Spring Social."

"Well it seems that there isn't much that he hasn't tried or isn't willing to," Heather went on. "We both share a lot of the same kinks and the same thoughts. He even suggested maybe I met the wrong master first the very first time we chatted."

"And what do you really think?" Kitty questioned.

"I don't know. When we talk it's like I do feel that way. He's fun and exciting and I want to meet him, even though he hasn't seriously suggested a meeting between us. But then when I think about it later I think that he's too, *I don't know*, wild. He goes to see submissives all over the place. I'm not sure he would settle with one sub. I know he wouldn't want to."

"Then why think about him, Heather?"

She shrugged again. "I don't know. He excites me. And sometimes when he's being really flirty I feel the same things inside I feel when I'm talking with Master Douglas."

"Heather, Heather," Kitty said, shaking her head.

"I'm out of control."

"*No*," Kitty told her, shaking her head. "You're not out of control. When you were having the affair with Freddy you were out of control. Right now, you're in control, you're just worried about being out of control.

"Have you seen anyone else since you've been with Master Douglas?"

Heather shook her head.

"Have you played with anyone else on the computer since you've been seeing him?"

"No," Heather replied. "I haven't even done anything with Bill. And he's kind of made some moves."

"After what happened with Melissa?"

She shook her head. "No, even before that. Before I came over last week he was hugging and kissing me in the kitchen."

"How do you feel about that?"

Heather sighed. Seeing her cigarette had burned itself down to the filter she sat it in the ashtray and picked up Kitty's pack to get another. "I don't want to. When he starts it excites me. He kisses me, and I kiss him back. Then he touches me. And then I think about it, and I just don't want to. I don't want to be with him like that anymore. I don't want him to touch me. It makes me feel guilty."

"But you know if you stay with him at some point you will have to learn to live with that guilt," Kitty said. "I've seen it before. Sister Fiona told me what it was like with her husband before he passed away." She laughed.

"What is it?"

"A funny story," Kitty replied. "I'll tell you in a minute.

“But the point is if you stay with Bill at some point or another there will no doubt be sex. One is sure he would think it was unusual if you suddenly stopped having sex and it continued for years, no matter how disinterested he had been in it since you had Melissa.”

“I know. Him coming on to me this week is enough proof.”

Kitty took a breath as if she were considering what best to say. “Sister Fiona tried to find a way to enjoy it with her husband, even though she did not want to be with him.”

“Saffron said the same thing,” Heather told her. “She said that having sex with her husband was nice and that they had a regular routine.”

“The girl from Spain?” Kitty asked.

Heather nodded. “The only difference is that her husband knows she’s in the lifestyle, and he somewhat approves.”

“Sister Fiona’s husband knew she was too, only he didn’t approve,” Kitty revealed. “However he gave up on trying to cut Master Chambers completely out of her life after a time.”

“Really?”

Kitty nodded. “Which actually brings me to my funny story.”

“Is it the one about the bed and breakfast?” Earl called from the kitchen.

“Yes”, Kitty called back. She paused to light herself another cigarette.

“Bed and breakfast?”

“Yes,” Kitty began. “Early on, when Sister Fiona’s husband learned that Master Chambers was doing more than just taking pictures of her he forbid her from seeing Him, and of course threatened to kill Him, so their relationship was interrupted for several months. Then, when she became pregnant with their first child she grew very depressed. So she contacted Master Chambers, and arranged to meet Him in Charleston, at a bed and breakfast, her leaving on the pretense she was going to visit her mother.

“Well her husband caught wind of what was happening, and drove to stop her from seeing him.” Kitty paused and laughed. “He was just far enough behind them.”

“What happened?” Heather asked.

“Well, you know how it is when you get a chance to be with someone after being apart for a while. They were naked and in bed as soon as Master got there. And then within a few minutes her husband was outside, pounding at the door.” Kitty stopped, laughing hard. “It didn’t stop J.J.

"She told me she said, Oh, God, Ronald's here.

"And He said He wasn't going to stop,

"And she said that made her so hot that she stated to come a little, and the longer it lasted, the more vocal she became."

She let out a loud laugh and covered her mouth. Then she took another drag off her cigarette. "Just try to picture this situation, because it is something out of a very bad foreign comedy movie: she's three months pregnant, getting fucked by her Master and being very loud about how much she enjoys it, her husband is outside the door, throwing a fit and threatening to shoot J.J. as soon as he can get through the door, the owners of the bed and breakfast are yelling at him, then yelling at Fiona and Master that they are calling the police, and J.J. just kept going and didn't stop until He came."

Seeing it in her mind Heather couldn't help but laugh.

Kitty smiled. "Master escaped through the window, and she wrapped herself up in a sheet and opened the door to let her husband and the couple who owned the B-N-B in." She laughed again. "Needless to say she was not welcome there ever again."

Heather laughed, and from the kitchen Earl joined her. "That is funny, and kind of-"

"Romantic," Kitty finished.

"Yes. I guess lifestyle romance is a little different from regular romance."

"It depends on the people involved."

"Everyone in the lifestyle is so different," Heather observed. "They're different from one another. Their relationships are different. Their fetishes and kinks and desires are all so different. Everyone I've met in chat and gotten to know, they're all on different planes and in such different areas. I don't see how people can find someone that shares the same wants and needs in the lifestyle find each other." She listened to herself in her head, realizing her last statement wasn't quite right. "That doesn't make any sense."

"I know what you mean."

Kitty nodded. "But it's just the tip of the iceberg. At the Social you will be there in real life, surrounded by many people who are part of the lifestyle and involved in different areas."

"And seeing all of that, being the way I am," Heather began. "Will I be able to handle that? Or will I go into overload?"

Her friend gave her a sympathetic smile. “If one didn’t think you could handle it she wouldn’t bring you.”

“Are you really sure, Kitty?”

“Yes,” the older woman told her. “I think seeing other people out there who are in the lifestyle, in the flesh, and meeting other submissives other than myself, in the flesh, will be a big help.

“I think that the Social is going to be a very important event in your life.”

Of course at the time neither one of them knew how true Kitty’s statement would turn out to be. The night of the Spring Lifestyle Social at Master Schrader’s would find Heather coming face to face with her destiny. Unfortunately, for many reasons, some beyond her control, that destiny would be passed by for nearly three years.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO:
Joking Around Is Fun Until S/someone Gets Hurt

-1-

Over the next couple of weeks Heather grew more nervous and excited as the day of the Spring Social approached. She had gone on several small shopping trips, a couple of times with Betty tagging along, to *"stock up"* on items that she was going to *"buy"* on her made-up shopping trip with Kitty. Luckily she had found herself in need of a new wardrobe. She bought new jeans and a couple of dressy blouses and tucked them away in old Lane Bryant and Plus Up 4 U bags. Along with them she picked out a couple of the less provocative items that Master Douglas had sent her, such as the peach bra and panties, and a semi shear black gown.

Of course there were items for Bill and the kids as well. She found him some new shirts, and new underwear, of which she had noticed that he was in need of. She found some wrestling t-shirts and a new game that had just come out for Terry. And then for Melissa she had bought several long night shirts, new jeans, earrings, and a CD that Betty suggested because it was from some new singer that all the girls were going crazy over.

She also managed to sneak in a couple of items that she thought of as being for Master Douglas. She found a paneled, short, black skirt that just covered her ass. A sea green teddy and garter set. And crotchless black panties, and a bra that had holes for the nipples to poke out through. Luckily she had Betty to help with that, the only person other than Kitty she knew who would be able to help her track down plus sized lingerie. Or as Betty called it, *fat girl porno-wear*.

The fact that she was even going on a shopping trip to Tampa with Kitty had not raised a single eyebrow from Bill. She had gone there with Kitty once before, but Karen Anderson and Deena Jung had gone along as well. Usually Betty and Karen were her shopping partners whenever she went as far as Tampa or Gainesville to shop, and the only times she ever gone with only one other person it had always been with Betty. But Bill seemed to take no notice that it was just going to be her and Kitty, and it made her wonder if he paid any attention of who she went with on any of her other shopping trips at all.

Done with her "preshopping" Heather had taken everything to Betty's and placed it in her front hall closet. Betty's house was where she and Kitty were going to stop and change into something more appropriate on the way to the Social, since evening wear or fat girl porno-wear would definitely catch Bill's attention if they were wearing it when they left for a shopping trip.

Her best friend had watched her as she placed the bags in her closet. "You know I'm sneaky," she observed. "But you and grandma are taking sneaky to a new level."

"I guess I am," she admitted.

"Well, good thing you keep the books."

And that was true. Bill would probably have no clue how much money had been spent on the shopping trip without her telling him, and he would definitely not know that her purchases had been made in advance. He would remain, as he always did, blissfully ignorant of her activities, illicit or otherwise.

Late on Thursday night, a week and two days before the social, Master Playboy had popped up online as she waited to see if Master Douglas was going to show up. She had been half expecting him to since on Tuesday morning he had told her he would probably be back on online sometime after ten on Thursday.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: greetings heather

She had smiled to herself, looking at the IM box when it popped up. As soon as the alert came up that he was online she had been sure that the first thing he would do was IM her, and she had counted the seconds to herself, only getting to two before the window was on the screen.

flafemsub_bbw: greetings Master Playboy

flafemsub_bbw: home again?

She looked at what she had written. After he had left to go to Idaho she had changed her font to Porky's to match the one he used in chat.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yes I am
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and, oh you're using My other font

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: it looked so fun

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well I do like to use fun things

flafemsub_bbw: one is sure that you do Sir
flafemsub_bbw: lol

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol

She laughed trying to imagine what he would look like laughing based on the picture he had sent her the other night.

flafemsub_bbw: so was idaho a fun place to be?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh yes
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: very much so

flafemsub_bbw: really Sir?

There was a loud ding, and a warning popped up on her screen.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge Is Sending You Multiple Files

Heather clicked accept and the window minimized itself as a transfer progress bar popped up at the bottom of the screen.

flafemsub_bbw: are these juicy pics Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yeah
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you might need to get a sponge to soak the mess up off your pc

Looking at the two lines she saw that he had now switched his IM font to Porky's as well.

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: you changed Your font Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yeah

flafemsub_bbw: feeling like fun?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well….chatting with you makes Me feel like fun

She could feel a huge smile spreading across her face.

flafemsub_bbw: ty Sir :)

A glance at the progress bar showed her the process was only half complete.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: so is the ball this week or next week?

flafemsub_bbw: next week Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: good…..next week's good for Me
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: what does one need to do to get invited?

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: are You a member of the Clover Leaf Society?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: mmmm….never heard of it

flafemsub_bbw: one is sorry Sir but only a member could invite S/someone

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: aaaah….and you said you were not a member

flafemsub_bbw: no and even if one was she couldn't invite You
flafemsub_bbw: only a Master or Mistress can invite another Master

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh well One guesses He will need to meet a member in good standing ;)

flafemsub_bbw: will do her best to become a member Sir :)

The chime went off, and she glanced to see that the progress bar had disappeared.

flafemsub_bbw: transfer is done Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yes I saw
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: go ahead and take a look

flafemsub_bbw: okay Sir

Heather maximized the transfer window and saw that he had sent her over 50 pictures. She set the viewer to filmstrip and opened the first picture. Master Playboy was in bed with a very plump red head who looked a head shorter than he was, despite the fact they were tangled in the sheets. She was aware of being aroused by just looking at the first picture. There was not too much she could tell, but it was obvious that they were engaged.

She switched to the second picture and the woman had her head thrown back, a look of sweet ecstasy on her face. The top of Master Playboy's head was visible, and she assumed that he was sucking on her neck.

flafemsub_bbw: she's very cute Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: isn't she though?

The third picture was a little further back. They were close to the edge of the bed, and she could just make out that he was putting his cock in her. Then the next picture was closer, her legs were pushed up off the mattress and he was half in her ass as she lay on her back.

Heather found that image definitely arousing. Having had anal sex a handful of times with only a few partners she had always been on her knees. She had never seen, or even imagined, that it was possible to have it done while lying on her back.

flafemsub_bbw: who is taking the pictures Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: pixie's husband
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: he likes to watch
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and participate
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: hehehehehehehehe

She went to the next picture, another close up which seemed to prove his point. In this one he was buried in her ass to the balls, his hands gripping her waist. There was a look of bliss on her face, and an extra male hand coming into frame, squeezing her right breast.

flafemsub_bbw: cuckold Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: naw
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but definitely bi
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and where did a girl like you learn a term like cuckold anyway?

Heather covered her mouth and laughed.

flafemsub_bbw: pixie's husband is REALLY bi?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: OH YES :D

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: any pics of him in here?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: a few
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: how far are you?

flafemsub_bbw: only to 5 and You sent 50

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well…you know….
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: he did have to stop and transfer the pics to the computer in about the middle
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: so I had to condense it down so it was manageable enough for you to see

flafemsub_bbw: lol

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and why does E/everyone think I'm joking when I say stuff like that?

Heather shook her head and laughed harder. Then she clicked to the next picture. Master Playboy was taking her from behind. In the one after that there was another close up, this one an underneath view of him taking pixie from behind.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: good visits with photogenic couples and swingers is like a visit to Disney World, but better
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: take a picture with their camera it cost you
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: take one with yours it's free
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but with couples and swingers I keep both sets for free :D

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: usually goes to disney once a year
flafemsub_bbw: knows what you are talking about Sir

She went to the next picture.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh that's right

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you need to let Me know the next time you go
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: will help make sure it's the happiest place on earth

Heather grinned.

flafemsub_bbw: oh really Sir
flafemsub_bbw: how?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: by making you the 1,000th moaning ghost in the haunted house
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol

She finally took a look at the next picture. There was a hand between pixie's legs, she was not sure who's, rubbing her pussy as Playboy filled her with his cock. She realized that she hadn't been paying attention with the first few, but judging her against him she felt pretty sure that he was a very nice size. At least as big as Master Douglas.
Again her thoughts were making her feel aroused.

flafemsub_bbw: still none of pixie's husband
flafemsub_bbw: is he endowed?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well…..not to brag…..but no
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but he does have a cute little uncut cock that is quite a suckable mouthful
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: 8===D O:

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: very kinky Sir

She started clicking through the pictures a little faster, slowing down for what she thought were the more interesting ones. And when she reached the more interesting ones she caught herself pausing and rubbing herself through her sweats. Her favorites were one of pixie's pixie and butterfly tattoo with several large spots of Playboy's cum beside it. It was followed by a pair of pics, one showing him licking some of it off her, and the other of a bearded man she knew was pixie's husband doing the same.

Getting into the realm of the even kinkier was a picture of pixie and her husband kissing and licking Playboy's cock. Seeing this she had visions in her head of Kitty and Earl doing the same thing with Master Dmitri, or Master Matthew or some other nameless man.

The final picture, obviously taken with the use of a timer, was the three of them standing naked in the kitchen of pixie's house. They all looked happy, and definitely like they were having fun. So, Idaho had indeed been fun for Master Playboy.

flafemsub_bbw: would love to have pics like this taken

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well you seem to be on your way there

flafemsub_bbw: :)
flafemsub_bbw: not sure that her Master could take pics like that

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well…..
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you just need Me along to hold the camera
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and suck your Master's cock
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and lick your pussy

flafemsub_bbw: mmmmm Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and fuck your well used hole

flafemsub_bbw: yes

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: are you……

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: touching yourself heather?

She realized that her middle and index finger were pressed hard against her clit through her sweats.

flafemsub_bbw: no
flafemsub_bbw: * giggles *
flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir
flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: then I guess you had better stop

Well, that was true. She was waiting for Master Douglas, hoping they would play when He came on. *If He came on*. But then on the other hand she also wanted to play with Master Playboy, and she was finding that it wasn't just online that she wanted to play with him either.

flafemsub_bbw: :(guesses You're right

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: not that I don't want to….
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: ….but like I said before I think you're special

Heather smiled. And she could feel her heart going thud, thud, just the way it did when Master Douglas made her feel special and loved.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I would really love to
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: once W/we know each other a little better

flafemsub_bbw: god please don't say that Sir
flafemsub_bbw: it is what Master Morel always says to put one off

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you don't have to worry about Me putting you off unnecessarily heather

She smiled at his response, feeling her cheeks growing warmer.

flafemsub_bbw: may one save the pictures Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: of course
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: it is why One sent them to you

Heather saved the pictures onto the hard drive, filing them away in a private file marked Playboy & pixie. She had thoughts of using them as visual aids for play with her Wonder Bullets. At the time she had no clue that this quick and simple act would someday come back to haunt her.

flafemsub_bbw: do you often send pics like this Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: not really…..no
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: usually one or two here and there
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I only send large batches to ones I really like

flafemsub_bbw: and You really like this one?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: very much

She smiled at the screen. She wanted to swoon, and it didn't seem odd to her in the least that she was having these feelings for someone she never met, who had just sent her pictures of him having sex with another woman and her husband that were not even a week old. It seemed natural to feel this way with him, nearly too natural.

flafemsub_bbw: how special do You think this one really is Sir?

Heather found that couldn't resist asking.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: One has already decided that He will not feel His life is complete until He has been with you
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: taken you
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: used you
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: loved you in every possible way

She shivered, mindlessly reaching up and cupping her left breast through her sweat top and pressing to feel the nipple. She imagined what it would be like for him to touch her. Opening her eyes she looked at the screen. Then she put both hands back on the keyboard.

flafemsub_bbw: what is your first name Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: Shawn

Master Shawn, Heather though to herself. She closed her eyes and opened her legs. Knowing his name she felt in that instant that she needed to meet him, at least once, as much as he felt the need to meet her.

"Master Shawn," she said aloud. She liked the way it sounded from her lips.

-2-

The Friday night before the Spring Social Heather had made no pretense of going to sleep. She went into chat right after dinner, taking breaks to watch a little TV with Bill, have a snack, and to peek out into the hall to see if there was any light spilling out from under the kids' doors. They both finally went to sleep sometime after eleven. At that time she had made herself a mug of hot chocolate, a glass of Mountain Dew, and grabbed a couple of granola bars to take to the spare bedroom with her.

Bored Like Hell was loaded that night, and for Heather it felt like a lot of attention was on her, especially when someone she knew entered the room. Around 11:30 nearly everyone was there, including all the regulars, Master Douglas, Kitty, and even Betty. Surrounded by everyone, and getting so much attention definitely made her feel like she was 16 again. She had that excitement that bordered between the excitement she would feel at a slumber party, getting ready to go on a shopping trip with her girlfriends, or planning to sneak off somewhere in the middle of the night.

flafemsub_bbw: is back

sweetandshaven_mo: wb sis

topazblue48: wb heather

Master_Morel: wb silly girl

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *

fat_sweaty_betty: wb to the kink house heather

sassyone67: lol @ kink house

sensualmaiden1999: lol @ betty

She maximized her IM window to see that Master Douglas had added nothing to it in her absence. She half expected to find nothing, but she had hoped He would have added, *missing you My silly girl*, or something to that effect.

topazblue48: are you going to bed anytime soon heather?
topazblue48: by one's watch tomorrow is coming really fast

flafemsub_bbw: not sure one can sleep but you can go when you're ready

topazblue48: one isn't going until you do

sweetandshaven_mo: lol
sweetandshaven_mo: fraid your gonna miss somepthin topaz?

topazblue48: one never knows

sassyone67: lol @ topaz
sassyone67: you think anything exciting is going to happen in this room topaz

topazblue48: lol
topazblue48: well yes one always seems to miss things when they happen

fat_sweaty_betty: heather will tell you if anything good happens grandma
fat_sweaty_betty: go on and get your beauty sleep
fat_sweaty_betty: you need it
fat_sweaty_betty: hag

sassyone67: lol

Master_Morel: that is a little rude betty

fat_sweaty_betty: oh she's used to it

sweetandshaven_mo: lol
sweetandshaven_mo: knows

flafemsub_bbw: she is right Sir

topazblue48: not to worry Master Morel this one can handle herself
topazblue48: < ----------one looks better naked

fat_sweaty_betty: < -------one says you're full of shit :P

topazblue48: thinks you can't handle the truth

fat_sweaty_betty: * thinks she looks like the poky little puppy and *topazblue48* looks like the saggy baggy elephant *
fat_sweaty_betty: lol

topazblue48: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lmmfao @ saggy baggy elephant

flafemsub_bbw: lmao

Master_Vyper2000: doesn't know about saggy baggy elephant
Master_Vyper2000: but there's a trunk in His pants

2scorpioDL_nz: lol Master Vyper

iowa_sub: lol

delicate_rose: lol @ M. Vyper

Heather laughed.

fantasyland2000: keep dreaming Master
fantasyland2000: < -------knows the reality

sassyone67: omg fan lol

Finally the chime went off on Master Douglas's IM box.

Master_Morel: your friend betty is quite rude

flafemsub_bbw: it is her way Sir

Master_Morel: you she and topaz all know each other in real life

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir, and they are always that way together

Master_Morel: does she ever say anything nice?

Heather smiled, considering her answer.

flafemsub_bbw: she thinks you have a very nice cock Sir

Master_Morel: * BLUSHES :) *

In the room sassy was trying to get her attention.

sassyone67: waves @ heather

flafemsub_bbw: yes sass?

sassyone67: knows one has only asked a couple of times
sassyone67: but you are excited about tomorrow?
sassyone67: :)

flafemsub_bbw: one is very excited

Master_Morel: one is excited for His girl

flafemsub_bbw: :) @ being His girl

fat_sweaty_betty: opens mouth inserts finger

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao @ betty

An IM chime went off and a window from Kristen popped up in the corner of the screen.

sweetandshaven_mo: she's bad
sweetandshaven_mo: jealous?

flafemsub_bbw: probably, she's not used to me being the center of attention

She glanced back down at the chat tread in the room.

asscushion4women: what is tomorrow?

Mistress_Saybin: heather is going to a lifestyle social tomorrow

asscushion4women: a munch Mistress?

topazblue48: a little more formal and structured than a munch asscushion

asscushion4women: wow

asscushion4women: you are lucky flafem

flafemsub_bbw: ty :)
flafemsub_bbw: one knows

fat_sweaty_betty: yawns

iowa_sub: she is lucky betty
iowa_sub: would die to do something in r/l

fat_sweaty_betty: knows when heather is lucky
fat_sweaty_betty: she was lucky when she lost her virginity in the back of my car
fat_sweaty_betty: she was lucky when her mom almost caught her and dan nelson and she didn't notice his clothes all over her room or his legs sticking out from under her bed when she was 16
fat_sweaty_betty: she was lucky when she got her period the first month she started dating her husband because she had been sweating it after she missed one after she broke up with the guy she went out with before him
fat_sweaty_betty: she was lucky to meet a hot mexican on here and have lots of monkey love without being caught by her husband

flafemsub_bbw: puerto rican

sweetandshaven_mo: puerto rican

Heather couldn't help but laugh at Kristen posting her correction at the same time.

sensualmaiden1999: lol @ double puerto rican
sensualmaiden1999: JINX!

fat_sweaty_betty: whatever
fat_sweaty_betty: he fucked like a mexican
fat_sweaty_betty: < -------knows

tmc31: what he fucked like or the diff between mexican and rican fucking bet bet?

fat_sweaty_betty: both :P

sweetandshaven_mo: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol

tmc31: gets ready to take notes

sassyone67: wonders if she's getting Master Skullhead's steno pad

sweetandshaven_mo: lol @ that sassy

tmc31: now…she writes…..is mexican and rican diff from black? or have you ever…you know…..?

fat_sweaty_betty: < ---------*KNOWS*

topazblue48: oh my betty
topazblue48: lol

fat_sweaty_betty: all three different
fat_sweaty_betty: but loves chocolatta the best :)
fat_sweaty_betty: even better than vanilla-illa

tmc31: wooohoooooo bet!

sassyone67: lol @ chocolatta
sassyone67: < ---------- chocolatta
sassyone67: loves vanillia-illla Masters :D

sweetandshaven_mo: lmmfao @ sassy

iowa_sub: dreamz of chocolatta

MasterMind: < --------is white

MasterSkullhead: is white

One_True_Master: * frowns and rubs His chin *

Master_Vyper2000: is a 100% pure north carolina white boy sassy :)

2scorpioDL_nz: lol @ iowa

Master Douglas's IM chime went off. Heather maximized His window.

Master_Morel: this is all a little irreverent

flafemsub_bbw: but it is all in good fun Sir

Master_Morel: I suppose
Master_Morel: k's room is informal
Master_Morel: unlike what you are going to tomorrow
Master_Morel: perhaps it is good to get you silliness out before then
Master_Morel: silly girl :)

flafemsub_bbw: * smiles *
flafemsub_bbw: besides Sir…..wouldn't You?

Master_Morel: wouldn't I what heather?

flafemsub_bbw: wouldn't You like to see one going… black?

Master_Morel: * BLUSHES :) *
Master_Morel: you naughty girl
Master_Morel: One's cock is growing hard

flafemsub_bbw: :)

She felt a smile spread across her face as she glanced back to the chat tread of the room.

flutter_by_pixie: hello R/roomies

sweetandshaven_mo: hey pix

iowa_sub: hi pixie
iowa_sub: hugsssssssss

flutter_by_pixie: hugs iowa back ty

2scorpioDL_nz: hey pix!

flutter_by_pixie: hey scorp
flutter_by_pixie: has Playboy been in tonight?

sweetandshaven_mo: hasn't seen Him yet pix
sweetandshaven_mo: but as you see there is a real crowd tonight
sweetandshaven_mo: Hims might be here somewhere

Heather eyed the exchange, thinking to herself a little. Pixie and scorp talked like old friends ever since they had both begun hanging out in Bored. She knew that both knew Master Playboy had met with each of them nearly back to back, and it didn't seem to bother either of them in the least, or the fact that he was flirty in the room and obviously looking to hook up with other girls, even with them present.

Though she realized that Master Playboy, Shawn, had that effect. She knew she was interested, and he made her feel special, despite the fact that he seemed to have no intention of slowing down or being monogamous to anyone. He seemed to like things being complicated as well. Pixie was of course married, though her husband was a more than willing participant. Scorp was under the protection of a Master who lived close to her, and that was where the DL from her ID came from. When they had chatted the week before he had told her that everyone over the age of 18, male, female or otherwise, was fair game, with one exception: he would not play with anyone who was collared. Married was for

some reason okay, but collared by another Master was a line he would not cross, unless expressly invited.

It was a strange ethic, she felt. Definitely different.

flutter_by_pixie: so what is everyone talking about?
flutter_by_pixie: am i missing anything

2scorpDL_nz: betty and tmc were talking about ir pix

flutter_by_pixie: internal relations?

sub_pearly: lol @ pixie

tmc31: interracial

flutter_by_pixie: :) mmmmmmm really?

sassyone67: lol

fat_sweaty_betty: ok that would be four for chocolatta and one for vanilla-illla

sweetandshaven_mo: lmao @ vanilla-illla

sensualmaiden1999: one didn't know there was a poll bet
sensualmaiden1999: lol

fat_sweaty_betty: isn't one maiden, just keeping count

flafemsub_bbw: lol

tmc31: maybe W/we should take one

sensualmaiden1999: saw you betty and pixie…who's the 4th one?

tmc31: iowa

iowa_sub: me

mtanagrl: not too sure about mixing races

sub_pearly: this one either mtana
sub_pearly: but to E/each their O/own

Heather found herself wondering what was going to come next. She switched back to Master Douglas's IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: are You thinking about it Sir? :)

Master_Morel: thinking about what

flafemsub_bbw: You taking pictures of a girl on her knees
flafemsub_bbw: mmmmm….sucking a thick black…..

Master_Morel: * BLUSHES :) *
Master_Morel: naughty girl
Master_Morel: is going to take off His boxers
Master_Morel: you have made Me very hard with your nasty ideas

flafemsub_bbw: mmmmmmmmmm…

She giggled to herself. But then the thought of Him half naked made her squirm a little too.

tmc31: okay…..L/let's poll
tmc31: raises her hand
tmc31: knows it's not a secret to E/everyone

iowa_sub: has once

fat_sweaty_betty: likes mixing a little chocolatta in her life

vintage_vagina: raises her hand to admit to being curious

flutter_by_pixie: raises her hand…..have been in 3 3somes with black men and her hubby

sassyone67: raises her hand….because she has sex with black men in her "vanilla" life

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao

Mistress_Saybin: puts up Her hand
Mistress_Saybin: One can't be this big without attracting black men
Mistress_Saybin: was always vanilla fucking of course ;)

sensualmaiden1999: lol
sensualmaiden1999: really Mistress Saybin?
sensualmaiden1999: wow

asscushion4women: woo-hoo Mistress :)

MasterMind: thinks ir sex is hot

Master_Vyper2000: thinks it would be hot to see a certain red head being done by black
Master_Vyper2000: :P

fantasyland2000: ummm….sorry Master, but You know that isn't my thing
fantasyland2000: no offense to A/anyone but……
fantasyland2000: < ----------is white only!

sensualmaiden1999: lol fan

delicate_rose: lol @ fan
delicate_rose: although….puts up her hand….not opposed to giving it a try

mtanagrl: think she still agrees with fan

The chat tread in the room slowed to a stop for a moment. And looking over everyone's responses Heather found she couldn't resist being a little mischievous.

flafemsub_bbw: raises k's hand for her

Kristen's IM chime instantly when off.

sweetandshaven_mo: oh ty for outing me sis

flafemsub_bbw: np

sweetandshaven_mo: one was getting to it

flafemsub_bbw: sure you were :P

And then there was another chat pause in Kristen's IM box. Heather watched the blinking cursor with a little smile on her face. That was until the other woman suddenly exploded.

sweetandshaven_mo: OKAY I WASN'T HEATHER
sweetandshaven_mo: BUT SINCE YOU DECIDED TO MAKE MY PRIVATE LIFE PUBLIC FOR THE WHOLE FRIGGIN ROOM……

Heather felt like she had just been slapped in the face. Kristen was angry with her, something she had never been before. And she wanted to kick herself for being so dumb. Kristen was right. It was her own business, and she had no right to tell everyone in Bored, even if the subject was being discussed.

sweetandshaven_mo: * BLUSHES :) *
sweetandshaven_mo: okay…raises her hand on her own…tried chocolatta once

tmc31: you have k?
tmc31: you?

fantasyland2000: wow k really?

sassyone67: would have never had a clue

One_True_Master: Me either

fat_sweaty_betty: woo-hoooos sweet

iowa_sub: wooohooo k

Master_Vyper2000: raises an eyebrow
Master_Vyper2000: * pats His lap and tells *sweetnahaven69* come sit with Me :) *

fantasyland2000: HEY!
fantasyland2000: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: it was just one time
sweetandshaven_mo: not too long after me and hubby separated
sweetandshaven_mo: one was curious

Heather took a breath and typed into Kristen's IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: i'm sorry sis
flafemsub_bbw: i wasn't thinking

sweetandshaven_mo: is okay
sweetandshaven_mo: am sorry i yelled sis
sweetandshaven_mo: but pls don't ever do that to me again
sweetandshaven_mo: not that i'm ashamed……but True is in the room
sweetandshaven_mo: and W/we've had a few hot IMs as you know
sweetandshaven_mo: and He's not a nazi or kkk but He is definitely against ir
sweetandshaven_mo: even if it's just once

flafemsub_bbw: sis i'm so sorry

She could feel tears brimming in her eyes. She had definitely not meant to embarrass Kristen, or cause her any grief.

sweetandshaven_mo: it's okay sis
sweetandshaven_mo: a girl is collared in r/l

But she could imagine that her friend still thought it was nice to play. It made her realize she had probably just robbed her friend of her own Playboy.

sweetandshaven_mo: so that takes care of ones who have
sweetandshaven_mo: hows about more ones that want to?

Heather couldn't help but smile. Kristen played off whatever she was feeling well enough that no one else in the room would suspect that she had not wanted to be a part of the discussion.

flafemsub_bbw: raises her hand

Master_Morel: * BLUSHES :) *
Master_Morel: has a very naughty and horny girl on His hands

fat_sweaty_betty: you have no idea old man……lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lol

2scorpioDL_nz: raises her hand….is curious but no black men round here
2scorpioDL_nz: just lots-a-sheep

sassyone67: lol @ lots-a-sheep scorp

flutter_by_pixie: maybe Playboy should bring you to play here scorp

2scorpioDL_nz: loves that thought pix :)

iowa_sub: jumps up and down raising her hand
iowa_sub: wants to try chocolatta again badly
iowa_sub: needs to help tmc with one of her gangbangs

Master_Vyper2000: lol @ iowa

Master_Morel: lol iowa

fat_sweaty_betty: lol

tmc31: will scooch over and give you room on the bed iowa

flutter_by_pixie: lol tmc
flutter_by_pixie: there enough room for me 2?

sassyone67: oh my girls

MasterSkullhead: knows a place where they make specialty size beds

sweetandshaven_mo: lmmfao @ Skullhead

sassyone67: is going to send tmc, iowa and pixie a care package of rubbers

flafemsub_bbw: lol sassy

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao @ sassy

tmc31: hey I already told you A/all
tmc31: < -------is a pure bareback girl
tmc31: NO RUBBERS!!!!!!!!!!

fantasyland2000: eeeeeeewwwwwwwwwwwww eeewwwww
fantasyland2000: ack
fantasyland2000: * *fantasyland2000* acks at *tmc31* *

topazblue48: actually hates condoms and is very curious about black men
topazblue48: hand up

sweetandshaven_mo: omg topaz
sweetandshaven_mo: who knew

Master_Morel: wow topaz
Master_Morel: you surprised Me

topazblue48: * giggles * sir

fat_sweaty_betty: wow grandma…you go for it!

flafemsub_bbw: < --------knew that about her mentor all along

topazblue48: * BLUSHES :) *
topazblue48: lol

Heather clicked back on Master Douglas's IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: is thinking

Master_Morel: naughty thoughts One knows

flafemsub_bbw: would be great if topaz found a black man
flafemsub_bbw: then took a girl and had him teach her what it was like

Master_Morel: you are very naughty silly girl

flafemsub_bbw: :)

Master_Morel: I wish W/we were together
Master_Morel: pulls the foreskin off His cock head

Heather gasped and shivered.

flafemsub_bbw: one wishes you had a cam Master so she could see

A tone went off and a message window popped up.

Master_Morel has invited you to view their web cam

Heather clicked on accept and a window popped up, and after a moment His chubby face filled the center of the window.

Master_Morel: hi

She smiled, and when she went to type in a response she realized that her hands were shaky.

flafemsub_bbw: one did not know you had a cam Sir

Master_Morel: ;)
Master_Morel: you never asked if I had one

On the viewer window His hand reached out and blackened the picture. There were a few blurry moments as He adjusted it. Finally it settled on His crotch. Nothing was clear, and her eyes widened as He apparently turned on another light, then the image blurred again as He gave it a couple of more nudges. After that she could clearly see His cock and balls. He was fully erect, and he took it in one hand nearly to the top of the shaft and moved the foreskin on and off the head.

Heather quickly clicked back onto the Bored Like Hell window.

flafemsub_bbw: bbl
flafemsub_bbw: Master Morel too

sweetandshaven_mo: woooohooooo heather

flutter_by_pixie: you go girl

Of course it only took that instant to realize her mistake. Glancing at the chatter's list on her chat screen she saw a little camera icon by Master Douglas's name, and since she could see it she knew everyone else in the room saw it. He Himself was too engrossed on waiting to see what she was going to say next, so luckily He did not see the string of lol's and cat calls in the room that she did. She decided not to tell Him, because if she did she was sure He was going to stop.

MasterSkullhead: oh another show and no popcorn

Master_Vyper2000: adjusts the knobs on His screen to see if He can tune in an image

sweetandshaven_mo: ah Vyper….Morel is the only O/one with the cam on

sassyone67: lol

topazblue48: lol

Master_Vyper2000: closes His eyes and tries to imagine what Morel is imagining

fat_sweaty_betty: gets the mop

sensualmaiden1999: lmfoa @ bet

Heather minimized the Bored Like Hell window so she could concentrate on Master Douglas. Although Betty's last statement made her think.

flafemsub_bbw: brb Sir
flafemsub_bbw: one should get towels

In the viewer window she could see Him take His hand off Himself.

Master_Morel: probably a good idea

Master_Morel: will do the same here

She got up and went straight to the hall bathroom, taking two towels from under the sink. Then she went straight back and closed the spare bedroom door behind her, locking it. She folded a towel and sat it in the seat, then shimmied pulling her panties down. She was just about to step one foot out when she noticed an IM box on top of her screen.

fat_sweaty_betty: is he playing with his TUG boat for you heather?
fat_sweaty_betty: lol

Heather sighed to herself. She kicked her panties off and x-ed out the IM. Under it was another one from Kitty.

topazblue48: if it takes too long let me know
topazblue48: one should probably get some sleep

She closed that window and turned her attention to Master Douglas. She was about so make a suggestive statement when the chime went off and another IM box appeared on the screen.

sweetandshaven_mo: thinks yer cammin sis

Well at least that made her feel forgiven from her mistake a few minutes earlier.

flafemsub_bbw: IS cammin so please <u>DO NOT DISTURB</u>

<u>sweetandshaven_mo</u>: lol

She x-ed out Kristen's box and sat back in her seat, opening her legs. It was time to enjoy.

flafemsub_bbw: is all Yours Master

It turned out to be a one towel session for the both of them. Once He had cleaned Himself up and they chatted about ten more minutes He excused Himself to turn in for the night. After He had signed out Heather took the towel out of the chair and threw it in the corner. Then she put the fresh towel in its place and sat back down.

God, I want a cigarette. And that would be easy enough. She could just tell Kitty that she wanted one and run down the street. She maximized her messenger window and highlighted Kitty's name. As the blank IM box appeared on the screen the chime went off and another IM box popped up on.

flutter_by_pixie: hello
flutter_by_pixie: saw your Master leave
flutter_by_pixie: hopes i'm not bothering you

Instead of sending a message to Kitty she decided to answer her.

flafemsub_bbw: no, not at all
flafemsub_bbw: was just thinking of running for a smoke

flutter_by_pixie: don't let me hold you up

flafemsub_bbw: no, it's okay

flutter_by_pixie: Master Playboy was talking about you the other day
flutter_by_pixie: i got the impression he really likes you

flafemsub_bbw: yes….one likes him too

flutter_by_pixie: he showed you some of our pics

flafemsub_bbw: yes
flafemsub_bbw: one thought they were very hot

flutter_by_pixie: he directed me to your blog and i saw yours

flutter_by_pixie: i think you're pretty hot too

flafemsub_bbw: ty :)

flutter_by_pixie has invited you to view their web cam

Heather let out a little laugh. Then she clicked accept. It couldn't hurt to see. The first thing she saw was the pixie and butterfly tattoo. It was quickly obscured as a hand appeared in the image. She used two fingers to open her lips, and then slowly began diddling her middle finger over her clit.

Heather felt her breath catch in her throat as she watched pixie. She had never seen another woman play with herself before, other than in cheap pornos. She slipped her left and down and ran her pinky over her own clit.

flafemsub_bbw: very nice

flutter_by_pixie: :) ty
flutter_by_pixie: would love for you to come here and play with Master Playboy sometime
flutter_by_pixie: my husband and me think you're really hot

Oh it was. *So fucking hot*.

flutter_by_pixie: you can bring your Master too
flutter_by_pixie: the more the better :)

flafemsub_bbw: is flattered but is afraid she can't travel

flutter_by_pixie: husband?

flafemsub_bbw: and children

flutter_by_pixie: i see

In the viewer window she dipped her middle finger deep into the folds of her pussy.

flutter_by_pixie: well if you ever do get up this way…even with your hubby

The viewer window went black as she turned her cam off.

flutter_by_pixie: hopes you get a cam someday so i can see you too
flutter_by_pixie: ;)

flafemsub_bbw: ty

flutter_by_pixie: see you in the room cutie :)

flafemsub_bbw: be there in a minute

She took her hand from between her legs and closed out pixie's IM window. She really did need a cigarette now.

flafemsub_bbw: is back

sweetandshaven_mo: wb sis

topazblue48: wb heather

Master_Vyper2000: is all ears and waiting heather

delicate_rose: lol M. Vyper

flutter_by_pixie: wb heather :)

Heather gave everyone in the room enough time to welcome her back and have a few laughs at her expense.

flafemsub_bbw: topaz

topazblue48: yes heather

flafemsub_bbw: needs a cigarette

sweetandshaven_mo: wooohooooo sis

sassyone67: lol

topazblue48: will be expecting you to knock in 5 minutes
topazblue48: and will bid E/everyone else a good night

sensualmaiden1999: aw topaz

iowa_sub: pls don't leave yet
iowa_sub: come and stay as long as heather

topazblue48: would love to iowa, but a girl has a big day and needs her rest

fat_sweaty_betty: not to mention her beauty sleep

topazblue48: lol

fat_sweaty_betty: is gonna call it a night too

sweetandshaven_mo: :(

fat_sweaty_betty: have to go in early
fat_sweaty_betty: plus some people are coming to use my house for a changing room, and I need to put locks on my valuables

flafemsub_bbw: A/anyone W/we know bet * wink wink *

fat_sweaty_betty: just you and some old hag :P

topazblue48: lol

sassyone67: oh my lol

topazblue48: don't worry bet
topazblue48: < --------is much too small to fit in your panties
topazblue48: lol

fat_sweaty_betty: har har har

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao @ topaz

sassyone67: now now girls
sassyone67: fighting is not getting you in bed
sassyone67: it's just keeping heather from getting the cigarette
sassyone67: that she really needs right now lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao sassy

topazblue48: goodnight E/everyone

Heather watched as Kitty told everyone goodnight, followed by Betty.

flafemsub_bbw: be back in a few

sweetandshaven_mo: hokay sis

flutter_by_pixie
: will be looking for you heather :)

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE:
A Lesson In Nudity
And A Bunny Giveaway!

-1-

"Welcome to our home," Kitty greeted as she opened the door, ushering her inside. There was a strong wind blowing, and she was only dressed in a sheer black gown that left nothing to the imagination. In fact Heather found that she had to look away at first, because Kitty's breasts, nipples and all, were plainly visible, as well as every word in her Property Of J.J. Chambers tattoo. Kitty picked up on this, cracking a wide smile and shaking her head as she pulled the door closed. "You know if this embarrasses you, it's not too late to back out of tomorrow."

Heather lead the other woman down the hall, only taking a tiny glance back. "No," she said, feeling her heart pitter-pattering and doing sudden flip flops. "It's just that it's-." She turned and threw her hands up as she entered the living room and made her way to the couch. "You," she finally spat out.

To this Kitty gave her Georgia peachy laugh, but it had a definite mischievous bent to it. "Tomorrow you are going to be surrounded by many strange people, a lot of them in various stages of undress."

Heather knew. Her friend had reminded her several times over the past couple of weeks. A veritable meat market of flesh and kinks, none of which she would be allowed to participate in.

"So this is where you have to turn back if you can't take it."

No.

There's no turning back now.

"I'm fine," she said, eyes down.

Kitty sighed. “If you can’t handle a little nudity like an adult this isn’t going to be for you.”

Oh, she could handle it. She was sure. *But why was she looking away?* This had been her fantasy from nearly the beginning in a lot of ways, once she had overcome the idea that the older woman was sexually unappealing to her. And she had seen Kitty naked before, more or less, in pictures. Plus she had shown her the other tattoo the first day they had discussed the lifestyle, although it had somewhat of a point to it. It hadn’t been displayed to sexually stimulate her.

But, like so many other things, it had made her aroused.

“Look,” Kitty told her. “It’s me. You should feel more comfortable seeing me than a stranger. You know what I look like undressed.”

Heather nodded. “In pictures.”

Kitty laughed again. “Look.”

She raised her head. Her friend and hostess stood on the other side of the coffee table from her. The gown came just to the top of her knees, but the fabric was so thin she may as well have been naked. There was a slight roll of stomach above her pubic tattoo, and further up breast which were still somewhat perky despite her age and size. Her hard nipples jutted out and were plainly visible, and did not point straight to the floor like Heather knew her own would.

“See? It’s not so bad.”

“No,” Heather agreed.

“And what are you dressed in anyway?”

Heather’s cheeks felt hot. She was only in her nightshirt and panties. “I just ran over in what I was in. I didn’t want to wake Bill up.”

Kitty got a smile on her face. Then she reached down and grabbed the flimsy garment at the sides, pulling it up.

“Oh, God,” Heather gasped. She threw an arm over her eyes.

“Come on, Heather,” Kitty groaned. “You’re an adult. You have to be able to handle this.”

“I know,” she said, still not moving her arm. “It’s just you.”

“Look at me, *Heather*.” Her tone was a scolding one.

She lowered her arm slightly. The other woman stood in the same spot, gown clutched in one hand. Kitty’s skin was stark white where her breasts and waist were usually covered when she was in the sun. The rest of her was tanned

to a golden brown, and it had a sheen to it that reminded Heather of a perfectly done holiday turkey. "Is this a lesson?"

Kitty gave a sigh. "One thinks it needs to be."

Lowering her arm all the way Heather gave a shrug. "I guess I haven't thought about the reality."

"Something you excel at," the other woman agreed. She tossed her gown into Earl's recliner and took a step toward the couch. "Am I hideous?"

Heather shook her head. "No, *you're* beautiful."

A smile spread across the other woman's face. It wasn't the smile of a wanton temptress, but of a motherly figure whose cheeks were blushing at being flattered. "Thank you." She walked around and sat down on the couch. "Come on and sit," she offered.

Nodding her head Heather moved to join her friend.

"Wait," Kitty said. She made a motion with her hand. "You too."

"Wha-?" she sputtered.

"If it is to be a lesson in comfort you need to get undressed too."

Oh, God!

"No, I-"

"Tomorrow you will most definitely be fully clothed," Kitty said. "So if you sit here naked, for the length of, say *two cigarettes*, one would say that you are prepared, and have been in a much more uncomfortable situation than you will find yourself in at the social."

"Kitty-."

"Just do it, Heather," the other woman told her, her tone one of reassurance.

She looked at her sitting on the couch. Kitty was naked, but yet she was not exposed. She was casually sitting, and that for some reason made her breasts not to seem as out there. Her legs were not totally closed, but they also were not spread wide enough to show her pussy in the slightest, the way pixie had been for the brief show she had given her on her cam earlier.

Heather almost wished the other woman would give some kind of hint she had an ulterior motive. She wished she wanted to seduce her, and finally make the fantasy of making love to her come true. She really wanted it, she knew, because it would make things a lot easier for her to get undressed in front of Kitty.

She took a deep breath. "Okay," she said. "Two cigarettes." Reaching down she grabbed the bottom of her night shirt and pulled it up. A definite

shiver went through her as she got it half way off, her breasts exposed to the other woman and her own face briefly covered. She took it the rest of the way off, and sat it on the arm of the couch. Then she bent slightly and worked her panties off.

She stood up for a minute, naked for the first time in front of another woman since high school. Kitty gave a nod and, what looked like, a reassuring smile. Feeling okay enough she sat down beside the other woman as she leaned forward and picked up her cigarettes from the table.

"Two cigarettes," she repeated to herself.

"Mmmm," the other woman made a sound in her throat. Then she raised her free hand, slightly shaking a finger. "There's just one other thing."

"What?" she asked, looking at the pack of Camel in Kitty's hand.

"Earl, can you come in here?"

"Auh-. Oh, *God, no, Kitty*!" Heather sputtered. Immediately she grabbed her clothes, putting her night shirt over her breasts with one hand, and her panties over her lap with the other.

"*Two cigarettes*," Kitty reminded her. "The lesson begins when your first one is lit."

"Kitty, but I-. I can't be *naked in front of Earl*."

The other woman shook her head. "It's okay, Heather. It's just nudity. He's not going to think anything of it."

Before anything more could be said Earl appeared, stepping into the living room. He himself was dressed only in a pair of briefs. And sure enough his usual calm expression was there. "Yes?"

"Earl, Heather needs to learn to be accustomed to platonic nudity," Kitty said. "Would you mind taking off your underwear and joining us?"

Joining us?

ON THE COUCH?

"Oh, sure," he said.

Kitty gave her a glance that seemed to say, *Okay now, put your clothes down*. Swallowing a little in her throat Heather took her clothes away from her body, revealing her nakedness to both her neighbors.

Then she looked to Earl, doing something she probably should not be doing in the situation, and that was staring. He casually pulled his underwear off and sat them aside. For the first time Heather realized, now seeing what was beneath his clothes, that the rest of his body was as smooth as his head. In some ways he

looked, as with Master Douglas, as she expected a man his age to look, slight roll of flab over the stomach, a pair of a-cup man titties. Her eyes traveled down to his cock, out of curiosity. He was small, and that she had never imagined. He wasn't tinny-tiny, but he was not close to being as big as Bill either. Since he was soft she guessed he was between four and five inches. Then she wanted to kick herself for sitting there and trying to estimate her mentor's boyfriend's penis size.

Kitty shifted herself toward the opposite arm of the couch. "Come and sit between us. Would you like a smoke too, dear?"

GOD NO! SIT BETWEEN US???!!!!

"Yes, dear, that would be fine."

Heather moved toward her arm of the couch as well, but tried not to get too close, because it was of course a kind of lesson for her, and she did not want to appear to be rude to either of them. However, deep down she wanted to be able to stuff herself between the arm of the couch and the cushion.

As Earl eased himself down between them he leaned over and he and Kitty shared a quick peck on the lips. It was something Heather had seen them doing dozens of times before, the only difference this time was that they were both completely naked. And in watching she did truly realize that that was the only difference. They didn't grab or grope each other. He wasn't rubbing against her. It was just another quick kiss between Kitty McClain and Earl Graves, the same kind of kiss they would give each other if they had clothes on.

Kitty lit two cigarettes and passed one to Earl. He sat back and took a drag. Then Kitty put the pack and lighter into his hand and he turned and held the pack out to Heather. She took them from him, smiling a little nervously. "Thank you." She took a cigarette out of the pack and lit it, and then handed the pack and lighter back to him so he could place them on the coffee table between them.

"So, are you looking forward to tomorrow, Heather?" Earl asked.

She nodded. She could feel the twitch of a pulse behind her eyeball, still a little bit of nerves, but she was determined not to show it. "Yes, very much." She took a drag off her cigarette, and then she exhaled. As the smoked cleared she looked down at herself, seeing her naked belly and her chunky legs in unfamiliar surroundings in which she was not engaging, or about to engage in, sexual activity with a man as equally naked as herself. She looked at Earl,

willing her eyes not to linger in any one spot. Then she looked past him, doing the same with Kitty.

Platonic nudity, she thought. *Okay, maybe not too bad*.

"She is going to do well tomorrow, dear, one can tell," Kitty said.

"Oh, I think so," he agreed.

"She is a quick learner. And she adapts."

Heather gave them a smile that was still slightly embarrassed, and nervous. It was okay, she found. This was okay. Kitty was right. If she could sit for a couple of cigarettes and be naked with them, then she would have no problem being fully dressed in a crowd of people who probably were not fully dressed, or completely naked.

-2-

It was a little after one when Heather got back to the house, and she was freezing. A slight and steady wind which hinted at rain had come up; making her regret even more that she had gone down the street in her night shirt and panties. She went into the bedroom and picked up her mug of hot chocolate from beside Giggling Gary. Taking a sip she choked it down, as by then it had become a cup of nothing more than cold sludge.

Instead of going to make a fresh mug she sat down at the desk and turned the monitor back on. Then she took the last granola bar and unwrapped it. She had a bite, took a sip of her soda and looked at the screen. There were still a lot of people in Bored, and as she looked at the chat tread it was apparent that everyone was still involved in a Q & A session on whatever topics came to mind.

delicate_rose: has often fantasized about being made to serve david tennant and christopher eccleston at the same time

MasterMind: ah…so that explains your old rose tyler id

delicate_rose: yes M. Mind one is billie's #1 fan
delicate_rose: heads up her own club even
delicate_rose: bptopfanuk

Master_Vyper2000: bp? butt packing?

delicate_rose: lol no Sir
delicate_rose: bp = billie piper
delicate_rose: < ------still thinks of her as just plain billie

Heather smiled to herself, although she had no idea of who they were talking about. She had, especially when she had chatted in 30's chat, sometimes excused herself and watched the chat in the room before joining back in. Thinking about it now she wondered if most people did it, said they would be right back, but never really went anywhere.

She was there and she wasn't in more ways than one. Part of her mind was on what she had just gone through down the street. Another was wondering exactly what the next day would bring.

The thing she was going to do was IM Kristen to tell her, but before she did she watched the others chat for a moment longer.

iowa_sub: one fantasizes about being kidnapped and forced to do things
iowa_sub: is strange one knows
iowa_sub: but has had this fantasy more and more since working at the prison
iowa_sub: is that wrong?

sassyone67: it is not wrong as long as it's consensual iowa
sassyone67: with the right Person a safe scene can be done to act on one's more violent fantasies
sassyone67: but one stresses it has to absolutely be with the right person

iowa_sub: feels bad for wanting that

sweetandshaven_mo: it's okay iowa

sassyone67: E/everyone has dark thoughts of some kind sometimes

Heather frowned to herself. Even though the conversation was taking place in the room she felt like she was spying since none of the others knew she was

back yet.

maccabean_sub: this one does not think it is all that strange
maccabean_sub: one dreams a lot that she is captured by german soldiers in WWII and that they make her serve them

MasterSkullhead: happens to have some gestapo gear in His closet maccabean

maccabean_sub: * perks * @ that Sir Skullhead

venture86: has had capture and rape fantasies too
venture86: it is nothing to feel bad about iowa

Heather minimized the Bored Like Hell window and brought up her friend's list. She clicked on Kristen's name and sent an IM.

flafemsub_bbw: is back sis….you busy

sweetandshaven_mo: wb and nope
sweetandshaven_mo: how was your cigarette?

flafemsub_bbw: are you free to talk on the phone?

sweetandshaven_mo: that good huh?

After taking enough time to run and grab her cell phone she called Kristen and filled her in on everything. First her cam session with Master Douglas. Then on her IM from pixie. Finally her lesson in comfort from Kitty.

"Oh, my God, Heather," the other woman said in her ear. "Are you going to tell Betty? Too bad she's still not on."

"No," she replied, keeping her voice low since she was inside. "She would never let me live it down."

Kristen laughed. "Well if I was her and found out I wouldn't let you live it down either." From her end of the line came the sound of tapping on a keyboard. Somehow she had learned to juggle chat and talking on the phone.

“Platonic nudity. I need to write that down. It would be a fun ID to use sometime.” She continued tapping.

“What am I missing in Bored?”

“Nothing really. I’m on PM with iowa.”

“Oh,” Heather said. “I saw what she was saying in the room. Is she okay?”

“Yes and no,” Kristen replied. “She has a lot of issues because of her first husband. You know she’s exploring the lifestyle because she hopes it is a way to work things out. But-.”

“She hasn’t found a single Master in real life,” Heather finished.

“Yeah, that’s about it. Her confidence is low to begin with. She’s only been with two people since her second husband passed away, and said she’s only had sex three times since then.”

Heather found herself feeling a little uncomfortable, like she was prying. Kristen, she knew, attracted those in need like a mother or a big sister. It was the thing that had gotten their own friendship started. “Maybe you shouldn’t tell me her personal stuff.”

“It’s just between you and me,” the other woman replied. “I know you won’t say anything to anyone else. You’re very good at knowing what to say and what not to say. Earmarks of a good sub by the way.” Again she was tapping away at a fast pace. She let out a laugh.

In the brief pause Heather felt slightly awash in guilt. “Not always. Kristen, I’m really sorry about earlier. I didn’t mean to do that to you.”

“It’s okay, sis,” she replied, but her tone had dropped slightly.

“I should have known better than to do that in the room.”

“Well, we all play and goof around a lot, Heather. It’s just that the line between fun and serious got blurred there for a minute.” She tapped away for what sounded like maybe a couple of words and stopped. “The thing is, Heather, that information was for you only. Other than you and I, and the guy I was with, no one, and I mean no one, here knows. None of my friends in real life, not my sister, not my oldest girl, no one.”

“Why did you tell me the night we first talked?”

“Because, sis, I knew, knew right off, that you were the person to tell. I knew we were going to have a special relationship and be the greatest friends.”

“I felt that too,” Heather said. It was true. They had instantly connected that day.

“It really hurt, being outed like that,” Kristen said, her voice on the verge of a sob.

“I didn’t mean to,” Heather told her, her own voice starting to break. “*I would never hurt you on purpose, Kristen*.”

“I know,” her voice was nearly a whisper. “And it really is okay now. We should move on and just learn from the experience.”

Pressing her little phone to her ear Heather nodded. “What about True?”

On her end of the connection Kristen sniffed. “Well, he started PMing me after you and Morel went up into the rafters. Told me, I’m disappointed with you, the four words a submissive *never* wants to hear. He said he couldn’t believe I lied to him, that he would have never talked to me about the things he did, or played online with me or called me on the phone if he knew it was a-,” she paused and drew a long breath, “nigger lover.

“He said he was not raised that way, and I told him I hadn’t been either. Then I told him it was time to grow up and come into the 21st Century. That I am a tolerant person and that Bored is a tolerant room.

“So he was quiet for a while. Then he came back and said that Bored was probably not somewhere he should be since most everyone in the room thinks that sex between black and white is okay, and I told him I agreed. And that until he got over this attitude if a black person touched a white person intimately they were ruined for life, he could stay away.” She took a breath and sighed.

“Do you think he ever will?”

“The world is strange, Heather. Maybe our little confrontation will open his eyes. I don’t know. But even if it was upsetting I’m glad that everything happened. It’s making me look at myself because, with the exception of you, I’d swept it under the rug and pretended it never happened. So my own thoughts and feelings aren’t all that clear and pure on the subject. I’ve said I’m not ashamed, but I have been. It’s like it was a huge mistake I made because I found it exciting for the moment, and regretted it as soon as it was over because I’ve actually been thinking the same way True does.

“But now it’s in the open, and everyone else, sassy and iowa and Vyper are all okay with it, and it makes me feel better, like I didn’t do anything to be ashamed of other than being ashamed about it. And for that I have to thank you, sis.”

Heather smiled.

“Just don’t ever do anything like that again, and I will try and let you know if there’s anything that needs to be kept just between us sisters.”

“Okay. I promise, Kristen,”

Kristen laughed. “Oh, my God, look what pearly just said.”

Heather swiveled in her chair and looked at the screen. Then she took her mouse and scrolled back to see what had just been said.

sub_pearly: has a lot of medical fantasies

sub_pearly: like being in the stirrups for an exam and then the doctor starts playing with me and fucking me

sub_pearly: is worried her ob is going to notice she enjoys her exams too much and take out a restraining order on her

fantasyland2000: omg lol

sassyone67: lol pearly

Heather covered her mouth and laughed.

“Enough of this serious stuff, sis,” Kristen said. “Let’s get back in there with them and have some fun.”

“Okay,” she said, smiling.

-3-

Time seemed to slip away once Heather and Kristen went back into Bored Like Hell. Kristen IMed her as soon as nearly everyone in the room had welcomed them back. She had noticed that pixie put up a smiley after anything she posted that was directed at Heather, and joked that the other woman was deeply in lust with her. Though for her part pixie herself was not saying anything suggestive in the room, or sending her any additional IMs.

Feeling she had been on long enough Heather had been about to get ready to go lay down when her friend alert went off and she pulled up her friend’s list to see that it was Playboy. She moved to highlight his name, but once again he beat her to the punch, an IM box popping up on her screen.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: Greetings heather

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: too excited to sleep thinking about your big day tomorrow?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir :)

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: ah well One will help you get even less sleep
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: are you in Bored Like Hell?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir one is

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well hold onto My waist because here I cum!
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: eagerly awaits Your arrival Sir :)

She switched to Kristen's IM box to let her know that he was on his way to the room, and laughed as Kristen told her she was not sure if the room could take much more fun.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: has arrived!

sassyone67: greetings Master Playboy

iowa_sub: kneels and greets Master Playboy

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: puts a finger on iowa's chin and tilts her head up

iowa_sub: * BLUSHES :) *

2scorpioDL_nz: greetings Master

flafemsub_bbw: greetings Master Playboy

sweetandshaven_mo: greetings PBA
sweetandshaven_mo: how are ya?

redsub_cccp: greeting Master :)

flutter_by_pixie: hello playboy

MasterSkullhead: hey E/everyone look Playboy is here

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh, hey red!
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: see you finally found this place

redsub_cccp: yes Master it is fun room as You said

Heather looked over as Kristen's IM chime went off.

sweetandshaven_mo: is seriously thinking of renaming the room Master PBA's harem

She had just enough time to laugh when an alert appeared on the screen:

MasterPlayboyAtLarge is sending you a file

Heather clicked accept and the single image, labeled *ruski*, opened up on the screen. In it was a woman she judged to be in her late 50's, with short reddish-brown hair that looked to be the result of a cheap self dye job, dressed in a black teddy top and stockings. She was standing in front of what was obviously a hotel room window, beside an ancient radiator heater. The woman had a big round belly, and her navel was visible through the sheer fabric of her top, framed in on the bottom by a red lace hem.

flafemsub_bbw: He just sent me a picture of redsub

sweetandshaven_mo: already? He hasn't even said anything other than greetings to A/anyone else in the room

flafemsub_bbw: yep

She quickly sent the picture to Kristen, and then filed it in the file she had made for the other pictures he had sent.

sweetandshaven_mo: big girl
sweetandshaven_mo: she needs to smile
sweetandshaven_mo: you know sis for someone that "doesn't like to brag"… "much"
sweetandshaven_mo: He sure sends you a lot of pictures of His conquest

flafemsub_bbw: yes, but only the ones who have been in the room

sweetandshaven_mo: is guessin if He sent the rest at once it would blow up your hard drive
sweetandshaven_mo: lmao

flafemsub_bbw: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: does He know you have bi thoughts?

flafemsub_bbw: apparently so

She switched over to his IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: very nice Sir :)

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yeah….in her own way

flafemsub_bbw: enjoyable?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: one hell of a good fuck
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: * GRINZ *
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: My old school commie mommy :)

Again she switched to Kristen's box.

flafemsub_bbw: is it messed up that when He talks about other girls…in not so nice terms….that it turns me on?

sweetandshaven_mo: one of them Master & sub thangs sis

flafemsub_bbw: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: He wants to prove He's a Dom so you'll want to prove you're a sub

Heather turned her attention back to the chat screen. Once redsub asked how much longer it was going to be before he visited her again he sat about introducing himself to, and flirting with, any of the subs that he had not met before. She smiled to herself as she watched him work the room. She wondered if he was the same way in real life, and that made her wonder what it would be like to attend something like the Spring Social with him along.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: nice little valley there doki doki
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: thinking One needs to make a visit to see the rising sun

doki_doki_delight: :) arigato ty MPB

redsub_cccp: U visit here first :(

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well red if one flew from west to east
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: could go round the world in 80 lays
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: j/k lol

flutter_by_pixie: lol

MasterMind: lol Brother PBA

doki_doki_delight: lol MPB

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and pearly are those real pearls?

sub_pearly: well there is a real pearl in there somewhere Sir ;)

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: One guesses it is still in the clam
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: moves down to retrieve the real pearl with His tongue

As everyone else laughed Heather scrolled the chatter's list to see what he was talking about. Pearly's avatar picture was of open legs with a strand of pearls laid between the labia. She smiled and shook her head. Master Playboy couldn't seem to help himself.

sweetandshaven_mo: you should have been in here a couple of hours ago PBA
sweetandshaven_mo: heather's r/l mentor and r/l best friend were in the room

Heather smiled to herself, almost sensing where it would lead him and the rest of the room.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and I missed them *sigh*
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: usually I miss them one at a time
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and now I miss them both with heather to boot

Kristen's I'm chime went off.

sweetandshaven_mo: nah nah :P

Heather smirked and flipped off the IM window.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: now that gives one some ideas :)

Master_Vyper2000: lol Playboy

MasterSkullhead: doesn't think you're the first one to have those thoughts PB

sweetandshaven_mo: isn't sure PBA could handle heather, betty and topaz all at once

sassyone67: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol

tmc31: lol

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: now I wouldn't say that

sweetandshaven_mo: oh PBA?
sweetandshaven_mo: how many girls could You take on at one time?

sassyone67: omg k
sassyone67: can't believe you would ask S/someone that
sassyone67: lol

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well now…..One does not like to brag

sweetandshaven_mo: come on….knows You are a man after all PBA
sweetandshaven_mo: men lives for it :P

saffron_sub_girl: lmao

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: would rather not say
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: * GRINZ *

Heather, unable to resist, pulled up his IM window.

flafemsub_bbw: how many Sir?
flafemsub_bbw: this one won't tell

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: :)
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: counts…..one…..two…..three….

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: three :)

flafemsub_bbw: oh my Sir

This revelation made her feel excited, and flushed, although she was not quite sure why.

Maybe Kristen was right and it was a Master and sub "thang".

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well……
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: actually not One's most shining moment
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: happened at a time I was being a very bad person

flafemsub_bbw: but aren't you still a bad person Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh no
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I strive to be really….really……really good now
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: :)

flafemsub_bbw: maybe You can tell me about that sometime

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: would love to

In the main room he was still taking a slight ribbing.

sweetandshaven_mo: not too sure about PBA's modesty

sassyone67: lol
sassyone67: you're being so bad tonight k

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: finds sometimes it is good to be modest

flafemsub_bbw: perhaps One is being modest about being good sis

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: :) ty heather

2scorpioDL_nz: can vouch that Master Playboy is good :)

sensualmaiden1999: lol scorp

delicate_rose: lol @ scorp

Master_Vyper2000: raises an eyebrow

redsub_cccp: yes He very good!!!

doki_doki_delight: lol

flutter_by_pixie: is sure that playboy can handle 2 or 3 girls at once

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: hehehehe

sensualmaiden1999: wow pix
sensualmaiden1999: really?

flutter_by_pixie: nods her head quickly….yep…yep

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: * BLUSHES :) *

Master_Vyper2000: lol @ Playboy

flafemsub_bbw: is sure her Master could please 3 or 4 women at a time

tmc31: wooohooooooo heather!

sensualmaiden1999: omg heather?
sensualmaiden1999: lol

sassyone67: lol

delicate_rose: omg heather

sweetandshaven_mo: omg sis…….roflmmfao!!!!!!!

MasterSkullhead: takes his steno pad back from tmc
MasterSkullhead: now heather….what exactly is Morel's secret
MasterSkullhead: diet, exercise…..anything?

maccabean_sub: viagra?

flafemsub_bbw: knows He never took viagras
flafemsub_bbw: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lol sis
sweetandshaven_mo: omg

Master_Vyper2000: thinks Morel is His new hero

fantasyland2000: lol Master

saffron_sub_girl: lol

delicate_rose: lol @ M. Vyper

Master Playboy's IM chime went off.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: really?!

flafemsub_bbw: :)

She looked as he chatted back into the room.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: hey nice pic saffron

sweetandshaven_mo: oh….changing the subject PBA?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: pays His hostess no attention
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: so….anyway saffron…that you?

Heather scrolled down the list and found saff's name to see which picture she had up since she changed avatar photos often. Tonight it was the close up of the hem of a yellow shirt over a thin black bush, framed in by garter clad legs.

saffron_sub_girl: yes Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: thinks yellow suits you

saffron_sub_girl: ty
saffron_sub_girl: is a girl's favorite color
saffron_sub_girl: would text in it but it does not show up well on screen

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: that's a nice little landing strip you have there

saffron_sub_girl: * BLUSHES :) *

flutter_by_pixie: bad girl….not being shaved

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: not necessarily pix
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: just a preference
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: not a requirement

flutter_by_pixie: it's not?

flafemsub_bbw: it isn't?

MasterSkullhead: no it isn't heather

MasterMind: nothing written in stone

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: a gift of the razor age heather
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: has lots of vintage pics of hairy girls

sassyone67: omg

delicate_rose: lol @ vintage pics of hairy girls

iowa_sub: lol

saffron_sub_girl: shaves according to One's wishes :)

sweetandshaven_mo: lol saff

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and….ummmm…some not quite so vintage

fantasyland2000: lol

doki_doki_delight: lol MPB

flutter_by_pixie: had no clue

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well……gotta keep E/everyone guessing

tmc31: maybe not Master PBA
tmc31: request Master Skullhead's steno pad back

MasterSkullhead: hands the steno pad to tmc

Heather shook her head and smiled at the screen. She wished she could see everyone's faces when these conversations went on.

She clicked on Kristen's IM window as the chime went off again.

sweetandshaven_mo: is sure she has her answer all ready sis

flafemsub_bbw: lol sis

In the room Tonya was starting her latest poll.

tmc31: so….hair or bare?
tmc31: what are you and what's your preference?

sweetandshaven_mo: will start this off

sweetandshaven_mo: thinks it's obvious here

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: it is from your profile pics k

sassyone67: lol @ Master PBA

Master_Vyper2000: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: oh…so hows bout you sass?

sassyone67: this good girls been shaved since 1992

MasterSkullhead: wooohooo sass

doki_doki_delight: is shaved

flafemsub_bbw: been shaved since last year

MasterMind: likes a little natural every now and then
MasterMind: just like Playboy

2scorpioDL_nz: shaved :)

delicate_rose: has been bare since her first Master shaved her two years ago

iowa_sub: is awaiting being shaved for the first time by a Master

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: < ---------- right here iowa

sassyone67: omg lol

MasterSkullhead: likes no hair down there

sweetandshaven_mo: laffs @ no hair down there

tmc31: is shaved

360_me: shaved

venture86: clean shaven :)

sub_pearly: is shaved

sensualmaiden1999: likes to get a little stubbly now and then
sensualmaiden1999: usually good for a spankin' :)

sassyone67: omg maiden

sweetandshaven_mo: lol maiden
sweetandshaven_mo: never thought about doin that

flafemsub_bbw: lol

maccabean_sub: does not shave between Masters

Guardian_OfThe_Fortress: likes to do the honors the first time

fantasyland2000: sometimes lets it grow for the same reason as maiden

tmc31: lol

Master_Vyper2000: that revelation is going to get you punished girl

fantasyland2000: knows Master….is why one said it in the room

sensualmaiden1999: lol @ fan

Mistress_Saybin: goes back and forth Herself
Mistress_Saybin: haven't shaved in a week and is getting very hairy

asscushion4women: oh Mistress

asscushion4women: can't wait till those hairs are in ones face on Tuesday :)

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yum Saybin

sassyone67: lol @ ac

Mistress_Saybin: won't shave before then

asscushion4women: :)

sassyone67: omg Saybin omg!!!!!

flafemsub_bbw: lmfao

Mistress_Saybin: sometimes one likes to be shaved
Mistress_Saybin: and other times natural has advantages
Mistress_Saybin: * pulls on *asscushion4women*'s chain *

asscushion4women: is yanked to Mistress's feet :)

Mistress_Saybin: subs love that musky, musty smell
Mistress_Saybin: especially when they have a mommy complex
Mistress_Saybin: or if they have a pee fetish like this worm

asscushion4women: smiles @ Mistress

fantasyland2000: eeewwwww

Mistress_Saybin: one likes her subs shaved

asscushion4women: is shaved E/everyone btw

sweetandshaven_mo: lol ac

Mistress_Saybin: but likes Her other men with hair down there

sweetandshaven_mo: now laffs @ hair down there

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: is shaved One is afraid

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: men shave down there?

Heather bit the side of her mouth to keep from laughing too loudly. She couldn't believe that a man would shave his pubic hair off. She made a note that she needed to go back and take a closer look at the pictures Playboy had sent of himself with pixie.

flafemsub_bbw: really?

MasterSkullhead: is shaved down there
MasterSkullhead: but One has someone to do it for him

sassyone67: omg
sassyone67: really?
sassyone67: only You Master Skullhead

Heather IMed Playboy.

flafemsub_bbw: really…..really Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you're in for a real treat someday

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: want to see?

She giggled to herself, shaking her head.

flafemsub_bbw: will check Your pics again later Sir
flafemsub_bbw: is afraid one has had enough cam shows tonight

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yes pixie told Me she had sent you her cam

flafemsub_bbw: yes she did

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: would you have shown her back if you had a cam too?

Heather felt a mischievous grin curl her lips.

flafemsub_bbw: maybe ;)

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: then I will send you one
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: what's your address

Without even giving it any though she typed in Kitty's address and told him he could send it there care of her.

tmc31: okay that takes care of the pussies
tmc31: now how about the stuff that goes in them

Master_Vyper2000: thinks oh the possibilities

rabbit_habit: cringes @ the thought

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao @ that name
sweetandshaven_mo: when did you get in here rabbit?

rabbit_habit: somewhere around talking about Masters shaving girls their first time a girl thinks shaven

sweetandshaven_mo: sorry to have missed you rabbit
sweetandshaven_mo: welcome to Bored Like Hell

rabbit_habit: ty

Mistress_Saybin: rabbit may be the best place to start

rabbit_habit: cringes and wonders what one has gotten herself into by being curious about this room

sassyone67: lol rabbit
sassyone67: no need to worry rabbit it's safe in here

Master_Vyper2000: well relatively rabbit

sensualmaiden1999: lol Vyper

Mistress_Saybin: anyway….there are toys

tmc31: that would count as things that go in…
tmc31: flips the page on the steno pad
tmc31: okay….who has them and how many???

sassyone67: this girl has no idea what tmc or Mistress Saybin are talking about
sassyone67: lol

sensualmaiden1999: lmfao @ sassy

sweetandshaven_mo: come on sass

sassyone67: * BLUSHES :) *
sassyone67: okay, one has a few

sweetandshaven_mo: well……how few is that????

sassyone67: * BLUSHES :) *
sassyone67: a few more than one would like to admit to in the room
sassyone67: okay?
sassyone67: lol

sweetandshaven_mo: lol
sweetandshaven_mo: has three

sassyone67: thought you had four

sweetandshaven_mo: well one only goes in the ass so it doesn't count as sumpthin' going in the pussy

sensualmaiden1999: omfg k am laughing my fucking ass off

flafemsub_bbw: has two

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh heather?

flafemsub_bbw: yes
flafemsub_bbw: one from hubby
flafemsub_bbw: and one from Master :)

sweetandshaven_mo: is sure you've dreamed about one from hubby and one from Master before heather

rabbit_habit: omg lol @ this crazy room she got herself into

Playboy's IM chime went off.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: will send you a new toy too

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *

In the room Tonya was speaking up and keeping the discussion rolling.

tmc31: this one has a lot of toys, but never uses them
tmc31: one's holes are always occupied with those other things that go in pussies

360_me: wooohooo to that tmc

flutter_by_pixie: would love to be just as occupied

redsub_cccp: has gotten good quality toy from Master

Heather raised an eyebrow at this. Then she clicked back on his IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: so one would not be the first You sent a toy to Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: well One did have to help red out
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: the russians are still a bit behind
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: the toy she had when W/we first met
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: was jointed wood with a hand crank on it

flafemsub_bbw: lmfao
flafemsub_bbw: don't make me laugh too hard
flafemsub_bbw: one might pee herself

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: really heather?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yum!
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: gets between your legs with His mouth open

flafemsub_bbw: lol

Her face was red hot, and her nipples were getting hard. Here she went again. Kitty was right. There wasn't a fetish she had heard of so far that she didn't want to try. She minimized the IM window and looked back to the room.

Mistress_Saybin: so how many of you have Thruster Bunnies???

rabbit_habit: :) ones namesake!

sassyone67: thruster bunny?

flafemsub_bbw: never heard of one

sweetandshaven_mo: omg….you two never watch *sex and the city* sass and sis?

sassyone67: no

flafemsub_bbw: no one hasn't

MasterSkullhead: owns a thruster bunny, but has little use for it

flutter_by_pixie: lol Master Skullhead

delicate_rose: is curious as to what a thruster bunny is

sweetandshaven_mo: only the greatest toy on the face of the earth rose
sweetandshaven_mo: her eyes roll back in her head jus thinkin of the pleasure it can give

flafemsub_bbw: lol sis….really?

sassyone67: omg k

fantasyland1999: luvs hers so too k

iowa_sub: * BLUSHES :) *
iowa_sub: has 3 bunnies

rabbit_habit: :) iowa
rabbit_habit: has 16 bunnies

sweetandshaven_mo: omfg lol @ rabbit

MasterMind: sees why you picked that ID rabbit

rabbit_habit: cannot help oneself Sir

saffron_sub_girl: is as curious to see what one is as rose

Mistress_Saybin: happytoyshop/saybinsplayhouse/bunnies

Heather clicked on the link and waited for the page to come up. There was red animation for Mistress Saybin's Playhouse Online. Then the Happy Toy Shop Thruster Bunny page opened. Or at least the first of several. She scrolled down the page, biting her lip a little as she looked at several penis shaped toys with what looked like rabbits on their bases.

Mistress_Saybin: they are a thrusting vibrator and clitoral stimulator in one
Mistress_Saybin: and as Y/you can see they come in many styles

MasterSkullhead: is smelling a sales pitch

sassyone67: still is not quite sure what one is
sassyone67: but like a little kid suddenly wants one!!!!

delicate_rose: same here sassy

venture86: thinks this one needs one

sweetandshaven_mo: swears by the bunny
sweetandshaven_mo: nods…..yeppers

iowa_sub: nods….the bunny is good

delicate_rose: has something like it Ms. Saybin but it is a dolphin

Mistress_Saybin: has those too rose

Heather smiled and continued down the first page. There were, as Saybin suggested, quite a few different ones. They ranged from the basic, to the complex, to the super complex. She went to the second page and her eyes widened as her eyes settled on the TB SuperDeluxe. The SuperDeluxe thrusted, twisted in multiple directions, "swelled" at six points, had ten speeds, 15

function settings, and a USB port so it could be remote controlled online. She put her fingers to her lips and looked at the price.

Wow, she thought. *$299.99*.

Feeling it was a good time for a break, since everyone else in the room was looking as well; Heather stood up and picked up her mug. She went to the bathroom. Then she went to the kitchen and quickly sat made herself another mug of hot chocolate, microwaving it instead of boiling the water. Then she went back to the spare bedroom, sitting her hot chocolate down and giving Giggling Gary a push as she sat down.

"La, la, momma!"

As she expected the subject at hand was still Thruster Bunnies.

Mistress_Saybin: now if Y/you would like one of the $25 basic models I will send A/anyone who wants one for free

Mistress_Saybin: just fill out an order form with the color Y/you like and enter in boredlikehell in the promo window so that I know it is one of you

sensualmaiden1999: wow thanks Saybin

flutter_by_pixie: is gonna get a new one in case she breaks the one she has

rabbit_habit: has broken four :(

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao @ rabbit

MasterSkullhead: is sure Saybin isn't being generous without a motive

Mistress_Saybin: smirks, then flips Brother Skullhead off

asscushion4women: is there a color You would suggest for me Mistress?

Mistress_Saybin: has yours already so don't order one worm

asscushion4women: :)

Mistress_Saybin: anyway….please don't limit Y/yourselves

Mistress_Saybin: if Y/you would like to upgrade….or order something different…or place a larger order…One will give a $25 dollar credit for using the code

MasterSkullhead: knew it
MasterSkullhead: lol

sassyone67: okay this one cannot decide on just one thing
sassyone67: gets out her "MASTER" card

sweetandshaven_mo: lol sass

Heather went back to the first page and looked at one of the basic ones. The shaft thrusted and vibrated at three speeds, and the rabbit ear stimulator vibrated at five speeds. She clicked a color box for blue. Then clicked ADD TO CART. She then went to the check out screen where she entered in the Bored Like Hell code. Then she filled out the shipping information, once again putting in Kitty's address.

Mistress_Saybin: now One promises 100% satisfaction guaranteed
Mistress_Saybin: although She has not had a chance to test each product personally

rabbit_habit: raises her hand for that job

iowa_sub: raises her hand too

sassyone67: lol @ iowa and rabbit

Mistress_Saybin: shipping and handling are free for all $25 promo orders from the room
Mistress_Saybin: and all items come in discretely wrapped packages

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao

Playboy's IM chime went off.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: are you ordering one?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir :)

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: anything special?

flafemsub_bbw: just a basic one in blue

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: is ordering you the SuperDeluxe in orange

flafemsub_bbw: * BLUSHES :) *

On the screen it seemed that business was good for Saybin.

Mistress_Saybin: oh…wow that's a lot of orders

MasterSkullhead: cha-ching Saybin?
MasterSkullhead: wonders if rabbit was a plant all along

rabbit_habit: no Sir
rabbit_habit: one is innocent

sweetandshaven_mo: doesn't care one way or the other
sweetandshaven_mo: gettin da rabbit peter speeder for half off!!!!!!

2scorpioDL_nz: lmfao @ that name sweet

An IM chime went off, and Heather was a little surprised to see that it was from Mistress Saybin.

Mistress_Saybin: hey heather

flafemsub_bbw: yes Mistress?

Mistress_Saybin: Master Playboy had just placed an order for the TB SD and some other things for you…and two basic bunnies for topaz and betty

Mistress_Saybin: He wanted Me to ask if they should all be sent to the same address your order is going to?

Heather shook her head and smiled. He was insane.

flafemsub_bbw: send all but the one for betty to that one

She put in Betty's address, and tried to imagine what her best friend was going to say about getting a dildo in the mail from someone she had never met. She was sure it would not be flattering, but she was also sure that Betty would put it to good use as well.

Mistress_Saybin: thinks Playboy really likes you
Mistress_Saybin: no one else is spending over $50 extra so far

flafemsub_bbw: :)

She pulled up Kristen's IM box.

flafemsub_bbw: hey sis

sweetandshaven_mo: yeah sis?

flafemsub_bbw: Master Playboy is ordering the SuperDeluxe for me

sweetandshaven_mo: omfg
sweetandshaven_mo: yer shittin me

flafemsub_bbw: no

sweetandshaven_mo: He's shittin you

flafemsub_bbw: shakes her head

flafemsub_bbw: Saybin sent an IM to see if they were coming to the same address as the one for me

sweetandshaven_mo: omfg
sweetandshaven_mo: that's insane!

flafemsub_bbw: has no idea where i'll hide it

sweetandshaven_mo: omg…look in the room

Heather turned her attention back to the chat screen.

MasterSkullhead: ok agrees that rabbit may not be Saybin's plant
MasterSkullhead: but would like to see her cam a little bit longer

rabbit_habit: how much longer Sir?
rabbit_habit: until the rabbit ears go into the little hole?

sassyone67: OMG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

sweetandshaven_mo: can just imagine what Skullhead is seein'

Master_Vyper2000: sending His request to view rabbit's cam

fantasyland2000: HEY!

Master_Vyper2000: lol

MasterSkullhead: ah…um….oh
MasterSkullhead: looks over tmc's shoulder to see what the subject was again

tmc31: things to put in pussies Sir

MasterSkullhead: now back on subject…..

sweetandshaven_mo: lmmfao @ Skullhead

tmc31: okay to the natural thing that goes in pussies
tmc31: cocks!

360_me: loves cocks plural

flutter_by_pixie: does too :)

tmc31: is so there :) :) :) :) :)

sassyone67: lol tmc

sweetandshaven_mo: you are too sass

sassyone67: am not! lol

sweetandshaven_mo: is still interested in your story from before

sassyone67: was young

flafemsub_bbw: lol

sassyone67: what you laughing @ crookie monster?

sweetandshaven_mo: lmmfao
sweetandshaven_mo: can't believe you went there to shake the heat off yourself sass
sweetandshaven_mo: but…..heather is a size queen

flafemsub_bbw: am not!

tmc31: cut or uncut?
tmc31: likes both, but loves uc best

sassyone67: cut

fantasyland1999: uncut eeeeek
fantasyland1999: definitely cut

delicate_rose: once again in uk…lots of uc here

sweetandshaven_mo: lol @ uc in the uk
sweetandshaven_mo: lol
sweetandshaven_mo: has to say cut…never had one uncut

maccabean_sub: curious about uncut
maccabean_sub: < -------supposed to avoid them though, for religious purposes

MasterSkullhead: is circumcised maccabean

maccabean_sub: :) Sir

rabbit_habit: likes cut
rabbit_habit: fascinated by the dividing line

flafemsub_bbw: the dividing line rabbit?

tmc31: on a cut guys cock the skin is lighter at the end
tmc31: there is pretty much a line where it changes

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: glances at His line

rabbit_habit: all her toys are cut

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao @ rabbit

redsub_cccp: loves them all

360_me: same here redsub

flutter_by_pixie: husband is uncut :)

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: can vouch for pix on that hehehe

sassyone67: OMG!!!!!!!
sassyone67: lol @ Playboy

flafemsub_bbw: loves uncut and wishes she has nothing but in the future

sweetandshaven_mo: lol @ sis

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: suddenly misses His foreskin terribly :(

flafemsub_bbw: lol @ Master Playboy

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao @ PBA

rabbit_habit: lol @ Master Playboy

sub_pearly: can't stand uncut
sub_pearly: makes one think of a dog and those little gnats that buzz around their things

flafemsub_bbw: omg pearly
flafemsub_bbw: had a friend that said the same thing about it reminding her of a dog

sweetnsahven69: lol @ thinking of dog dick gnats

sassyone67: OMG
sassyone67: lol @ k

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lmfao @ dog dick gnats

tmc31: okay what about size?
tmc31: likes em BIG!

Heather covered her mouth and laughed.

sweetandshaven_mo: nods…big is good tmc
sweetandshaven_mo: heather likes em big and crooked

flafemsub_bbw: lol
flafemsub_bbw: you forgot to add uncut sis

sassyone67: OMG you two
sassyone67: lol

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: still misses His foreskin :(waaaahhhaaa

flutter_by_pixie: loves them BIG but hubby is small
flutter_by_pixie: good thing he loves me to bring BIG home :)

sassyone67: OMG pixie!

tmc31: what about you sassy?

sassyone67: * BLUSHES :) *
sassyone67: likes them just right

sweetandshaven_mo: and what does that mean?

sassyone67: big enough to enjoy, but not big enough to hurt

Master_Vyper2000: lol @ sassy

Heather covered her mouth and laughed. She was glad she had gone to the bathroom earlier. Master Playboy's IM chime went off as she calmed down.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: soooooo…..you wish you never had to have anything other than uncut?

flafemsub_bbw: a wish Sir
flafemsub_bbw: and one is sure you know most wishes do not come true
flafemsub_bbw: one's hubby is cut, and am sure one will have to have it in her again eventually

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: :)
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: slut

flafemsub_bbw: :) ty Sir

In the room Tonya of course enhanced the original question.

tmc31: so what's a comfortable amount of inches?

sassyone67: oh God….lol
sassyone67: thinks seven is probably a good number

sweetandshaven_mo: will raise ya an inch sass
sweetandshaven_mo: eight

sassyone67: OMG k!!!!

tmc31: ten

sassyone67: OMFG tmc!!!!

pearly sub: lol

venture86: thinks eight is too big

MasterMind: is around eight
MasterMind: gets out a tape measure to check

sassyone67: lol @ MasterMind

MasterSkullhead: is eight

MasterSkullhead: winks @ k

maccabean_sub: * perks * @ MasterSkullhead

sweetandshaven_mo: woooo hoooo SkullHead

MasterSkullhead: Your turn Brother Playboy

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: :) well……
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: One doesn't like to brag so….
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: One just won't say :)

sweetandshaven_mo: aw PBA

flutter_by_pixie: he's a good 8 ½ to 9 ¼ inches :)
flutter_by_pixie: < ---------knows :)

sassyone67: OMG
sassyone67: lol
sassyone67: no way

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: * BLUSHES :) *

sweetandshaven_mo: well….good to have someone to brag on ya huh PBA?

2scorpioDL_nz: can vouch for pixie
2scorpioDL_nz: Master Playboy has a real BIG COCK :)

Heather clicked on his IM box when the chime went off again. *Was he really that big?* She made a second mental note to go through the pics he had sent of himself with pixie sometime later to see for herself.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: is so embarrassed

flafemsub_bbw: really that modest Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yeah
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: …….well no
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: watch this

She laughed and minimized the IM box to see what he would post in the room.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yeah….okay
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: knows that sounds like a lot
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: what's that in centimeters red?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: 18.…19.…

sweetandshaven_mo: lmfao @ what's that in centimeters

redsub_cccp: You are at least 22 ½ centimeters Master

sweetandshaven_mo: omg
sweetandshaven_mo: metric meat sounds impressive

sassyone67: lol @ metric meat
sassyone67: k you are being so bad tonight!

MasterSkullhead: if that were inches you would need to change Your name to MasterHorseAtLarge

sweetandshaven_mo: lmao Skullhead
sweetandshaven_mo: lmmfao @ MasterHorseAtLarge

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: hehehe

flafemsub_bbw: :)

Heather glanced at the bottom of the screen as her friend alert went off three times. As she moved the mouse to pull up her friend's list she paused as a rare

visitor to the room, the person she knew had just popped up, entered the room. It was Vyper's wife, who she had on her list under multiple IDs.

fantasyland2000: Master is Big :)

MasterMind: listens intently

MasterSkullhead: lol

mint_n_chamomile: greetings

sassyone67: hey mnc :)
sassyone67: long time no see

flafemsub_bbw: greetings mnc

sweetandshaven_mo: hey mrs. Vyper
sweetandshaven_mo: kisses

mint_n_chamomile: hi girls
mint_n_chamomile: sorry to intrude but…..Aaron do you have your earphones on?

Master_Vyper2000: nope

mint_n_chamomile: so….you can hear what is going on up here?

Master_Vyper2000: is just about to break away

fantasyland2000: was just about to tell E/everyone Master's cock size

mint_n_chamomile: uh…yeah…that's nice

Master_Vyper2000: will be up in a few more minutes

mint_n_chamomile: a few minutes????????

fantasyland2000: W/we're having fun

mint_n_chamomile: fun???????

mint_n_chamomile: here's an idea for fun frannie, come over here and take care of my screaming baby, and i'll go to your house and take something to knock me out and finally get some sleep

mint_n_chamomile: and when you get the baby to sleep….

mint_n_chamomile: …YOU CAN FUCK AARON IN MY BED FOR ALL I FUCKING CARE……DO YOU FUCKING UNDERSTAND ME….BOTH OF YOU?

mint_n_chamomile: GET UP HERE NOW AARON OR I'M BRINGING THE BABY TO YOU AND LEAVING!!!!!!!!!!

Heather cringed at the screen. The rest of the room was silent. She pulled up Kristen's window.

flafemsub_bbw: that's a little harsh…she's usually so laid back

sweetandshaven_mo: well, she's sick and baby Vyper isn't doing so hot either

sweetandshaven_mo: thinks she has every right to be totally POed

sweetandshaven_mo: if He was my hubby i would be

Both Vyper and mnc left the room as Heather looked back at the chat screen.

fantasyland2000: gurrrrrrr

sassyone67: now fan you know you need to calm down

fantasyland2000: FUCKING BITCH!

sassyone67: frannie

sweetandshaven_mo: she already poofed sass

Sure enough fan left chat as well.

rabbit_habit: has no clue what is going on but…
rabbit_habit: …awkward

sassyone67: just a little domestic problem rabbit
sassyone67: usually things are more tame in here

rabbit_habit: unsure what tame means for this room…lol

Mistress_Saybin: anyway….
Mistress_Saybin: thinks that big cocks are over rated
Mistress_Saybin: likes cute widdle ones

asscushion4women: :) Mistress

sassyone67: OMG Saybin
sassyone67: OMG ac

sweetandshaven_mo: lmmfao @ cute widdle ones

-4-

The brief blow up between Vyper and his wife, and his sub, seemed like a good place to call it a night. The mood in the room was not as jubilant as it had been for the past few hours, though everyone was doing their best to still have fun. Heather said her goodbyes to the room and signed out of chat, but kept her messenger open and talked to Kristen, Playboy and sassy for about 15 more minutes.

sweetandshaven_mo: you better go and get some sleep
sweetandshaven_mo: you have a big day tomorrow

flafemsub_bbw: i know sis, but i'm so excited

sweetandshaven_mo: is excited for you sis :)

Playboy mentioned to her that he had been part of the scene in his area.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: have to say I'm a little envious
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: haven't been to a society thing in a while

flafemsub_bbw: You are a member of the local community?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: was when I stayed local at home a lot more
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: Lords & Ladies of the Nebraska Territory
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: fun bunch….but….
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: too many rules for Me

flafemsub_bbw: lol

For her part sassy was sounding like a proud parent.

sassyone67: is so proud of you heather
sassyone67: knows you are excited
sassyone67: has been thinking of the first time she went to a leash and collar club function :)
sassyone67: you have had a chance to come really far

flafemsub_bbw: is lucky
flafemsub_bbw: without topaz this one wouldn't be going
flafemsub_bbw: without her one would still be vanilla

sassyone67: one is glad you are not vanilla anymore
sassyone67: because one would have not had the chance to meet you

flafemsub_bbw: ty :)

Heather excused herself from the three of them and shut down the computer, knowing that she would more than likely not use it the next day. She gave Giggling Gary a push to make him laugh one last time. Then she got up and gathered up her various glasses and wrappers to take them to the kitchen.

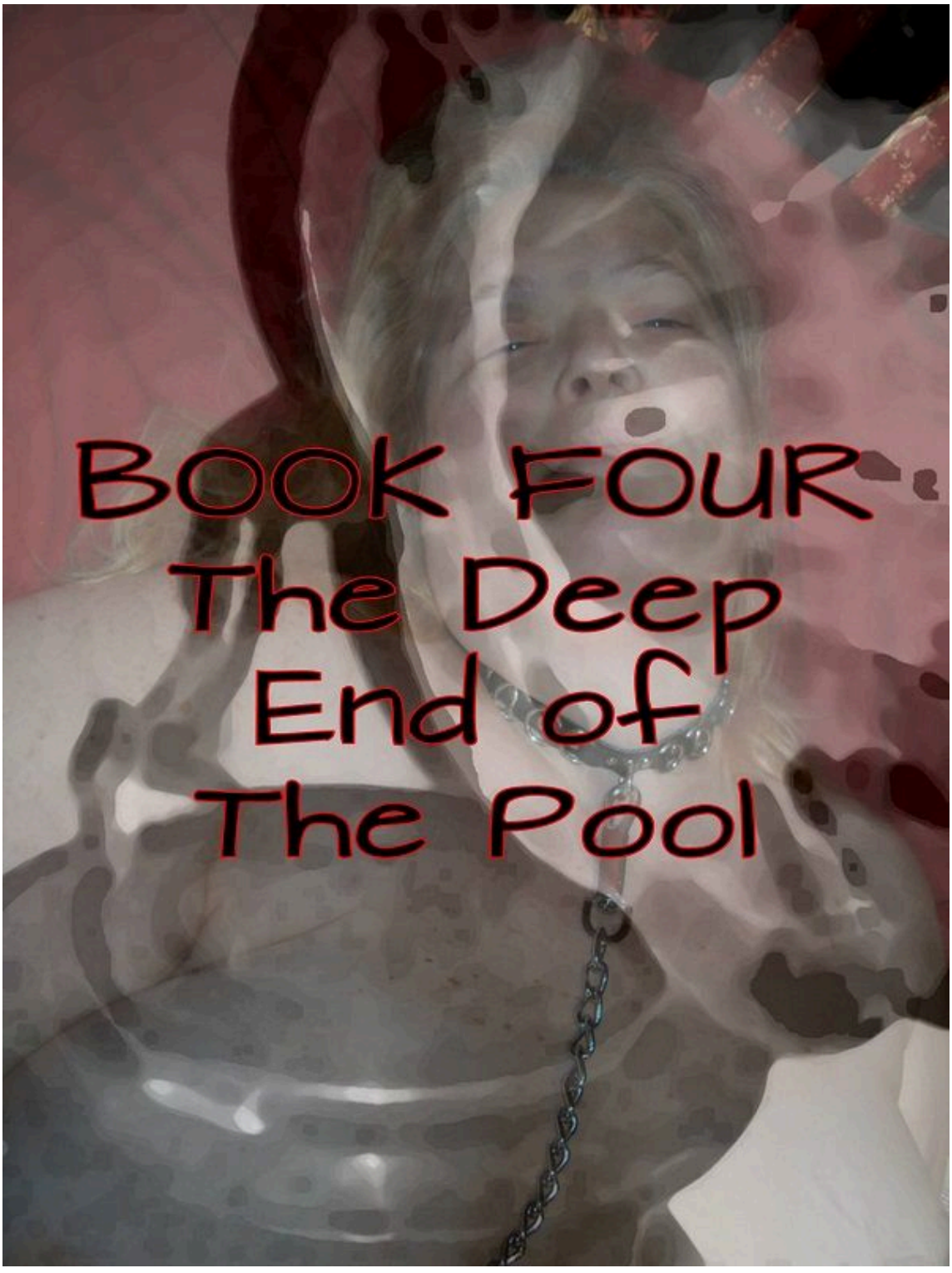
She got in bed and lay on her back, looking up at the darkened ceiling. Beside her Bill slept, undisturbed by her getting into bed. She felt tense, her heart pounding in her chest. She was much too excited to sleep, but she knew she needed some rest before the morning, and a glance to the clock told her she only had a couple of hours to rest.

Heather closed her eyes, trying to force herself to sleep. Her mind just wouldn't turn off. All she could think about was all the fun everyone had been having in Bored Like Hell, and then she imagined what it would be like tomorrow. It would be like being in a chat room, but she would actually be there surrounded by real people in the lifestyle, sassy had assured her.

She smiled to herself in the darkness. It was going to be fun.

She found she wanted everything to be fun.

But the first hints of the end of the fun, unknown to Heather, were creeping up on a not too distant horizon.


BOOK FOUR
The Deep
End of
The Pool

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR:
The Story Of The Good girl And her MASTER'S VOICE

-1-

Heather felt as if she were floating. Weightless.

Whips and chains,
They give me pains.
Leather and lace,
Are on my brains.
Feel this vein,
As it drains,
Down your ass,
To your underthangs….

sweetandshaven_mo: one of them Master & sub thangs sis

"One of them *Master* and *sub thangs*, sis," Kristen said in her ear. In the blackness the other woman's lips felt as if they were brushing her ear, and it made her feel slightly aroused.

Kitty laughed her Georgia peachy laugh. "Oh, Heather, *you're so vanilla*." She sat on the lawn chair in the Anderson's back yard, shifting slightly and taking a drag off her cigarette. The older woman smiled a knowing and understanding smile. "*Sometimes BDSM is all about tying women up and talking dirty to them. And sometimes it has nothing to do with it at all*."

Eyes looked out from behind leather holes. A male hand reached up and slowly began to unzip a zipper where the mouth was on the black leather hood.

A song began to play from somewhere in far off memory. Heather could only vaguely remember it had something to do with a price or something. But the song went on, and each word to it was crystal clear. She strained to remember who it was by.

"Wooooooohhh," Robbie Brady yelled. "Twisted *fucking* Sister! SMF! SMF! Woooohh!"

A finger was raised in front of the gaping zipper hole. "Shhhh."

Kitty worked her shorts off, revealing she was not wearing panties underneath. She threw them aside, and then leaned back in the Anderson's lawn chair. She pushed her belly up slightly, revealing the tattoo on her Mons Venus. She opened her legs wider, not only giving Heather a better view of her tattoo, but also of her cleanly shaven pussy. "*See there, there's nothing wrong with platonic nudity*."

Heather felt a hand on top of her head.

"Suck my cock, girl," *"Master"* Rich said, his voice just above a smooth whisper.

Heather stroked him in her hand, inching her face closer.

She was on her back, Freddy's face close to hers as he thrust himself into her. He looked at her, gasping, sweat beading on her forehead. "You like that, mommy?"

"Yes," she groaned.

"Like that *big ding dong*. Heeeh."

Lolling her head to the side she found herself looking right at Kitty's naked waist. She reached out and touched her cool bare skin, feeling the slightest hint of stubble as she rubbed up toward her belly, letting her hand stop and her thumb underline Kitty's tattoo.

Property of
J.J. Chambers

"What do you want there?" Kitty asked.

Heather took her hand away, sliding it between herself and Freddy, feeling the same spot on herself.

"What would you like there? What defines you?"

"*Owned slut*," Heather whimpered softly, closing her eyes.

"I will come for you," the Master in the leather hood, the *not quite* Crimson Executioner, told her.

"Sir?" Heather was floating in the blackness again.

"I will claim you, and you will be marked."

"Like Kitty?" She could hear the sound of her own voice. It was filled with lust.

There's no turning back now.

Kitty stood, looking over her shoulder. The tattoo of the plump little woman kneeling in front of the gramophone was plainly visible, as well as the words beneath it.

her MASTER'S VOICE

"You want to hear it?" *He* asked. "The sound…"

"I couldn't hear anything," Kitty said, choking on sobs. "I couldn't hear the doctors and nurses, and all their machines. I couldn't hear any of those things, because I didn't want to hear any of those things. All I wanted to do, for the next hour, until they had stopped trying to help him, and after they took him away, all the way up until the chief of staff came to the room and suggested I go

to the chapel, was to stay on my knees in that spot like a good girl, listening for the sound of her Master's voice."

"…the sound of her Master's voice."
"…sound of her Master's voice."
"…her Master's voice."
"…Master's voice."
"…voice, voice…"

"You want a better gag?" *He* questioned.

Heather could feel the burning hot flesh of *His* loose skin, pressed to her mouth. Breathing in through her nose she could smell *His* heady male musk.

"Do you?" *He* took *His* cock and patted it against her lips.

"Yes, Sir," she gasped. Then she felt for *Hi*m in the dark, feeling up *His* stiff and throbbing shaft to find the crown. Heather wrapped her hand around it, using her thumb and index finger to peel *His* foreskin back. The musky smell became stronger, and *He* forced *Himself* into her widening mouth as she bent closer to *Him*.

"That's it *My slut*," *He* hissed. "Suck it! Suck it!"

Heather did her best not to gag as *He* put a hand on each side of her head, pressing tightly as *H*e humped her mouth.

"That's it, *My* hungry *slut*." *He* crooned. "Eat it. Eat everything *I* give you."

God she wished she was free. The words were in her mouth and she would almost give anything to be able to tell *Him* at the moment, *You own my holes, You own them all, Master*.

It was so fucking hot!

"The bonds of freedom," Kitty said.

"*Fat fucking bitch*!" Melissa's voice yelled.

"Pig sweat," Bill groaned.

Heather lay naked on a bed, on top of beautiful red satiny sheets. Master Douglas was on top of her, pushing His beautiful cock deep inside. He leaned down, placing His mouth over hers, and she closed her eyes as they kissed.

Even closed she could feel them roll back in her head. She was so close, and she could feel Him swell inside her, ready to burst.

"If you really cum at the same time a guy comes, you both have heart attacks and you both die," Betty said, in some far off conversation they had had in high school. "It's true. That's why they call it the little death."

"Betty, you're so full of it," Nellie Hinton had told her.

"Like you virgins would have any idea," her best friend had defended herself.

Heather felt her legs jerk and she moaned as she came, a hot gush of fluid coating Master Douglas's cock. He groaned into her as He gave one last thrust and held Himself close, grinding against her. She shivered, knowing, just knowing, that He was filling her with His seed.

When He finished emptying His balls into her He rolled off of her and lay beside her in a sweaty heap. Her eyes fluttered open and she looked to Him, smiling at her. Beyond Him she could see a blurred form. It was the shape of a person, enough to let her know that they were not alone.

He was there, leaning in the doorframe. *He* looked at them on the bed through the eyeholes of *His* mask. In *His* hand he held something. It was a short strip of black leather.

Heather's eyes drifted from Him and past Master Douglas to her toes and past them to another figure standing at the foot of the bed. The other man looked down at her with a big smile on his face. He looked familiar, short brown hair, fair skin, average build. Her eyes looked him down and a she could feel a smile spread across her face. *Nice cock*.

"Well, let's keep this party going shall we," he said.

Master Playboy.

Master Shawn, she corrected.

Heather raised her knees and moved her feet back, slightly lifting her ass off the satiny sheets. Master Douglas was on the move, crawling to the head of the bed and positioning Himself over her. She smiled to Him and opened her mouth, sticking her tongue out and cooing as He put his wet and sticky cock head against it. His cum was still dribbling out, and she savored the taste as it drained onto her tongue.

"That's *My* good slut," *Master* called from the door frame.

She cooed, closing her eyes and opening her mouth wider to take Master Douglas's hardening cock inside. As she tasted herself on the length of His shaft she could feel pressure down below. A hand pushed her belly up as a finger traced her pulsing vaginal lips.

"Mmmmmm, nothing better than sloppy seconds," Master Shawn commented.

Heather moaned around Master Douglas's cock as she felt Master Shawn first place the head of His cock into her already sopping pussy, and then let His weight drive every inch home. Within a few moments she had herself working in a rhythm, sucking Master Douglas and raising her bottom up to meet every thrust from Master Shawn.

"I claim you," *He* said.

Heather could feel cool leather on her neck as she sucked and fucked. *His* hands were around her neck, and she could feel *Him* making each end of the leather touch at her throat.

He was claiming her. *He* was collaring her right then as she acted like a total slut. *HIS SLUT!*

Opening her eyes Heather found she was smothered by flesh. There was only a small space between Master Douglas's belly, Master Shawn's body, and *Master's* hands and arms, where she could see. Beyond the steaming and sweltering mass of naked bodies around her stood another figure. It looked down upon her, its head slowly moving back and forth.

Her eyes closed again and she gasped, feeling *Master's* fingers buckling the collar around her neck. Somehow she reached up and touched it, feeling the cool and raw surface of the leather.

Heather's eyes popped open again, and she found the other figure's eyes were fixed dead on her as she reveled in her ecstasy of being collared and used like a cheap whore. And clearly through it all she recognized the look in those eyes. It was one of abject disapproval.

The world collapsed. She was falling, faster and faster, into a world of darkness.

"You want to give yourself into the bonds of freedom", Kitty's voice said from all around her.

Heather opened her eyes, vaguely aware of hearing the sound of a distant bell. "Heather!" she heard Bill call in her ear, so loud and so close that it made her jerk where she laid. As she turned her eyes immediately adjusted to the dim light to where her husband hovered over her, the phone in his hand. "It's Kitty."

She took the phone and put it to her ear, letting her head sink back onto her pillow. She felt sore from the neck down, as if she had been sleeping wrong. "Hello?" Her lips felt as if they were stuck together, and her throat was slightly dry.

"It's after seven," Kitty said.

Heather instantly became a little more aware. She sat up slightly, propping herself up on an elbow. "Wha-?" She felt Bill slip an arm around her waist.

"You were supposed to be here 30 minutes ago."

"Yes. Sorry." She squinted, looking across the room to the dresser to get a look at the clock.

"You didn't go to bed after you went home?" Kitty asked.

"No, I was up a little longer."

"Well, you need to hurry," the older woman told her. "We do have a *schedule* to keep."

Yes, the schedule, she thought. In reality there was no need to rush. The Spring Social did not start until four, and Kitty had told her it would be best to show up there around six, but to maintain the cover story they needed to be out of the house and on the road, *to beat Interstate traffic*, early.

"Okay, let me get dressed and I'll be right over," she said. "Sorry."

"It's okay," Kitty told her, her tone turning slightly mischievous. "Wink, wink."

Feeling a slight smile on her face Heather said her good-byes and hung up the phone.

In her mind she then quickly went over *the schedule*. First she would walk over to Kitty's, and help the other woman put a few other last minute items *from* their *"shopping trip"* into the trunk of her car. Then they would head to Lake Trinity and to the mall there to kill a little bit of time and actually do a little bit of real last minute shopping for their "trip". After that they would grab lunch and head over to Betty's where they would change. Then after that, of course, it would be off to Master Schrader's Spring Social, back to Betty's to change a final time, and then back home.

“Running late?” Bill asked.

“Yeah”, she replied, realizing that her tone was a little dreamy.

As usual, though, Bill seemed not to notice. “Too bad,” he commented, his arm slightly tightening around her waist.

Instantly Heather found herself of two minds, realizing that he was again showing interest. Since the Ford’s anniversary she had been able to put things off because he had not explicitly said that he wanted to do anything with her. Part of her didn’t want him to touch her. Another part was hungry for him, especially since she had just woken from such a hot dream.

Though those eyes did not approve?

Whose eyes? she finally wondered.

Master Chambers?

“Guess there’s no time for…?” Bill let it hang, doing his version of being suggestive. It never worked, unless she was already extremely horny.

Heather shook her head. “Nope. I need to get a shower.”

Bill put a finger on her belly, pressing and running it around her navel through her night shirt. “You could stand to get a little more dirty.”

She felt a smile cross her lips. It got wider as she shook her head and turned to look at him. “The kids are already up.”

Bill grinned a big toothy grin right back at her. “Then I guess you’ll have to be quiet.”

Heather laughed, finding herself smiling back at him.

What the hell. Why not?

She threw the covers off and raised her knees up, lifting her ass off the bed. Then she worked her panties down, which a touch told her were damp and sweaty, slipping them past her heels and flinging them onto the dresser. On an unseen draft the smell of her own pussy drifted up to her, and it made her think of Saybin’s comment about smell of unshaven pussies. She realized that she smelled dank and musky down there herself.

If Bill noticed her smell he didn’t give any indication. He just let out a little laugh and slipped his own underwear off.

She laughed as she watched them sail across the bedroom and land on top of hers.

Bill rolled onto her, laughing and putting his mouth over hers to kiss her. It was a quickie in every sense of the term. Heather opened her legs as he slipped on top of her, and his cock sank right into her wet hole in one motion. They

became a tangle of night shirts above and legs below. She put her arms around him, holding him close and bucking her hips up slightly as he thrust his cock into her. They kissed in the middle, and she kissed his cheek and neck and he pumped his hips, moving his hard cock in and out of her. After a couple of minutes he broke into a cool sweat, and then growled into her ear.

"Oh, yeah," she whispered into his ear. It was an appetizer, at the very least. Since the one and only time she had came with him the way she came with other men she had not allowed herself to get off as she knew she could. She knew she would always have to hold back with him because it freaked him out too much, because it was *different*.

-3-

Heather had left Bill in the bed to fall back into a light dose as she went to the bathroom and started her shower. Again she dallied instead of hurrying, fingering her clit until she finally released a gush of hot liquid down her thighs as warm water rained down on her naked back. It was good to have relief, even for a bit, but what she really craved was a hot and hard fucking, drawn out and preferably while she was restrained.

Thinking that made her smile to herself as she turned the water off and reached out to grab the towel she had left on the closed toilet lid.

After dressing in a pair of white sweats she had hurried down the hall, nearly pausing at the door to the spare bedroom. She wished she had enough time to go and check in with Kristen and everyone else in Bored Like Hell, but that was not meant to fit in any schedule. Instead she kept on going and turned into the kitchen, glancing over her shoulder to see Melissa and Terry sitting like zombies in the living room watching *SpongeBob SquarePants*.

Heather went to the pantry and opened the door, weighing her options as she looked at a line of cereal boxes. She settled on Lucky Charms, since she knew they would be light, and easy to eat quickly. She sat the box on the counter, got the milk from the fridge, and a bowl from the cabinet. Then she filled the bowl and grabbed a spoon from the strainer, dipping it in and immediately taking her first bite. Within two minutes she had eaten every bite and then drained the milk from the bowl.

Done with her breakfast she quickly cleaned up and said her goodbyes to the kids. Terry had simply told her to have some fun, but Melissa wanted to add an

item to her list, if she could find it, the CD which Betty had already gotten her in advance. She had given herself a sly little smile as she went out the door, feeling that it was in some way good luck that the CD was already among her stash of pre-purchased items.

Heather could see Kitty sitting on the hood of her car, smoking a cigarette, as she started down the sidewalk. The other woman took a drag and exhaled, sliding off the hood. She cocked her head, looking Heather up and down. Then she shook her head, a slight smirk on her face. "I thought you were going to hurry."

A warm smile on her face she shrugged back. "It just means we'll have an excuse to run a little late."

"Oh," Kitty said.

They got into the other woman's car and were soon pulling out of their subdivision. Looking over her shoulder Heather gave a glance into the back seat. There were two dry cleaner's bags in the back seat, one containing Kitty's clothes, and the other the outfit that she had found at Plus Up 4 U. All the things that they had bought *"on their trip"* were in the trunk of Kitty's car, with the exception of the bags she had left at Betty's.

"I found a shirt that I think Terry would like," Kitty said as she turned onto the highway.

Heather nodded, her thoughts running rampant. She thought about chatting in Bored the previous night, and her lesson in "*platonic nudity"* from Kitty and Earl, and her dream, and her quickie with Bill.

"I'm going to go through the drive thru at McDonald's," Kitty announced. "Would you like something?"

Instead of saying, *No thank you, I've just eaten*, Heather nodded. "Yes. I'm starving."

Kitty looked to her out of the corner of her eye. "You seem far away, Heather." She looked up ahead, and then glanced back at her. "You had sex with Bill after I called."

Heather felt a grin creep across her own face as she slowly nodded her head. *How did Kitty always seem to know things like that?* "I couldn't get away without a quickie."

The other woman gave her standard polite laugh. "One is sure he didn't have to convince you."

Not really, she noted in her head. After all it had been over a week since she had last had sex.

"What else is on your mind? I know you're excited."

"Very," she admitted as they pulled off the highway and into the drive thru line. "And everyone in Bored is excited for me. Hardly anyone is part of the social scene."

"It is different than it used to be," Kitty admitted.

Heather's conversations with some of the others had her curious. "When you lived in Savannah was there a name for the community?"

"That was pretty much it really," the other woman replied, staring at the bumper of the car ahead of them. "We had the Council of Dominants, but anyone socially in the lifestyle only referred to it as '*the community'* or the lifestyle. It didn't have a name like the Clover Leaf Society does."

"I had a few names thrown at me last night," Heather told her.

"Such as?"

"Master Playboy is, or was, part of the Lords and Ladies of the Nebraska Territory. Sassy is in the Leash and Collar Club. Mistress Saybin is part of the New England BDSM Club and the Tri-State Flavor Union."

Kitty laughed. "Flavor Union? A great play against being vanilla."

"Does it make it more appealing, Kitty? When it has a name, or is really a community in the real world?"

"Certainly," her mentor told her. "One knows from being on her own that it is lonely being adrift. It is even more so when each person's lifestyle experience is different from the next person's. It feels daunting and lonely, but when you become involved in a community of people who are like minded it makes one feel not so alone.

"I know you have many friends in the lifestyle through chat, but it is not the same as knowing and meeting them in the real world."

"I know, Kitty. And I really do want to meet more people."

The other woman smiled and reached over to touch the top of Heather's hand. "I have a feeling, with the type of personality you have, that you will meet with someone today that you can develop a friendship with. Someone with a different perspective than me, who you can learn about their experiences from."

"That would be nice," Heather agreed. It did sound very appealing. "I kind of wish that everyone from Bored could get together. I was thinking that the

room was kind of like a social gathering in a way."

Kitty shook her head. "In a way I suppose it is, but there is so much more out there beyond the things you've encountered in chat. Chat is more like being at a munch."

Heather closed her mouth and nodded.

"I think I should have gone in," Kitty commented. The line had not moved since they had gotten into it. "Oh well. It gives us a chance to talk." She glanced to Heather and smiled.

"I was dreaming before I woke up."

"What about?"

Heather gave a shrug. "It seemed like everything. The master in the mask was in it."

"The one that makes you think of the man in the horror movie?"

"Yes", Heather replied. "He was there. And Master Douglas." She paused, feeling her cheeks redden. "And Master Playboy."

Kitty threw her head back and laughed. "Really, Heather? I hope he is online the next time I am in chat. I want to see what it is about him that has made such an impression on you."

Her cheeks feeling hotter she could only shrug. "I don't know. It's the way he is. Like he's fun and sweet and flirty, but…"

Kitty gave her a look, obviously meant to push her on.

"I don't know. It excites me that he goes all over the world just to meet subs and fuck them. He's sent me pictures of every sub that has shown up in Bored that he's been with, and seeing them excites me. I wish I could be them."

"Wish you could be them, or wish you could be *one* of them?"

It was a thoughtful question, one that she had never considered. "Both I think." She looked across the front seat at Kitty. "Kristen says it's a Master and sub, *thang*. That he wants to prove he's dominant to see if I will want to prove I'm submissive."

Kitty laughed as the car ahead of them finally moved up. "Yes, that would seem to be an accurate way to put things." As the other car came to a stop she put her car into park. "What was he doing in your dream?"

Heather felt a corner of the mouth ripping grin spread across her face as she flushed an even darker shade of red. "He was using a girl's pussy."

"Oh?" The other woman had a smile on her own face.

"And Master Douglas was using one's mouth."

"Oh, my."

"And the masked Master was putting a collar around a girl's neck."

Kitty made a slight noise in her throat. "Definitely the things good dreams are made of." Then she laughed.

"The other master was in my dream too."

"The other one?"

"The one I think is Master Chambers."

"Oh," Kitty said. "And what was a girl's Master doing in your dream this time?"

Heather shrugged and shook her head. "He wasn't really doing anything. He just stood there and watched. I got the feeling that he did not approve of what one was doing."

Kitty laughed again. "You know I don't believe that Master Chambers is the other master in your dream, Heather."

"Why not?"

Kitty looked her in the eyes and shook her head. "One is sure if it were Him that He would not be merely standing there." She closed her eyes, her own smile broadening. "He would have been right in the middle."

The turn in their conversation lead Heather to ask one of those questions she would normally never ask, even Kitty. "Kitty?"

"Yes?"

"What is the most…most men you were with at once?"

Kitty opened her eyes, looking at Heather, laughing. She pressed her fingers to her lips, as if she were trying to look somewhat coy. "In close proximity as a common submissive in Master's house. Six."

"Six?"

Kitty nodded. "Master Chambers, and five others." She glanced around almost as if she expected someone else would be in the car. "Now one has been to orgies and semi-orgy parties where one has bounced around enough through the day to lose track."

"Wow," Heather found herself breathing. She could only just imagine something like that, being at an all day sex party and drifting from one causal fucking to another. It was something that she immediately suspected Master Playboy was probably familiar with.

So far you haven't heard about a fetish or a kink that you didn't want to try.

Again she remembered the other woman's words from a few weeks earlier, and again, at least for the moment, she had to agree. In fact she knew if she were left to her own devices instead of constrained by the rules of the Society she would probably set out to lose track of the number of sex partners she could have in a night once they got to the Spring Social.

"We're moving again," Kitty announced. She again followed the vehicle ahead of her for another car length. "Almost there."

As she watched the other woman put her car back in park she was reminded there was something else she needed to tell her. "Kitty?"

"Yes?"

"Do you know what a Thruster Bunny is?"

Kitty smiled and nodded. "Oh, yes."

She thought just a second before she went on. "Last night, after I got back home, Mistress Saybin was giving them away to everyone in the room, trying to get some extra business."

"That's right," Kitty said. "She owns a shop." She looked to Heather and sighed. "And I missed a give away?" She made a pout with her lips. "Oh, well."

"Well, you didn't exactly miss it."

"Oh, how's that?" the older woman questioned.

Heather took a breath. "Master Playboy bought one for you, and for Betty."

Kitty threw hear head back and laughed. "Really? He bought bunnies for me and Betty?" She took a breath and let out a mock sigh. "Well, now one will definitely have to look him up online to thank him for the gift."

Heather smiled.

"And one is sure he bought something for you as well."

Her face was burning red now. "Yes."

"And one suspects that He is sending everything to this girl's house."

Heather nodded.

"Oh." Kitty took a breath. "You need to tell him admirers usually begin with flowers."

Heather laughed. "Okay."

"But one is sure she will find use for *another* bunny."

Shifting in the passenger's seat she leaned closer to the other woman. "Are they really as good as everyone says they are?"

Kitty winked and gave several quick nods. “As with mixing with the lifestyle community for the first time, it will be much more than you expect.”

A horn blared behind them. The car ahead of the moved, clearing the spot in front of the order board.

“That’s us,” Kitty announced, putting the car into drive. “What did you want?”

“Ummm. A Big Breakfast with an extra hash brown. *Two* extra hash browns. An orange juice and a Coke.”

-4-

Her second breakfast from the drive thru would not be the only thing Heather had to eat between her bowl of cereal and lunch. After visiting a couple of stores in the mall she had bought a cone of smoked almonds from one of the island stands. Then, about an hour later she had sprung for pretzels. She did note everything that she was eating, and kept telling herself, *nerves, nerves, nerves*.

Kitty apparently had the same impression. “Are you nervous?”

“A little,” she admitted.

“These pretzels are the second thing you’ve had since breakfast.”

She nodded, hanging her head lower. Inside a little voice seemed to be pushing her to confess. She looked to the toes of her sneakers, and then to her mentor. “It was my second breakfast?”

“Huh-what?” the other woman asked, not quite paying attention.

“McDonald’s was my second breakfast,” she said. “I had a bowl of cereal before I left the house.”

“I see, so your nerves are bothering you.”

“I have an excuse today,” Heather said. “What is my excuse for all the other times I’ve been eating and eating?”

Kitty frowned as they walked along. “Perhaps it is an area you could use a little restraint and self control in.”

“Definitely,” she agreed.

Kitty slowed and put a hand out beside her to halt Heather’s forward motion. She had that mischievous look on her face. “How about we go into Fredrick’s?”

Looking across the mall she followed the other woman's gaze to the neon, Fredrick's of Hollywood sign. She shook her head. "No way. There's nothing in there that is made for us."

"Oh there are some things now and then," the other woman replied in a knowing tone.

Heather sighed. "Okay. Just to say we did it."

-5-

At 1:30 the pair decided to end their little shopping trip and have lunch. With the few extra bags they had accumulated they made their way to the food court, and they both settled on the Char-Burger. Kitty admitted that she liked to watch the flames shoot up when they flipped the burgers as much as Heather did. Both ordered bacon cheeseburgers and curly fries. Once served they found a table nearby and sat down.

Heather took several curls, dipped them in ketchup and stuck them in her mouth. She was looking past Kitty as she ate, past the entrance of the food court and toward the entrance of the Trinity Heights.

"Something interesting over there?" the other woman finally asked.

Heather smiled. "I was just thinking of the first time I met Master Douglas and we had lunch at the Viceroy."

Kitty made a slight thoughtful noise in her throat. "Master Chambers would take this girl out to nice restaurants all the time. It was a change from everything one was used to, like something from a dream."

"I know," Heather said. "I felt the same way." She thought for a moment, then laughed.

"What's so funny?"

Heather shook her head. "The first day I was in Bored Like Hell, meeting everyone, tmc said that this master she was with liked to take her to fancy restaurants with several of his male friends and she would have to get under the table and swallow them all."

"Oh, my," Kitty said, fanning herself and turning on her accent a bit heavier. "That sounds *very yummy*."

Heather smiled. Master Playboy said he was complicated, but she felt that Kitty was much more complicated than he was. She had so many faucets that sometimes it was hard to know what would be coming. The other woman had

the ability to be deadly serious one moment, and joking the next, as long as the circumstances were right. She felt sure that tonight though Kitty would be very serious. It sank in at that moment that tonight would be the first time she had ever seen the woman in a true lifestyle setting. Heather felt sure that it would be very different from seeing her reminisce about her past in one of their living rooms.

-6-

Kitty had made one stop at the Stop & Go after leaving the mall so they could get cigarettes. Heather had gone in while the older woman sat in the car with the engine running. She had bought Kitty her Camels and got a couple of packs of Marlboro for herself. Once they had gotten back on the highway she smoked three on the way to Betty's. Again she gave herself the justification of nerves.

She unlocked the door once they got there with her spare key. Then she went back and helped Kitty get their clothes out of the car. The other woman had brought a travel make-up case that reminded her of the one that Meredith Ford always took with her when she went on vacation. It was a pale blue and boxy looking case that was no doubt part of a suitcase set from the 60's or 70's, just as her mother-in-law's was.

"You don't think she'll be back in time to see us off?" Kitty questioned after they put their things in the spare bedroom. She had gone back and was standing outside the open front door, having a cigarette of her own.

"She has to work a long Saturday at least once a month," she explained. "And today is that Saturday."

"She went in at six, yes?"

"Twelve hours."

Kitty nodded, taking a drag. "Is she going to be here when we get back?"

Heather shrugged. "Hard to tell with Betty. I don't think she was going out tonight, but she might have something come up."

"Well, let's get the things together that you have here and put them in the car. That way all we have to do is change back later in case she wants us to visit."

Heather was already pretty sure that Betty would have little interest in how their evening went, especially since she already knew that Heather would not be

hooking up for any kinky monkey love.

-7-

They took a few minutes to relax before they started getting ready. Kitty helped herself to the shower, and in her absence Heather made her way to the kitchen. It wasn't until she had a plate with a pickle and rolled up piece of ham on it that she realized that she had even gone there and fixed anything. She looked at the two items on the plate, and considered putting them back, but she knew she couldn't just slip the ham back in its package, so she ate it so it would not be thrown away. Then she carried the plate back to the kitchen, and as she did, again without thinking, she picked up the pickle and took a bite. Now, knowing that she couldn't put that back in the jar with her tooth marks etched into it, she ate the pickle on the rest of the way to sit the plate in the sink.

Kitty was coming out of the bathroom as she reentered the hall. She looked back and smiled, her hair was dripping wet and she was dressed in nothing but the towel she had wrapped around her. There was another towel draped over her arm and she motioned with it for Heather to follow her along. It wasn't the come hither beckon Heather had often fantasized about, but she allowed herself for a second to imagine that it was.

In her mind she could just see herself following the other woman into the spare bedroom. Kitty would walk in and turn to face her, slowly sitting down on the bed, the same bed she, and no doubt Betty, had spent several hot and sweaty hours with Freddy. Heather could imagine going to her, walking along in slow motion, almost gliding to a spot in front of her. Kitty would then open the towel, leaning back slightly and spreading her legs as well.

Following her in reality Heather pushed her fantasizing aside. The reality, she had slowly come to realize with the passage of time, was that, as fond as the older woman was of her, she did not think of her in sexual terms. It wasn't sisterly as her friendship was Kristen was, but something that seemed more maternal. Sitting with her and Earl the previous night had somewhat, *curbed her horns*, as Gail Brady used to say in high school when she realized a guy she was after was not as hot as she thought.

Kitty did lose the towel, but not after sitting on the bed and giving her *a come hither Heather* look. She unwrapped it and tossed it on the edge of the bed. Then she used the other towel to pat her arms and legs dry. Heather took

the opportunity to admire the other woman's body as she did. Kitty was beautiful, far from the hag she had once imagined she would be underneath her clothes. Her eyes became fixated on the edge of the towel as she dried her chunky thighs. Looking at them made her realize that hers were just as large, if not bigger. Her height she knew was the difference maker. Women who were short and fat, like Kitty and Betty were cute and chubby. Taller women, women who were average height like she was, were just fat.

Finished drying Kitty straightened herself to her full height. Then she wrapped the towel around her head and began to work it dryer. As she did Heather's eyes became fixed on her naked ass and back. She looked up; following an invisible line up the other woman's bare back to her left shoulder. The kneeling submissive on the tattoo, she finally realized, was Kitty herself. "Kitty?"

"Yes?" She paused in her drying and looked over her shoulder.

"The woman on your shoulder, it's you."

Kitty gave a toothy little smile. "Yes." She rubbed the towel into her hair a couple of more times, then pulled it off her head and draped it across her right shoulder. She wiggled a finger and beckoned Heather closer. "Come here."

"How come you never told me?"

"Well, you never asked," Kitty replied. "And one has waited for quite some time. After all, you're here because you wanted to know about my tattoo, but we kind of got off the subject."

Oh, so true. It had been nearly nine months since Heather had had the courage to finally ask about the other woman's tattoo, and after they had started talking about the lifestyle, and she had seen the tattoo over Kitty's pussy, she had not given the tattoo that she and everyone else was so curious about any thought.

"Can you tell me about your tattoo, Kitty?" She tried to remember what she had said to her and how she had said it on the Fourth of July. "Can you tell me what it is about?"

The other woman gave her a smile. "Of course." She made a sweeping gesture with her right hand toward the bed. "Why don't you have a seat, and I will tell you while I put on my make-up."

"Okay." Heather took the offered seat on the bed, the same bed where she had had sex with a man other than her husband for the first time in 16 years. She watched as Kitty paused to pick up the other towel, taking a long look at her

big breasts as gravity tugged them away from her body. The other woman folded the towels and sat them over the back of the chair in front of the dressing table. Then she sat down and opened up her make-up case.

"I got the other tattoo first," Kitty began, rummaging through the case. "That had been my idea. Master Chambers used to take a marker and mark His girls sometimes when we were common submissives." She paused and laughed. "I guess it's like marking your things when you go to school. I visited Sister Sara one time after He passed. She had married a Master and started a family, and she was getting her children's things ready because the summer was almost over, and she said it was just like Him when He would mark a girl who was going off to be used."

Heather understood what she was getting at. Her mother had done the same thing with her, and she had done it with Terry and Melissa every year. Well, now with Melissa more than Terry.

"Anyway," Kitty said, realizing that she was rambling. "There was one day, after one was His Number One for a couple of years, that a girl was helping Him prepare a girl, Sister Janice, one is sure, to go and serve another Master for the weekend. And I was there and held the marker cap for Him, watching as He wrote, Property of Master Chambers over her pussy as she sat back on one of the couches in the sitting room, when one realized that she wanted that again, too. Not really to be lent out, you know, but to be marked by Him.

"When He was done He handed the marker back to this girl, and gave the other girl some instructions, ordering her to get dressed and dismissing her until it was time for the other Master to pick her up, and this one was just standing there with the marker in her hand, having thoughts."

Kitty stopped, looking back over her shoulder and smiling. "Master Chambers always seemed to know when this girl was having thoughts. One knows that she was as connected with Him as she could never be to another. Is there something on your mind, Number One?, He asked.

"A girl held the marker in a death grip and presented it straight in front of her. A girl is thinking of this marker, Sir.

"Oh, He said.

"Yes, one went on. One would like to be marked as well, as a girl is your property to do with as You wish.

"He laughed, and He smiled His million dollar smile. A silly request, as One has come to expect from His Number One.

“One nodded. Yes, Sir. Though novice or Number One, a girl is Your property, Sir. You own her.

“One rubbed the bottom of her foot against her calf, sure He would look down. He did. It was somewhat of a signal one had come up with for Him in her own early days as a novice submissive in His house, to let Him know a girl was,” she paused and cleared her throat slightly as she opened an eyeliner pin, “*horny*, and willing to serve if He so wished.

“Your point is well taken, He said. Shall we adjourn to the bedroom?

“A girl shook her head, letting Him know she was being mischievous in her thoughts. One was thinking of right here if One is not opposed to that thought, Master.

“It is My house, He reminded.”

She paused in telling her story and putting on her make-up and turned to smile at Heather. “As you know there was rarely any activity in the common rooms of Master’s house, unless He had guest, or it was a special occasion. Or unless some girls were being bad while He was away.” She laughed.

“Yes, you’ve told me before.”

Kitty turned back toward the mirror and went back to work and resuming her narrative. “One opened the bottom of the teddy she was wearing and took Sister Janice’s place on the couch, leaning back and assuming the marking position. The sound of Him popping the cap off the marker was music to this girl’s ear. One did her very best not to squirm as He wrote. Every stroke He made with the marker sent tingles through her pussy. One felt so wanton she wanted to be bad and move one of her legs open and closed, but she did not want to mess up Master’s penmanship.

“He raised His head and looked one in the eye, and that was how she knew He had finished. However, when one looked down she was very surprised. Instead of His usual, *Property of Master Chambers*, he had written *Property of J.J. Chambers.*”

“How did that make you feel?” Heather asked. She had reached a point where she barely interrupted the other woman as she retold her past anymore, but this time she just couldn’t help it. She had to know.

“One was surprised. And honored.” She was looking in the mirror, her reflection revealing she had a dreamy and faraway look in her eyes. “And hot.”

And it was. *So fucking hot!*

“Sir, one said, nearly unable to say anything. A girl has never been so honored.

“For you, My Kitty, He said. Only for you.”

Pausing again she smiled. “One’s legs opened wide.”

Heather found herself sitting there on the corner of the bed fighting the urge to open her own legs wide. She realized that she forced herself to be in control whenever she was with Kitty. Had Kristen been telling the story she knew she would have no problem undressing from the waist down and playing with herself. Could it be that having the phone line between them aided them in their losing their inhibitions?

“He did not say a word. He just undid His pants and pulled them down, taking a girl right there on the couch.” Again she had a toothy smile on her face. “It was hot and quick, but it was so good that one still got off from it.

“And of course it took a couple of days for the marking He wrote to begin to fade off. Thinking of what an honor it was to have His personal name there, and what it meant to even have it there, made a girl hot each time she looked at it. There was not a single time one went to the bathroom in those few days that a girl could resist touching herself.

“One did not want it to fade away. One wanted it to be there forever. That was when a girl got the idea in her head that it could be there forever, if it was tattooed there.

“A girl went to her Master after bath time a few days later, when that last washing had been enough for it to come off. He was sitting in His office, looking over a several photos for an upcoming exhibit. Yes, Number One?

“One merely opened the bottom of her teddy and pulled it up, then pointed to her clean and unmarked pussy. Very *un*-Number One-like, a girl gave Him this pouty, little girl, frown.

“I see, He said. You would like Me to get a marker so that it can be there again.

“No, Master, one replied, using a childish tone which one rarely ever used, especially with her true Master. One wants it to be there forever.

“Forever? He invited this girl to come and sit on His lap and explain how she thought that could be possible.

“So one sat there and told Him what she had been thinking, and He agreed to let a girl have that tattooed there, as long as He was present and it was done by an artist of His choosing. And who He chose was a well known German tattoo

artist named Warner Wright." She paused again, smiling and nodding her head. "One's first trip out of the country with Master and it was to be marked as His property in truly permanent ink!"

Heather watched as Kitty scooted the chair back slightly, looking down and opening her legs slightly. She put a hand down, no doubt adjusting her belly, and craned her neck a little more. "Heather, you have no idea how often I masturbate looking in the mirror so I can see it."

That was definitely, fucking hot.

What do you want there?, Kitty had asked her in her dream that morning. *What would you like there? What defines you?*

Owned slut.

She could almost see it. Heather could imagine it inked and burned into her skin, the words as plain as the ones that marked Kitty as Master Chamber's property.

Owned slut

"Of course one is getting away from the subject at hand," Kitty said, taking out a puff and powdering her nose and cheeks. "We do not want to forget about the thing you initially asked one about months ago."

Heather shook her head. "No." No she didn't.

"But one did have to tell you where it all began. Of course *her MASTER'S VOICE* is a story in itself."

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"Many years before it was put on one's shoulder, *her MASTER'S VOICE* started its life as one of Master's photographs. And the photo itself came about quite casually. One day Master Chambers had decided to clean and inventory the attic, which He said had been pretty much closed up since His mother's death. Even He was unsure of exactly what was up there, so He decided that we girls would help Him.

"At the time a girl had not been in the house long, one was still only a novice, so it was He and this girl, and Dinah and Sister Scarlett." She paused, smiling. "It was a very good day. Even Sister Scarlett was being reasonably

good. It was a very relaxing time, and we all played like children, even Master and Dinah. Each of us found old clothes in trunks and dressers and played a little dress up on the first day.

"One found this bathing suit, from the 1930's, His mother or grandmother's He thought, you know the kind one means, like the ones they show them wearing in the old Bugs Bunny and Popeye cartoons, like Olive Oyl was always wearing?"

"Yes." Heather realized she hadn't seen *Popeye* since she was Melissa's age, but she could vividly remember seeing Olive in a swimsuit, in some sort of distress or another and in need of rescue. She held back a slight laugh as she found she had no problem imagining Kitty in such a suit.

"Master Chambers Himself had found an old army jacket from the 40's. Sister Scarlett had this old southern belle dress that she tried on, and it suited her. And Dinah, well she found the more vintage *unmentionables* and was trying them on. Just to let you know how relaxed it really was she was playing chase with Master around the attic. He would catch her and *force* her to take off the old lingerie, then He would put Himself in for a few strokes, Number One would then *escape*, to find something else to put on and the process would start over.

"After a little while Sister Scarlett decided that she would join the game, and once one saw Master forcing her to her knees and making her take off the bloomers that went with the southern belle outfit, she decided that she would join the game as well, but before one had a chance she saw it."

Heather of course understood that the *it* in question would be the gramophone.

"Being raised a poor working girl in a small town one had never owned a record player, but one had seen them on TV, and the few times her family all had a chance to go to the movies, so one knew that the one in the upstairs was old. It was sitting on a dusty dresser in front of a stack of books. There were cobwebs running from the horn to the top of the dresser, and one brushed them away and then wiped the caked on dust off the horn. Even in the bad light of the attic one could see it still had a gold color to it.

"One looked over her shoulder in time to see Sister Scarlett make her escape from Master. He rose to His feet, the bloomers in hand as His trophy." She sat her powder puff down and smiled at her reflection. "He looked very yummy, standing there in nothing but the old jacket and His shirt. His cock was rock

hard. One wanted to be the next victim of the take off the old panties game, but she also wanted to show Him what she had found.

"Master, a girl called.

"Yes, Kitty?

"Come and see, Sir.

"Master Chambers began to make His way to where one stood, and when Sister Scarlett realized that He was no longer chasing her she turned and came in our direction as well.

"What have you found?

"It's an old record player, Sir

"A phonograph, Number One said. She had seen us gathered in one spot and approached from the other direction, naked except for a 50's style bathing suit she had draped over a shoulder, no doubt she had been about to try it on.

"Yes, Master said. My great-grandmother's. I had no idea it was even up here.

"One wiped a bit more of the dust away, and then pulled aside more cobwebs that were covering the crank on the side of the box. It looks elegant, Sir.

"Sister Scarlett snickered at a girl's words.

"Yes, it is a beautiful machine, Master agreed. One's great-grandmother spent many hours with it. She actually had a preference to it than the radio if there was no music on.

"Number One came up beside this girl and used her own hand to clear some of the dust off the horn. Cylinder or platter? She cleared the last of the cobwebs off the top of the box to answer her own question. Platter.

"Do you think it will still work, Sir?, Sister Scarlett asked.

"If it is cleaned, perhaps. He gave a glance to Number One.

"Go and fetch the water bucket and a dry rag, Scarlett, she told her. As sister obeyed Number One took a step back, moving closer to Master. One does not see any discs.

"He side stepped a little closer to her, slipping an arm around her bare waist. It made one a little envious, especially since for the past few minutes He had been teasing her and Sister Scarlett with His cock and this girl still had not had a chance to join in their game.

"One would imagine they are here somewhere.

"Shall we look?, Dinah questioned.

“Why not?, He said. Let’s look around while Scarlett cleans it up a little.

“Master, a girl spoke up. One had found it, and she wanted a chance to study it more.

“Yes, Kitty?

“A girl was wondering if she might be allowed to clean up the phonograph, Sir.

“One could tell from the look in His eyes that He knew one wanted to spend more time with the thing she had found instead of turning over the duty of cleaning it up to someone else. Yes, of course, Kitty, you may.

“So Sister Scarlett brought the pail of water we had brought up with us, along with a couple of clean rags. One took them and went to work, just dampening a small spot on one of the rags and using it to gently remove the rest of the dust from the horn. As she cleaned Master and the others began looking around to see if they could find any records. They looked close by at first, then eventually spread out across the attic space as one started working on cleaning the bottom part of the player.

“One half listened as they called back and forth among themselves. The search was not turning up a single disc, but by that point one was not as concerned if the others found anything to play on the phonograph or not. With each layer of dust one removed, more and more, the beauty of the object was revealed. It was in fact the product of a different time. Master had a stereo, what was called a stereo then, one is sure you remember the ones that looked like a cabinet with a sliding lid on top.”

Heather of course did know what an old cabinet system looked like. Her mother and grandmother had had record player and radio cabinets. In fact when they had first moved into their first apartment Bill had brought Meredith’s old Zenith cabinet along. It played 8 tracks as well as records, and at the time Bill had a huge collection of both. She had had a combination CD and cassette player by her junior year of high school and had changed most of her vinyl albums for tapes and CDs, and remembering that now made her realize that he had always seemed to have a problem adapting to new things.

“And that’s what it was”, Kitty went on. “It was just a boxy cabinet which looked like any other piece of furniture. Well, not even like that, Master’s cabinet stereo was plain, looking just like a wooden box placed against the wall in the sitting room.

“That phonograph, though-. There was something so elegant about the gramophone. The horn seemed to grow from the top of the box, the cone so small at the base, then steadily growing bigger. Its length, especially the open end, was sculpted to look like a huge, golden flower.

“The box itself was ornate. The top and bottom borders were flared and sculpted with intricate swirls that turned into vines and leaves. Feeling around on them one could feel little bumps along them, little thorns meant to be felt more than seen, not sharp to touch, but just enough so one could know they were there.”

Kitty turned back and looked at Heather, a smile on her face. “In that object one saw her life, the way one wanted her life to be. It was so drab and dirty sitting there, but still someone could see the true beauty somewhere underneath. All it took was a little work, a little gentle cleaning and care, and not only did it become a thing of beauty, but a thing of elegance as well. Even though one was so young a girl knew that she could be like the phonograph. One knew that Master Chambers would clean her up, change her from a simple girl into an elegant girl.

“A girl was lost in her thoughts, because the others had returned without her noticing. With the old gramophone cleaned up for the most part one could not help but admire its beauty.

“Don’t move, Kitty, a girl suddenly heard her Master say.

“And one stood not moving a muscle, almost afraid that a spider had dropped down from the ceiling onto her.

“Tilt your head just a bit more, Kitty, Master said.

“One obeyed, just moving her head slightly. It made one a little nervous since He and the other girls were behind her and one could still not see them.

“Does that look familiar?, Master asked.

“Dinah let out a slight laugh. Yes, Sir it does remind one of an advertisement.

“One remained standing as she been told to as Master navigated through the various pieces of furniture and stacks of boxes in the attic to come around and be in front of her. He strained His eyes, slightly bending down. Yes, He said. This definitely has given Me an idea.

“A girl could not help but smile. It felt good to be the source of one of Master’s ideas. One could tell from the way He was walking around her, that

deep in thought look in His eyes that He got, that He was thinking of what would make a good photograph.

“Okay, Kitty, you may move now, He said after a few minutes.

“Thank You, Sir”, a girl replied. One straightened herself and watched as He moved closer to the phonograph and moved the stack of books sitting behind it aside. He was still only in the old army jacket and His shirt, and a girl could see His cock. It was no longer hard and ridged, but a girl imagined how easy it would be to make it so again.

“Kitty and Scarlett, I want you to help each other and take the phonograph player down to the sitting room and sit it on the cabinet. Then come back up here and we will all go through a little more of the attic to straighten it up.

“As You wish, Sir, we both replied in unison, curtseying.

“You have an idea for the phonograph one can see, Dinah observed.

“Yes, and I think it will be a good one. It will have to be cleaned in detail later on.

“As they spoke this girl took one side and Sister Scarlett picked up the other. It could have been a one girl operation, but Master had told us both to work together to get it down the stairs. Master and Number One continued their discussion as we did our best to match our paces as we crossed the attic. He was telling her He had the idea for a series of photos, or at the very least one, of a girl listening to the sound of her Master’s voice.

“One should call Melanie later to see if she’s available this week, or perhaps You would like one to see about getting Robin Gregory?, Dinah asked.

“No, Master Chambers replied. I think I will use Kitty for this one.

“One felt her heart seize as He said this. He wanted to use this girl in a photo?

“Of course He had taken pictures of a girl before, personal pictures, helping her get the feel of being in His studio, but He had not taken any of her in the pursuit of His art. One felt honored.” Kitty paused again, smiling and picking up a brush from beside her makeup case. A huge smile spread across her face. “And loved.”

Listening to her Heather felt her own heart swell with happiness for her friend as she listened to her remember the moment.

“She lacks experience as a model, Sir, Dinah reminded. With respect, are You sure?

“Kitty is *the one*, He replied. Of that I am sure. It was the way she was there, the way she was standing. It was natural. To use anyone else the effect would not be the same.

“One smiled, looking to the wall as Sister Scarlett and this girl took their first step together down the stairs. One did not want her to know that she was happy and full of pride, and one hoped she did not hear what Master was saying. For one it seemed to be another confirmation that this one was most special to Him.”

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“It was a couple of weeks later before this girl was summoned by Master Chambers for Him to take the actual pictures of her with the gramophone. At the time one had no idea that He would end up with a photo He considered to be one of the best that He had ever taken. All a girl knew at that time was that she was excited to be photographed as part of His work. It was, one knew, because if He were taking a picture of one as part of His work that it meant other people would see it, as opposed to the personal pictures He had taken.

“On that day one went to the studio with Number One Dinah and watched as Master adjusted the umbrella reflectors and arranged a place to take the photos. He had spread a pink satin sheet on the floor, and Dinah had helped Him make creases in it so that it was not laid out flat, and once He had turned on a fan blowing at a low speed it made those little creases look like waves on a pink ocean. He chose a brown background made of ragged burlap sat at an angle to the sheet. And then finally they had set up the phonograph in the left hand corner of the space. It was placed at an angle as well, so that the corner would be facing toward the camera if it was being used to take a photo from head on.

“Once the space was arranged Dinah helped make-up this girl’s face. As she did Master Chambers took several pictures, fun pictures, with one of His smaller cameras, so that a girl would be more relaxed when it came time for His more professional pictures.

“Are you nervous?, He asked.

“In between getting her lips and eyes done a girl nodded. Yes, Sir. One does not want to mess up Your pictures, Sir.

“Master Chambers smiled and shook His head. They are photos after all, Kitty. One has to take many to get just the right ones. So you should not

concern yourself with worry of messing anything up. Just be yourself. Be the beautiful girl you are.

"One could not help but smile. Thank You, Sir.

"Once her makeup was done a girl stepped to the space in the studio where the background and pink sheet foreground had been set up. Immediately one began to move toward the gramophone.

"Just a moment, Kitty, Master Chambers said. Come back this way.

"A girl obeyed, worried she was already doing wrong.

"One is going to take some other pictures first, He said. It is okay. Remember, this is not a short process.

"One nodded. Yes, she knew. Master often spent most of the day in the studio when He was working on a project. Sometimes He would be there with His models eight, ten, even thirteen hours.

"He looked at one with understanding, holding His camera with one hand and motioning down with the other. Face away from Me and get into the good girl position.

"By Your command, Sir. One turned, slowly sinking down to her knees on the satiny pink sheet. There was a flutter in a girl's stomach. One loved to get into that position for Him. But you already know that."

Heather nodded, looking at the back of the other woman's head as she sat at the dressing table. Early on, while discussing Kitty's journey into the lifestyle as Master Chambers' submissive, she had explained learning to be in the good girl position from Master Chambers and Dinah Saunders.

Being in the good girl position involved being as close to the floor as possible. Someone in the position was required to put their ankles against their thighs with little or no visible space between the legs and body. Arms down and straight, close to the legs. The side of the face pressed in the floor, and ass slightly raised, but not too high. It sounded easy enough, but Kitty had assured her that it was not an easy position to get into the first time, and it was also not an easy position to maintain for a long length of time, but she also felt it was one of the most rewarding unbound positions to be in. It was designed to show a girl's willingness to submit, in the hopes of being accepted, by her Master or Mistress.

"One could feel as well as hear the flash of the bulb. It made one's blood rush with excitement. Still the novice all one could think of at that moment was that He would want to use her once the photo session was over.

“Dinah, step in and put your foot on her neck, Master directed.

“It was all one could do to keep from squirming. She could hear Number One stepping across the sheet. She paused, and then there was the feel of her bare foot brushing her hair as she sat it lightly on one’s novice collar. Master took three pictures, moving around us slightly for each one.

“Place a hand on her ass, He directed.

“Dinah took her foot off one’s neck, and then moved down to her bottom. She put a cool hand on the bare flesh of one’s upraised ass, pressing it there a little harder than she had put her foot on one’s neck.

“Very good, Master said. Now press a little harder and pull her open.

“God, it was sweet torture.

“Dinah did as He directed. She pressed her palm against this girl’s ass, and then she moved her hand, causing the cheeks of her ass to open up. Master took a couple of pictures, and then had her step out.

“Crawl to the phonograph, Kitty, Master Chambers directed.

“As You wish, Sir.

“One rose up from the good girl position and began to crawl toward the gramophone on her hands and knees.

“Slowly, Master directed.

“Yes, Sir, one said, slowing her pace.

“He took several pictures of her from different angles as one made her way closer to the gramophone. One looked to Him, unable to hide a smile, but He told one she needed to be serious and focus on the old player. Cock your head as you did after you cleaned it up, Kitty.

“A girl moved her head, doing her best to mimic the position she had been in on the day she had found the gramophone. Her back and side felt warmed as the flash of the camera went off.

“Then Master stepped in, sitting His camera to the side. He knelt and manually began to place one’s hands, and then He took one of her legs and picked it up off the floor, holding it out and then placing it back on the satin sheet. Next He put His hand between her legs and pushed her ass up, pressing on her pussy. One’s insides were twisting and churning. It was so hot and so special having Him touch her, manipulating and molding her any way He wanted. He at last put his hand on one’s chin and tilted her head before He stepped back and admired His handy work, a look on His face telling one He approved of what He had done.

“Dinah, bring a lead, He said, stepping back.

“Number One came back onto the sheet. She bent down, clipping a leash to the ring of one’s collar.

“Stand slightly behind her and pull the lead taut, but do not pull her head back. Kitty, do not move.

“As You wish, Sir.

“He stood considering the pose, not looking quite pleased. I think you are too much in the shot, Dinah.

“What if one took a piece of rope and tied it through the hand loop on the lead?, she asked. Then one could stand further back and hold the lead up so it looks as if it is being held out of Your shot, Sir.

“I think that might work. Go ahead and try it, Number One.

“One waited patiently in the pose that Master had put her in to. Dinah put down the leash and then worked to tie some rope through the hand hold. It sounds easy one knows, but it took a couple of minutes for her to get everything tied so that it would hold for the picture and be easily undone after the photo session was over.

“One took a deep breath, focusing to make sure that the act of taking such a breath did not alter the pose that Master Chambers had put her in with His own hand. A tingle of excitement went through her as one felt the leash draw tight, but not tight enough to pull her head back. One made sure not to move her head back with the anticipation that the leash would pull tighter against her collar.

“Perfect, Master Chambers said. Beautiful. He brought His camera up and began taking several more photos.”

Once she finished retelling the story of her first professional photo session Kitty had finished putting on her make-up as well. Dinah had tied her wrists after the first couple of pictures. Master Chambers had taken several more pictures of her in various positions on the pink sheet bound in various ways and in various positions after the second roll he had shot of her with the gramophone. Then He had taken several more of her with the phonograph, but it had been some of the first ones that He had ended up keeping as show worthy, the other woman revealed.

“You had better start getting ready,” Kitty said, facing her on the bed as she brushed her hair.

Knowing she was right Heather stood up and went to grab her dry cleaner’s bag from the back of the bedroom door. “What became of the pictures?” She knew she had not seen them in any of the albums Kitty had shown her, or hanging anywhere in her house. If she had seen the *her MASTER’S VOICE* photo she would have definitely asked the other woman how she herself had ended up tattooed on her shoulder before now.

“Well there were only the two that came out of the session that Master Chambers used in shows, *The Good girl* and *her MASTER‘S VOICE*.” She rose from the chair and went to the bed where her own dry cleaner’s bag was sitting, unzipping it. “They were eventually sold at auction, as many of His photos were, and off to different galleries.”

Heather opened the bag and draped it over her arm as she made her way back to the bed. Kitty was pulling out a satiny blue cape trimmed in black lace. “He didn’t keep any copies of them?”

“Oh, yes,” Kitty nodded. “One kept them in His room as long as He was alive. But after He passed I decided to give them to Sister Elaine. She had always admired them, and I felt they should be passed on to her.”

“You didn’t want to keep them?” She couldn’t believe the other woman would want to part with them.

“One has the tattoo that Warner Wright put there for Master Chambers,” Kitty said. “That is really all one needs. The originals, or at least the ones that were sized to be shown, they had special meaning for me. The copies for some reason did not feel as important.”

Heather found herself unsure if what the other woman was saying was logical, but it was however based on sentiment. She looked to see her pull a lacy black teddy out of the bag. It had an open bottom, and Heather had the feeling that she was not going to be pulling out a pair of panties or shorts to cover her lower extremities. She slipped her own bag onto the bed and then pulled her sweatshirt over her head, comfortable undressing in the presence of the other woman after having to be undressed with both her and Earl the previous night.

“You’ll understand some day I’m sure,” Kitty told her.

Heather hoped so. It would, if she had the same understanding as the other woman, mean that she would have attained the same experience and wisdom as

the other woman. *And a Master*, she thought.

Kitty was already busy stepping through the bottom straps of the teddy and working it up. Heather found herself slightly envious to see that the lingerie item fit the other woman like a glove without her having to struggle to get it up. She reached back and unhooked her bra, then let it hang on her shoulders as she dipped down to peel her sweat pants and panties off.

The other woman stood up, pulling the shoulder straps into place at the same moment that Heather's fingers touched her ankles. As she stretched the elastic of the pant legs over her foot she looked ahead and found herself staring at Kitty's bare pussy across from her face.

Property of
J.J. Chambers

Heather quickly got her sweats and panties the rest of the way off, and then slipped her bra off her shoulders as she rose back to her full height. She reached into the bottom of the bag and pulled out the peach bra and panties that Master Douglas had given her the last time he had visited. She brought them to her face, rubbing the material against her cheek. She wished He could be with her right now.

"Heather, would you do the honors?" Kitty asked.

She looked up to see the other woman had pulled an oversize necklace case out of her makeup case. Turning toward Heather she opened the lid to reveal her collar. She looked at it for a moment, admiring it for the second time, and wishing she had one of her own. *Perhaps with Master Douglas, someday*.

"Of course," she said. She walked to Kitty as she took her seat at the dressing table and took her collar from the satin lined box. Then she took an end in each hand and slipped it around the older woman's neck. Tilting her head up she looked to watch herself in the mirror as she helped Kitty put her collar on, and seeing her own reflection made her remember that she was totally naked. She looked back down to the back of the other woman's neck and buckled the collar as Kitty held her hair up out of the way.

Finished clasping the collar she looked at the other woman's reflection, wondering how many times Kitty had helped other girls put their collars on.

Doing it made her feel like she was a sort of hand maiden, much the same way, she was sure, that Kitty had always thought of herself as a servant girl.

"Come on, let's get you dressed," Kitty said, turning in the chair. "Or we are going to be more than just fashionably late."

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Compared to Kitty Heather felt that her outfit was lacking, and somehow inappropriate, for where they were going. She wore long, loose and flare legged, black pants, and the simple white blouse that she had worn the first time she had met with Master Douglas. Over the blouse she wore a red and green jacket with a large paisley pattern on it. As Kitty had placed a black, knit head wrap on her head to help pull her hair away from her face she had realized she looked as if she were heading for a business casual dress job interview than to a lifestyle social. She looked at Kitty, who was covered in the blue cape so that anyone outside would not know she had little else on, and decided to voice her concern. "Are you sure that I'm dressed okay?"

"You look fine, Heather," the older woman assured her. "Tonight you will see people dressed in many ways. Some will even be dressed as you are."

And some will be totally nude, Heather thought. She looked to her mentor again and noted that she was dressed like the girl group from *Purple Rain*.

"And do try to remember etiquette," Kitty went on. "No one will think any less of you if you slip up, but they will be impressed with your speaking if you remember the rules one taught you. No contractions. Never speak of oneself in first person."

"Yes."

"Let one have your right arm."

Heather held her arm out. Kitty reached into the makeup case and took out the two wrist bands she was to wear. There was a white one, to identify her as an unowned and nonmember submissive guest. The band as Kitty had explained before offered protection, not only from dominants, but from a person's own wild urges as well. Sexual contact between members and nonmembers was not allowed. No one could ask her to participate in a scene, and she could not offer or request to join a scene.

There was also a tan bracelet for drinks. All guests were only allowed two drinks at any Clover Leaf Society function. Upon being served the first drink

the band would have a nick cut onto it. Once someone had the second it was cut off. No band, no alcohol.

"Within the Society all female submissives are referred to by maiden names", Kitty reminded her. "So tonight one is Miss McClain and you are Miss Zane."

Heather nodded. "I-. One understands, Miss McClain."

Kitty took her hands and took a step back from her. She smiled a glowing and beaming smile. "Look at you," she said. There was definitely pride in her voice.

Heather suspected that Kitty had not gone to an event like this with a lower ranked submissive as company since Master Chambers had died. "You look far better than this one." She smiled back.

The other woman's face turned red, her cheeks flushing. She gave Heather's hands a squeeze. "Shall we go, Miss Zane?"

Heather nodded. "Of course, Miss McClain."

After taking just a moment to straighten their things so they would be easier to get packed up later that night, they went down the hall and out the front door of Betty's house. Then they got into Kitty's car and pulled out of the driveway. Heather had her window down and a cigarette in hand before they even made it to the end of the street. She had no idea at the moment, that she was about to have a brush with her future. As with many other warnings that lay ahead that brush with destiny would be passed up and, for the most part, ignored.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE:
Into The Deep End Of The Pool

-1-

It was just a little before six when Kitty pulled her car into the Ghost Wood Heights section of Lake Trinity. Trees skirted each side of the road, interrupted by the occasional driveway branching off from the main highway. This was the upper class of the upper class area, Heather knew. The homes could not be seen from the road because a majority of them were considered mansions. It was definitely a circle that her mentor was accustomed to traveling in, since she had been among wealthy people a majority of her life. For Heather it was all new.

"If you do happen to have a problem with anyone it is best to yell fire," Kitty was telling her as they got even closer to their final destination. She slowed slightly, and then turned the car to go down one of the long and nearly hidden drives.

Heather nodded. "Is *fire* a universal safe word?"

Kitty smiled and shook her head. "No, it isn't. However, there is no other word that will bring anyone nearby to you as quickly. The fact is that people love to see a fire."

"Okay, one sees," Heather said. Of course once Kitty explained it that way it did make perfect sense. She had to admit that there was something about fire that always got peoples' attention.

Once they came over a slight rise Master Schrader's home came into view. As Heather had expected the house was no less than a mansion, and a huge one at that. Even from the first view she suspected that there was probably enough bathroom space to equal the floor space of her own home, and probably more. The building was three stories high, and looked like it was at least three acres across. She wondered how far back it stretched that she could not see.

Kitty pulled the car to the front of the house where several valets were gathered. Even looking at them made Heather feel underdressed. The three men and one woman waiting were all in traditional valet uniforms of a white shirt, black slacks and a red vest. One approached on each side and opened the doors.

"Kitty," a slightly accented voice called.

Heather looked in the direction of the voice and saw a tall man with penetrating eyes waving them over. He had shoulder length hair, that had a body wave to it, and even in the evening light Heather could see there was a lot of gray there. He was dressed in a black turtle neck and black jeans, and that made Heather feel just a bit more at ease.

As she walked toward the main entrance Kitty passed her by and went to the man. "Six o'clock, right on time," he said. He loosened one hand and a leash unfurled and swung, the links of the chain glistening in the dying sun. The man no doubt was Master Dmitri.

"Of course, Sir," Kitty replied. She stood and let Master Dmitri clip the leash to ring of her collar. As Heather approached she cut her eyes back her way. "Master, this is the girl one has told you of."

He reached out with his free hand and took Heather's. The suddenness of the action caught her slightly off guard. "Miss Zane. It is a pleasure to finally make your acquaintance. Kitty has spoken so much about you." He raised her hand and kissed it, and Heather found herself suddenly resisting the urge to giggle and blush.

"Master Dmitri Markov, this is Miss Heather Zane," Kitty said, although his rush to be suave put her introduction behind his. "Miss Zane, this is Master Dmitri."

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Sir," Heather said. She felt giddy, and she wondered if all the men Kitty had served were the same, the suave, somewhat heroic looking and sounding type.

"The pleasure, I assure you, Miss Zane, is all *mine*."

Heather felt a slight tingle run up her spine. Under different circumstances she was sure that she would have no problem letting Dmitri Markov charm her pants right off.

"One is glad you are here," Master Dmitri went on. "Without you one is afraid that Kitty would have elected to stay home, and once again not have been

eligible for the auction. I think you will find there are many of us here are elated by your request to attend."

Heather smiled, flattered, slightly embarrassed, and unsure of quite what to say.

"But anyway," Master Dmitri continued, "Our hosts are waiting."

Heather cocked her head, realizing that from somewhere inside the massive mansion there was music playing.

"We need to get in and dispense with the usual pleasantries so we can get you ready, Kitty."

Kitty nodded, "Of course, Sir."

"To me," he said, giving the lead a slight tug.

Heather followed behind Kitty as Master Dmitri led the way through the doors of the great house and into the foyer. Instantly the level of noise increased, loud voices speaking over loud music, reminding her of stepping into Club Electronica. As they emerged into a small cluster of people Heather was surprised to realize that the song playing was the Bee Gees, *'Jive Talkin'*.

Two coat check girls suddenly appeared from either side of them. One took Kitty's cape as the other helped Heather out of her jacket. The younger woman held her hand out, indicating the small purse she had over her shoulder, but Heather informed her she would like to hold on to it since it had nothing but her cigarettes inside.

"Ah, Dmitri, I see she's finally here," a voice with a thick German accent said.

Heather looked around to see a man who looked to be in his late 50's, dressed in a black hooded robe with the hood pulled back. He had pale blue eyes, and light blonde hair that was swept back away from his forehead. As he stepped closer he was joined by a woman dressed in a similar robe with the hood up. She had the same eyes, but long and straight blonde hair, and a girlish face that Heather could tell, without even knowing who she was, hid more knowledge and wisdom than most people would suspect. She guessed the woman was a good 20 years younger than the man she was with.

"Hello, Miss McClain," the man said. He stepped to Kitty and gave her a quick kiss on each cheek. "It is always so good to see you."

"Welcome, welcome," his female companion greeted, her own German accent was a lot thicker than his.

“Günter, Rebecca,” Master Dmitri announced, “This is Miss Heather Zane. Miss Zane, I present to you our hosts, Master Günter Schrader and Mistress Rebecca Schrader.”

Heather cast her eyes down and curtsied. As she did she realized that she had not curtsied when Kitty had introduced her to Master Dmitri. “It is an honor to be here, Sir and Ma’am.”

“Oh, how sweet,” Mistress Schrader said. “She is a very cute, yeah.”

“It is an honor to meet you, Miss Zane,” Master Schrader told her. “One has been very interested in seeing the person who has made an obvious impression on our Miss McClain. We all hope someday you will settle with someone here and join the Society. I believe you are destined to go far with a teacher such as Miss McClain.”

“Thank you, Sir,” Kitty said.

“Well, my husband is such a flatterer,” Mistress Schrader announced. “But he does speak the truth. Are you dominant in there somewhere, Miss Zane? Or just submissive?”

“One is a pure submissive, Ma’am,” Heather replied. In the background she heard the music change, and again found herself surprised as New Kids on the Block’s *‘Didn’t I Blow Your Mind This Time?’* began to play.

Master Schrader stepped forward, waving his hand somewhat dismissively. “Oh, you have to forgive my wife sometimes, Miss Zane, as she is a notorious switch.”

“Switch?” Heather repeated, though she had not meant to say it out loud. The meaning of the term escaped her for a split-second before she realized it was someone who switched between dominant and submissive roles.

“Yes, dear. To whichever will get one’s pussy licked the best,” Mistress Schrader said, laughing a little irreverently.

Heather joined in with her laugh, but it was a little nervous, and she was unsure if it were appropriate to do so. But the others joined in, and that made her feel okay.

“Well,” Master Schrader said once the laughter died down, “you feel free to mingle and meet people. There are discussions going on in the library and the drawing room. If you go straight back there is food in the banquet room, and if you wish to dance there are some people in the ballroom taking a whirl. You may have a look around our home, but please do not go to the east wing unescorted.”

Heather nodded, doing her best to not to miss anything her host was saying. There was food, which she suspected, and dancing, which she had not.

"Now you be sure to hook up wit' someone," Mistress Schrader added, "so you can see the east wing, yeah. You must go and see the oubliette."

Oubliette?

Heather looked to Kitty, but the other woman was exchanging pleasantries with someone else who had approached. She had no idea what an oubliette was or why it would interest her to see one.

As there was a pause in the conversation and Kitty was occupied she glanced around. The foyer area was crowded and dimly lit, and all she could see of most of the people who were crowded around in the small space were their heads. Everyone seemed to be moving toward twin entrances to another area of the house at the back of the room. Through there she was sure that the crowd thinned out.

"Ah, here comes Deacon," Mistress Schrader announced.

Master Schrader looked in the direction that his wife indicated and waved someone to where they stood. It took a moment for the person they were waiting for to cut through the crowd. He was, Heather judged, probably just a little over six feet tall with a head of black curly hair. His skin was pale, and his eyes were a deep dark blue, which gave him a severe look on his face whether he meant it to be there or not. He was dressed in a double breasted black jacket. Underneath that he wore a white shirt and a gray cravat that looked like something that came from another age.

As the man stepped between the last few people between himself and the group Heather noticed that there was a woman accompanying him. She was a full head shorter than he was, slim and blonde, probably about her age. Her face was thin; a slim nose separated green eyes magnified behind a pair of round framed glasses. To Heather the other woman looked familiar, as if she should know who she was, despite the fact that she was sure they had never met before. She was wearing a strapless red evening gown and white gloves. The gloves aided in offsetting a golden tan, much the same way many of the things Kitty wore set off hers. Around her neck she wore a thick red collar with a D ring at the throat, and three small gold chains hung on each side of that.

"So glad you made your way back here, Deacon," Master Schrader said once they stopped. "There is someone here for you to meet who will interest you."

Heather side stepped closer, knowing she was about to be introduced.

“Master Deacon Winters, this is Miss Heather Zane,” Master Schrader went on, “Miss McClain’s guest.”

Heather cast her eyes to the floor and curtsied. “Master Winters, it is an honor to meet you.”

“Ah, yes, Miss Zane,” he replied. “It is an honor to meet you as well.”

His voice was even, regal, and sounded, to Heather’s ears, somewhat snobbish. In fact it reminded her of the way Professor Snape sounded in the Harry Potter movies.

“One has heard much of you through Master Markov.” He smiled, somewhat breaking his icy seeming demeanor. “Although, he did neglect to mention that you were a beautiful young lady.”

Heather blushed, forcing herself to face him because she felt turning away to hide it would be rude. She held her hand out to him as he reached out and there was an electric feeling as his skin touched hers. He took her hand lightly, not positioning his hand to shake hers, or raise it to his lips to kiss it as Master Dmitri had done. Their eyes met, and Heather did her best to suppress a grin. She knew that if she would have no problem taking her pants off for Master Dmitri because of his charm then she was have absolutely no problem doing anything that Master Winters wanted her to do just by telling her to do it. But she didn’t know why. He was just standing there with her hand in his. And yet, somehow, he just seemed to radiate power and control without doing a single thing to show it.

“Yeah, she is so cute,” Mistress Schrader said again.

“One did not know himself,” Master Dmitri explained.

Kitty looked over to her and smiled.

Master Winters let go of her hand and looked over his shoulder and the woman who was with him stepped forward. “Miss Zane this is my companion, Miss Megan Colton.”

The other woman stepped out with a gloved hand extended and took Heather’s left hand, giving it a squeeze. “It is a pleasure to meet you, Miss Zane. Like one’s Master this girl has heard much about you.”

“Thank you. It is good to meet you, Miss Colton.” She was unsure of what else to say. She was at a loss. Everyone was telling her that they knew so much about her, and how happy they were that she had come, but what could they know? Kitty could not have told them of her experiences in the lifestyle because there were hardly any. But then again she was sure the other woman must have

told them all about her family, her desire to become a submissive, and her willingness to serve.

She looked at the other woman as she let go of her hand. When she smiled it revealed high cheek bones and a pronounced chin due to the thinness of her face. The feeling persisted that she had seen her somewhere else before, and it was already bothering the hell out of her that she could not remember where or when.

"Well, not to be rude, but we must be off," Master Winters excused himself. "It may be Günter's party, but it seems my work is never done."

"I understand, Sir." *God, damn it*. She wanted to kick herself, realizing she had just said *I understand* instead of *a girl understands*.

"One will do his best to catch up with you all later this evening," Master Winters promised. He looked to his companion and touched her shoulder as He began to make his way away from the group. "To me, girl."

Heather watched as they moved away. She narrowed her eyes, noticing that the other woman had a tattoo between her shoulder blades. It was small, but she did recognize that it was an Egyptian eye symbol she had seen before in dozens of history documentaries and old mummy movies.

Kitty had stepped to where she stood, leaning close to her ear. "Master Winters is the Chancellor of the Elite Eleven," she whispered.

Heather felt her teeth clench. *Great! She had just slipped up in front of The Clover Leaf Society's top official the first time they had ever met*.

"Well, one is afraid we must be off as well," Master Dmitri announced. "Kitty needs to be registered for the auction."

"Yes, very well," Master Schrader said. "One will see you in the oubliette a little later on."

Kitty leaned closer as the two Masters and Mistress Schrader talked for a moment more. "This is where we have to part company."

"What!?" Heather said, whispering as loudly as she could in the other woman's ear, a difficult feat with the sound of voices and music all around them. "Kitty, you didn't tell me I'd be alone."

"No, *one* did not, *Miss Zane*," Kitty told her. "Because if you knew you would have changed your mind about coming."

Damn her. Kitty was being tricky again. This time however, Heather was sure it was going to last more than the length of a couple of cigarettes.

“You shall get along just fine,” Kitty assured her. “Just walk into the main house and explore. One knows you will find others to talk to. You will see people you would like to know about, and there are ones who will see you and want to know about you.

“Besides you cannot come to the registration or the inspection. It is for members only.”

Heather stood there and looked at her not knowing if she should be mad or just mortified.

“It will be done around nine and we will meet back here then.”

Taking a breath Heather nodded, but she was unsure. She had planned on hanging out with Kitty all night, not being forced into a crowd of people she did not know, or knew nothing about.

“Just remember everything you have learned. Do not go into the east wing without an escort, and if anything should happen that you do not feel comfortable with-.”

“Yell fire,” she finished.

“Well, we will be off as well,” Master Schrader said, putting an arm out for his wife to take. “Time to get in and visit around like good hosts are expected to.”

“We will be seeing you later on, yeah,” Mistress Schrader added. “You have fun here, Miss Zane. Mingle, mingle.” She flashed a toothy smile and winked before turning away.

Heather nodded. “Yes, one will, Ma’am.”

She watched as the Schraders moved off in one direction and Master Dmitri and Kitty moved off in another. Waiting a moment she stepped forward, heading to the nearest entryway into the main house. Men and women nodded and smiled to her as she passed, and she returned them in kind. For the moment she just wanted to be somewhere where the crowd of strangers was not as thick.

What in the hell have you gotten yourself into? she wondered. At that moment she just wanted to wrap her fingers around Kitty’s neck and strangle her for throwing her off into the deep end of the pool with no swimmies on.

Oh well, she thought. There was nothing she could do.

There’s no turning back now.

As she entered the space behind the foyer Heather realized that the music had changed to something that sounded more appropriate for her current surroundings. Depeche Mode's *'Personal Jesus'* was ending and Nine Inch Nails' *'Closer'* was taking its place. The space she was in was a darkly lit grand hall with a high ceiling and no upper floors above. There was a grand double staircase leading to the upper floors all the way straight back. Along the wall to the left there appeared to be a line of tables where several people were gathered. To the right were several hallways that no doubt lead to the rooms of the east wing. Heather went halfway across the space and stopped, realizing that although she had been paying attention to her immediate surroundings she had barely taken notice of any of the people in it.

Once she stopped moving someone bumped into her from behind, hitting the side of her leg. She looked down, slightly startled to see a woman on all fours wearing only a collar and a long snouted gas mask. The woman in the gas mask stopped, tilting her head up, and Heather found herself looking into her reflection in the smoky tinted lenses of the mask. She looked back to see another woman, also slim and dressed in a black corset which revealed her bare breasts, holding the leash of the girl on the floor.

"Bad girl," the woman holding the leash scolded. She flipped the hand loop around and off her hand. Then she stooped down, giving the girl in the gas mask several hard smacks with the leather strap across her bare bottom. "Bad girl!" From somewhere, Heather was unsure of where since she was so scantily dressed, she produced a water bottle. The girl in the gas mask held up a hand and cowered back as she was sprayed by several jets of water. She laid down on the marble floor, curling towards the other woman's bare feet.

The woman holding the leash straightened herself, flashing Heather a wan smile. "One is sorry she bumped into you," she said. "This one is so clumsy and excited to be around others."

"It's quite alright," Heather told her. She was unsure of what else to say.

The Mistress stooped down again and ran her hand up and down the middle of the girl in the gas mask's bare abdomen a couple of times. "Come on now. You be good, and you can play some." She righted herself and gave a slight tug on the leash. "To me."

Heather moved aside slightly to give them enough room to get past her, watching them go halfway through the crowd before turning her attention to the other people gathered around her. As Kitty had suggested for weeks in advance

there would be people in various stages of dress. The Mistress and the masked sub were proof of that. However she found herself surprised that there were many people there who, as she did, seemed out of place in the context of a BBSM Lifestyle oriented event.

You're thinking vanilla, she knew.

But even that thought and knowledge did not keep her from being surprised by the people she saw around her. She started walking across the room determined to investigate what was on the tables in the hall, making sure to pay closer attention to how people were dressed and what they were doing. She hoped there would be something filling on the table since she had only had the pickle and ham as a snack after lunch.

People stood in groups, casually chatting, as people had done at dances and social events Heather had attended from when she was in middle school, but some of them looked as if they should be doing anything but. She saw two pale skinned young women who were in the mid-twenties, if that, neither wearing anything other than their collars, one red and the other black, and matching vinyl hip boots. Each of the girls was attached to a leash held by a muscular black man who appeared to be in his 40's. As he talked to a man beside him, who was dressed in a gray business suit, the girls would every so often take turns stepping up and kissing him on his cheeks.

A little down from them was a woman that Heather guessed was about thirty, dressed in nothing but a pink cat eye mask and her collar. With the absence of clothing there was no mistaking that she was very pregnant. She was all smiles and seemed to glow radiantly as people, dominants and submissives, came up and talked to her and rubbed her belly.

"What does hubby think?" she heard a girl ask as she passed by.

"He's very excited one is having her Master's baby," the pregnant girl said.

Heather could feel one of her eyebrows go up upon hearing this.

"Good to have a vanilla husband that has fantasized about having his wife bred by another man," she went on.

Further down from them were a couple of women dressed in latex body suits from head to toe, the only part of them showing through was their lips and their hair, done up in long curly pony tails. One was in yellow and the other was in red, and as they stood next to each other they seemed to move and undulate like strange and alien animals. Beside them a slightly overweight man knelt on the floor dressed in nothing but a pair of boxers with hearts all over them. He was

wearing a collar that was attached to two leashes. Each leash in turn was held by a very large woman in matching black lingerie. Studying the two Mistresses faces Heather realized that they were at the very least sisters, if not twins.

"One hates these parties, but one must endure," a man said clearly enough for her to hear.

"Well there's no law saying you have to come," a woman replied.

"True, but when one does not come one feels he is missing out."

"Who's that girl?" she heard another woman ask. "She's new."

"I think she came with Master Markov and Miss McClain," someone else said.

"Oh, really?"

"Wow. It makes a girl envious," she could hear another girl say.

There it was again. All that attention on her. *What made everyone think she was so special?* It had to be her connection to Kitty. It was the same way when they were in chat when Kitty knew someone before she did.

She continued on, trying not to notice that anyone was paying her any extra attention. She felt sure that Kitty would do the same thing if she were in this situation.

Heather made it to the tables along the wall and saw that there were hors d'oeuvres, finger sandwiches and crackers with dip, as well as punch bowls. It couldn't be, she decided, the food the Schraders had spoken of, because this was just a hallway, and even with her lack of experiences in mansions she was sure it could not be the banquet hall. She decided for the moment she would make a plate of appetizers, to tide her over until she found the main courses.

She stopped at the end of one table and picked up a plate, unsure if she was surprised that she was lifting up a real plate and not a paper or foam one. Then she walked along, sitting several of the small sandwiches on the plate. She then went to the punch bowl and dipped some punch into a glass.

Finished she looked around for a place to sit. There was a love seat a little further down, but it was taken by a couple, and it made her feel a little warm for some reason to see that they were bigger like she was. Thinking she would be in good company if she was in the same area she decided to go down and lean against the wall by where they were sitting. *Us chubos got to stick together*, she thought, a slight smirk on her face.

Feeling she was in a comfortable spot she took one of the little sandwiches and stuck the whole thing in her mouth. She couldn't determine exactly what it

was between to two pieces of bread. The meat didn't seem to have any flavor at all, and it was covered with a spread or paste that had a not quite mayonnaise twang to it. It didn't taste bad at all. In fact she thought it was pretty delicious for an appetizer.

"First time?" someone asked. The woman on the love seat.

Heather nodded, looking to her and her companion. They looked like they were in their 40's or 50's. He was dressed in a striped t-shirt and jeans, looking pretty much out of place with the exception of a thin black collar around his neck and attached to a leash. She was wearing a black bra, which pushed her large breasts up and forward, black panties, and what looked to be a sheer black nighty over them.

"Yes," Heather was finally able to say after swallowing down the last bit of the first sandwich. She caught herself thinking for a second, feeling she was leaving something out. Then she remembered. "Ma'am. One is sorry."

The Mistress on the love seat just gave a shake of her head and a wave of her hand. "Don't worry about it, sweetie. I'm not. And they're not going to throw you out if you don't get everything right." She leaned over and kissed her companion's cheek. "Right, honey?"

"Yes," he said.

The Mistress turned her attention back to Heather at the same time putting her hand in his and letting their fingers lace together. "The snacks any good?"

Heather nodded. "Yes, Ma'am. Delicious so far."

The Mistress raised her free hand, shaking the index finger. "Well, when you're ready for the real food go to the banquet hall." She sat slightly forward and pointed to a group of people standing to the left of the left hand grand staircase. "You see where that bunch is?"

Heather looked to where she was pointing and nodded.

"There's the entrance to a hall where they're at, you just can't see it because there's too many people in the way. But anyway, you just go down that hall and when it comes out into an intersecting hall, and the banquet hall is straight across in that room. They always have good stuff." Smiling she glanced to her companion submissive. "Right, dear?"

He nodded. "Oh, yes."

Heather found herself smiling at both of them.

"What all did they have last time?"

“There were hams and turkeys. Game hens. Mahi. It was the Winter Social and that was the one they had the most food at.” He paused, a look of concentration on his face. “You should have seen the Christmas tree. The size of the room is just incredible.”

“How many socials have you been to?” Heather asked.

“We’ve been in the Society for just over a year,” the Mistress replied. “The Spring Social last year was the first one we came to, so this would make five.” She brought her knees up to her chest and turned toward the arm of the love seat facing Heather, giggling as her submissive companion wrapped his arms around her and started kissing her neck. “Stop.” She righted herself, smiling. “Five Socials, and about a munch a month. I like to host them. I usually have one at the house every couple of months.” Her companion moved closer again, kissing her cheek. “I’ve been thinking about throwing a quick one together in the next week or two.”

Heather smiled at them before taking another sandwich from her plate. Mistress and sub seemed to be happy in love. It was a feeling that she felt she knew from being with Master Douglas.

“I’m Carrie,” the Mistress said. “And this is Edward.” She paused, placing a hand over her mouth for a moment. “Sorry, I’m Mistress Carrie Keynes and this is sub Edward Keynes.” She smiled to Heather and laughed.

“Miss Heather Zane,” she responded. She reached to pick up another of the little sandwiches as a couple walking past them caught her eye. The girl was tall and slim, with pendulous little breasts, naked except for a studded collar, and the man she was with was bearded, slightly shorter, wearing blue jeans and a button up shirt that seemed to be designed in a way to show off his muscles. They would have passed without much notice, because Heather was becoming quickly adjusted to the concept of platonic nudity, but there was something about the girl which caught her eye as she passed by. On her back, between her shoulder blades, was the same Egyptian eye tattoo that she had seen on Master Winters’s submissive not 15 minutes earlier.

Sitting her sandwich back down she turned to Mistress Carrie, intent on asking, but was interrupted as someone else caught sub Edward’s attention.

“Here *He* comes, dear,” he said, not hiding any of the excitement in his voice.

Mistress Carrie looked around him, a smile on her face.

Heather looked to see a man who appeared to be in his 30's approaching them. He was dressed in black slacks, a white dress shirt with a bolo tie, and a black and gold vest. He had light brown hair and a beard, all of which were neatly trimmed. The man gave a slight wave as he turned sideways to avoid a bare breasted woman who had her face painted like a clown, then made straight for the couple on the love seat.

"I thought you weren't going to make it," Mistress Carrie said.

The man smiled, a smile which to Heather made him look a little more handsome, and gave a shrug. "Fashionably late, Carrie." He leaned down, and Mistress Carrie leaned forward and they kissed each other on the lips. Sub Edward was squirming slightly on his spot on the love seat.

"We already have a space saved on the third floor," Mistress Carrie said.

Heather watched the conversation go on, realizing that the couple and the person they had been waiting for had quickly become oblivious to her presence. It did not take too long for that to become even more apparent.

"Günter give you one of the big beds?"

Mistress Carrie nodded. She turned to Edward and rubbed his chin. "And this big boy is so horny I think he's going to die."

"Yes, dear," sub Edward agreed.

Heather wondered if it would be a good idea to look the other way, because she suddenly felt as if she were intruding on a private moment. Then, when she was on the verge of turning the other way, Mistress Carrie pulled her feet up on the love seat, raised herself up, and pulled her panties off. She tossed them up, caught them, gave them a sniff, and then pushed them in Edward's face as she started kissing the other man again, and this time not a little kiss, but big sloppy *I want to fuck you right now* kiss. Now Heather found that she couldn't look away.

Making no attempt to hide the fact that she was watching she took a good long look at the three at the love seat. Mistress Carrie was doing hot tongue kissing with her male friend as she rubbed her panties across Edward's nose. Edward had an arm stretched out, the tips of his fingers rubbing between her legs. The other man was passionately kissing Mistress Carrie back, pulling the front of her bra down and rubbing her nipples with his thumbs.

Heather realized that her own nipples were rock hard. And her pussy was getting wet.

Real fucking hot!

Well this was certainly beyond platonic nudity. Kitty had discussed the possibility of some public displays of sexuality, but she had not really given her any advice on how she should handle seeing them. There had been no lesson in platonic voyeurism the night before, and the sudden idea of being made to sit and observe as Kitty and Earl had intercourse actually only served to make her hotter.

Then, as quickly as it had started, it seemed to be over. Mistress Carrie seemed to come to her senses, her face turning red in the dimly lit inner foyer. She reclined slightly, removing her panties from her companion's face. She gave a chuckle, smiled and fanned herself with her underwear as her other male companion realized that they had been watched rather closely by her. "Sorry, I think my momma named me Carrie because I get carried away."

Heather shook her head and smiled, trying her best to act as if this were something she encountered every day. "It is okay, really, Mistress." She smiled, shifting her plate from one hand to the other. "This one has been known to get carried away herself."

Mistress Carrie passed her panties over to sub Edward. Then she looked up to the bearded newcomer. "Gil, this is Miss Heather Zane," she said. "This is her first social." She looked over to Heather. "Heather, this is Master Gilbert Holmes. A '*very'* close friend."

Heather and Master Holmes exchanged greetings. She curtsied with her plate, almost wishing she was holding a serving tray as Kitty had told her she had been trained to do. He nodded and lightly shook her hand once she erected herself.

"I'm sorry for being so rude," Mistress Carrie said.

"No, it's alright," Heather assured her.

"You have e-mail?"

Heather nodded.

"Edward do you have something to write with? I know you always have a pen and your memo book on you, you good boy."

Edward shifted on the love seat and reached into his jeans pocket, producing a pen and a slim shopping list pad. He wrote down an e-mail address and tore the sheet out of the book. Then he handed her the address, pen and note pad, and she wrote her own e-mail down.

"I'll mail you and let you know the next time we're going to have a munch," Mistress Carrie said. "It's tamer than tonight will be." She paused and gave a

mischievous smile. "Well, usually it's tamer." She winked.

"Thank you, Ma'am. One would like that."

Mistress Carrie patted Edward's knee and he rose off the couch. Then he put out a hand and helped her to her feet. As she turned to face Heather Master Holmes put his hands on her shoulders and rubbed them. Edward looked as if he were about to burst with excitement.

Was this how Earl acted when he knew Kitty was going to serve someone?, Heather wondered. *Was this how he was right at the moment, waiting for her to get back home?*

"I hate to meet and run," Mistress Carrie apologized, "but-"

Shaking her head Heather held up a hand. "One understands."

Mistress Carrie winked and nodded. "You have fun, sweetie. If we don't run into you later I promise to e-mail you about our next munch as soon as I know when we're going to do it."

"Thank you," Heather said again. "One would love to come as long as she is not occupied."

With that they all wished each other well, and Heather watched as they disappeared into the crowd. Alone again she turned her attention back to her plate and picked up another sandwich. As she savored the taste of the second one she found herself wondering if she was going to be able to take it. Kitty had been right of course about her not seeing or hearing about a fetish she didn't want to try. God it would almost be easier to take the edge off if she could participate, but that would not help her learn anything about self-control, and this was definitely a situation where she needed to learn self control.

In her mind she noted the events of the past 30 minutes or so, the things she had seen and the way they made her think.

Girl in the gas mask. Kinky, for sure. She couldn't see herself in the mask, but she could just imagine herself with her ass in the air, getting whipped with the leather hand strap of a leash.

"Fish" girls in latex. That was a little out there. It made her wonder what went through their minds when they were dressed like that.

Bred by Master but married girl. There was something slightly exciting about the idea, but nothing Heather could even consider doing outside of her head. Besides, she didn't see herself having another baby after nearly ten years.

Man with twin Mistresses. If there was one thing she had realized from the first she had talked with Kitty about the lifestyle was that she was surely a

submissive and definitely full of curiousness about being with another woman, or women. However, if it were twin Masters, that would work out just as well too.

Master Douglas, Sir, do you have a twin brother?, she could hear herself ask in her mind. She decided not to dwell on that idea as it was just as unlikely a scenario as being bred.

Two white sub girls and a black Master. Probably the most exciting thing she had seen. The thought of being with a Master who kept multiple submissives, as Kitty had been, was very appealing. It would be like being in a bigger family. And the idea of having sex with a black man, *chocolatta*, seemed to eat her up inside the more she thought of it.

Mistress Carrie. That was hot and appealing, as again she had been dying to try girl on girl as much as she was dying to try interracial. Had it not been for the fact she was wearing that damn wrist band she would have begged to tag along with the couple and the extra Master. Even if she made it into that scene and just fucked one of the two men to get off it would be worth it.

Sticking another sandwich in her mouth she noticed a redhead in a black evening gown. The back dropped all the way to the cleft of her ass, and above it was an ornate tribal tattoo that started at the small of her back and made a stylized triangle, the lower most corner pointing like an arrow into her ass crack. Looking up her back and between her shoulder blades there it was again, an Egyptian eye tattoo.

Heather realized she had been there less than an hour and had seen the same tattoo on three different women, placed in the same spot. There had to be significance to it. More than likely she figured it had to be some mark related to the Clover Leaf Society. Though if that was it then why didn't they have clovers etched into their backs?

Egyptian eye tattoos. It was a mark that meant they belonged to someone, as surely as the tattoo over Kitty's pussy proclaimed she was owned by J.J. Chambers. It was somehow more understated. Thinking of being marked of course made her feel hot. It had since day one.

In the not too distant future Heather would find herself marked. But there were still so many experiences in between.

Once she had finished her plate of sandwiches and crackers with dip on the side there had been someone there to take her plate, almost as if they were waiting just on her. The girl was a blonde, wearing the stereotypical French maid outfit, although the kind found at Fredrick's or the Adam & Eve Store and not on an actual French maid. The uniforms the *"maids"* were wearing were revealing, off the shoulders and dipping low with ultra short *short* skirts with frilly little petticoats. Heather found herself wondering about the serving girls, and there seemed to be quite a few as she stood and watched the room.

Were they all submissives of the Schraders? Were they just like any other staff, dressed for the social at their employer's request? Were they submissives in the service of several doms who had been chosen to act as servants for the night at the social? Or perhaps a combination of all three?

Heather felt the same way she had at the first dance of her sixth grade year. She was on the wall, watching everyone else have fun and talking. Observing on her own was lonely. People said hello as they passed, and she returned the greeting, but for the most part that was the limit of her conversation once Mistress Carrie and her two male companions had left.

Again she pondered the trio, concluding that sub Edward was Mistress Carrie's husband since they shared the same last name. Although she had learned time and again not to make assumptions about people involved in the lifestyle it did seem like not too big of a leap of faith to make. That decided she found her head filling for the possible scenarios that might be played out between a male sub, a Mistress and a Master.

Heather saw a woman approaching her from the corner of her eye. She was certain that she was coming to her because a majority of the foot traffic in the inner foyer was headed to the staircases, and toward the entrances to the sides of the room with almost no one moving in the opposite direction as this woman was headed. She was wearing a powder blue cocktail dress, with an apparently matching collar. It was not a straight collar as most she had seen, but dipped in a slight v below the throat. The girl looked young, probably her mid-20's. She was chunky in certain places, her face and arms, but otherwise she had a pretty much hour glass figure. The young woman's head really caught Heather's attention. She had a baby face; with cheeks so puffy it gave her head the illusion of being a couple of sizes too big for her body. Her light blonde hair was parted in fly backs, which Heather had not seen on anyone since she had in

fact been in the sixth grade. Moving with purpose she stepped up to Heather, a girlish smile on her face.

"Hi," the young woman said.

"Hello," Heather nodded.

"Are you Miss Zane?" the new comer asked.

Heather was almost not surprised by the question. "Yes, one is."

The young woman put a hand below her neck and smiled. "I knew it. I saw you had a bracelet on and was sure it was you." She paused, lowering her head down and dragging the toe of her blue flat across the carpet which began at the hallway they were standing in. "Although, one did ask the other five girls with guest bracelets on if they were you as she made her way here." She held her head up and motioned with her eyes. "Actually one's Master was sure that you were the real you and sent one down here, but one wanted to check just in case."

Looking to the far end of the foyer Heather saw a man sitting halfway up the right hand stair case where the other young woman was motioning with her eyes without looking back. Seeing that she noticed him the man raised a hand and waved. Unsure of what to do Heather raised her hand and gave a small flip of the wrist.

"One is Miss Kelly Diaz, by the way," the other woman said.

"It is nice to meet you, Miss Diaz," Heather replied.

"A girl's Master, Master Morales, was wondering if one would like to join us?" Kelly Diaz informed her.

Feeling unsure Heather gave a slight shrug. "Join you in what exactly, Miss Diaz?"

The other girl snorted and giggled. "Join us in people watching of course. We like to sit up there on the stairs every time we come to a social and watch the people go by."

"Oh," Heather said. Then she realized that she was not being asked to join in anything sexual. "Oh."

"Unless you're playing games, eating or dancing there is not too much to do at the socials except talk to people you know, and if you do not know anyone-. Anyway Master likes to watch and see who has come, and see what they're wearing." She smiled and made a motion with her head. "Or not wearing. It's fun, but more fun when you have friends to do it with."

Well, Heather thought. There was no reason not to. And besides the vantage point from the stairs would be better than on the floor. "Okay," she told the

other woman. “Yes, one would love to join you in people watching.”

A smile spreading across her face Kelly clapped her hands and pumped herself up and down on her feet excitedly.

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As they made it to where he was sitting on the marble stairs Kelly Diaz’s Master rose to his feet. Heather immediately saw that he was older than his submissive, at least by 20 years at a guess. Master Morales was a curly haired Puerto Rican with a neatly trimmed mustache, dressed in a black jacket and slacks. He took her hand immediately, kissing the top. “Miss Zane,” he said.

Immediately Heather resisted the urge to let out a little laugh. There was something about his voice and the way he delivered his words. He sounded like Yogi Bear with a Puerto Rican accent.

“Master Henry Morales, this is Miss Heather Zane,” Kelly introduced. “Miss Zane, this is a girl’s master.”

“It is an honor to meet you, Sir,” Heather told him, doing a curtsey on the stairs.

“Oh, no,” he replied. “It is an honor to meet you, Miss Zane.”

Shaking her head Heather shrugged. “One is unsure why everyone seems so fascinated by me.”

Master Morales gave a casual flick of the hand and laughed before sitting back down. “Well, you seem to be a nice and charming woman. But, uh, I suspect it is the company you keep.”

There it was. Someone had finally put it out there. All the interest in her was in fact due to her association with Kitty.

“Miss McClain is a very unique person,” Master Morales went on. “She has great knowledge, wisdom and experience, but she has refused a spot in the Elite Eleven on three occasions because she feels it is above her station. One is sure he has never met a girl who was so modest about herself.”

Heather was surprised. Kitty had not mentioned that she had been offered the position of one of the elder submissives in the Clover Leaf Society’s governing body. Though hearing she had refused did not surprise her. From the beginning the other woman had been adamant that she never wanted to be anything other than a servant girl. The only time she had allowed herself to go

higher was when she became Number One to Master Chambers, a duty she knew the other woman would only do for him.

"But, I think you would rather talk about things other than your teacher," Master Morales continued. "After all, you did come here because you were curious about the lifestyle and other people in it." He indicated the crowd below in the foyer with a nod of his head. "And down there's about a hundred people, which all beg a couple of thousand questions."

"Because each person's experience in the lifestyle is somewhat unique," Heather said.

"Hey, you are smart," Master Morales told her, flashing a toothy smile. He shook a finger in her direction. "Perceptive."

"You must forgive Him," Miss Diaz spoke up. "He can be a little condescending sometimes."

"Hey," Master Morales said with a shrug. "A girl knows how to hurt a Master sometimes."

Heather smiled. Like Mistress Carrie and sub Edward, they seemed a cute couple. "So you like to observe the other guest when you come to a social, Sir?"

Master Morales gave a nod toward his submissive. "Ah, so Kelly told you our secret. It's like the Oscars for the two of us. You never know what you're going to see on the red carpet."

Heather caught movement below them and noticed that a maid was making her way up the stairs with a tray of drinks. Master Morales waved her over, and the girl handed them each a champagne flute. Then, keeping two remaining full glasses, and several empty ones balanced on one hand she used a pair of scissors to mark everyone's wrist bands. Finished, she curtsied, and then turned to go back down the stairs.

Once again, faced with the maid's back, she saw the Egyptian eye. It was the same design, in exactly the same place. Since it was the fourth person she had seen it on it made her wonder if it were a tattoo at all. Maybe they were all stenciled on. But even if they were it begged the question, *for what purpose?* as sure as she had felt that Kitty's, her Master's Voice, tattoo had been out there just begging to be asked about.

"To new friends," Master Morales said, raising his glass up to Heather as Miss Diaz lowered herself to sit down on the step beside him.

Heather leaned down and touched her glass against their glasses. "One will drink to that." She took a backward step, rising a step higher than her erstwhile

hosts.

"I think I saw a burning question in your eyes already, Miss Zane," Master Morales observed.

"Yes," Heather nodded.

"Well do not be shy?" Miss Diaz prodded. "Master or this one will answer anything you would like to know about."

Heather watched the maid step back into the crowded inner foyer. The eye mark on her back was slowly becoming a dot, but she could easily recall what it looked like. After all, she had seen the design before many times over the years. "That girl had a tattoo of an Egyptian eye on her back."

"Ah", Master Morales crooned. "The Eye of Ra. Well, technically I think it's called the Eye of Horus, but everyone in the Society calls it the Eye of Ra."

"The Eye of Ra?"

Master Morales nodded. "You will see a lot of those around, I think. You've already seen some other girls with them?"

"Three or four, Sir," she replied.

"It is the mark of the House of Winters," Miss Diaz told her.

"As in Deacon Winters?"

Miss Diaz nodded. "It is how he marks the girls he owns."

"Used to," Master Morales corrected. "There's only the one girl now."

"He went from several to one?" Heather asked.

"Well," Master Morales sighed. "Master Winters is a little different. But the truth is he went through a lot of bad crap 13 or 14 years ago. Lost his wife, lost his parents. For a while he went wild, had a lot of subs." He shrugged and paused to take a sip of his champagne. "Then, almost overnight, he let them all go, except for one. Megan. Nice girl, always at his beck and call. Though sometimes it's like she's just a shadow, you know, in the background, waiting to be needed."

Heather put the champagne flute to her lips and let it sit there a moment. Then she tilted her head to take a sip. "A girl met them when she arrived," she said. "They both seemed very nice."

"Oh, they are. Deacon's a real nice guy. He's just *different*." He had a quizzical look on his face. "I call him el rey dey misterio."

Heather wondered just how different a person had to be to be considered different in the world of different. "Rey misterio?" she repeated. "Like the wrestler Rey Mysterio?"

Master Morales gave a hearty laugh, shaking his head. "Well, you could say yes and no. You see, el rey dey misterio would actually translate into, something like, the king of mystery."

The King of Mystery?

"Miss Colton, Master Winters's submissive, seemed familiar," she said. "Like one has seen her before."

Master Morales and Miss Diaz looked to one another and smiled.

"What?"

Master Morales shook his head. "Ah, go on and tell her, Kelly."

Miss Diaz gave her a sympathetic smile. "Miss Colton is Chef Megan Dupree."

Megan Dupree? At first the name did not quite ring a bell. Then the sudden realization hit her. Megan Dupree was the *"Bitchy Chef"* who had really jumped in popularity over the past couple of years. Wanda had given her one of her cook books for Christmas, which was in fact sitting beside the mouse of her computer. And she had actually caught a glimpse of the woman two months before when she was doing a book signing at the mall.

Master Morales let out a little laugh. "Oh, I see, you know. The wheels are turning. It's sinking in, yeah. The Bitchy Chef *is a sub*."

Talk about making assumptions about people involved in the lifestyle. She would have never imagined, even from the little bit she had heard about Chef Megan Dupree, that the woman was in actuality a submissive. "But she's famous," she found herself saying out loud, in a slow and soft tone.

Now Master Morales threw his head back and laughed. "Listen to her, Kelly. *But she's famous*." He took a quick sip of his champagne, then continued laughing. "As if you don't know."

Heather looked at him, and then at Miss Diaz. She didn't know why he thought it was so funny. Maybe it would be better to explain that she barely knew who Megan Dupree was because she had never watched her TV show.

"Master," Miss Diaz spoke up, "one does not think that, Miss Zane does know."

Master Morales stopped laughing and then looked her in the face. He studied her for a moment, and then leaned back slightly on the step he was sitting on. "No. You don't know, do you?"

"Don't know what, Sir?" Heather questioned, her curiosity piqued.

“Your friend Miss McClain must be even more modest than I give her credit for.”

Heather narrowed her eyes. She had no clue what he was getting at.

“Miss Zane,” Master Morales said, “in many circles your friend Kitty McClain is a lot more famous then Megan Dupree is, or ever will be.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX:
Inside The Oubliette

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Heather had sat on the step for a couple of minutes, draining the last of her champagne and processing everything after Master Morales had explained further. And there was a lot to process. For one the submissive who belonged to the Chancellor of the Elite Eleven was a cooking and reality TV star, whose onscreen persona, from what she understood, was nothing like a reserved and obedient girl. Then for the other thing she was being told that Kitty, her friend of almost five years, who was publicly a grandmotherly seeming former beach bunny, and privately a quiet and modest submissive, was famous as a model throughout the BDSM lifestyle world.

"J.J. Chambers," Master Morales had said, "was probably one of the greatest erotic photographers of all time. I have a friend that says he had a way of catching the very essence of what was erotic, and what would make a person think just the right erotic thoughts as they looked at it. His pictures were muted and subdued, with never anything blatant or overt about them. Simple eroticism without crossing the line into pornography or even coming anywhere near it.

"In the 1970's he started to use Kitty McClain as a subject. He had several shows where she was his only subject. She was obviously an inspiration. And his pictures of her caught her essence so well that there are some people who consider each photo Chambers took of her a masterpiece. She is the most photographed submissive that anyone knows of."

He paused and chuckled, taking another small sip of his champagne. "She's the sub that no doubt launched thousands of people into the lifestyle. I imagine there have been a lot of people that have seen one of her pictures, and it was like, *boom*! You know? Hey I want to be like that and just give myself over to

someone stronger so they can mold me into someone obedient. Or, hey I want to tie a girl up like that and totally control her."

Heather found that she could not disagree with Master Morales's logic. Once she had known what Kitty's her Master's Voice tattoo had meant she had begun to feel that she was submissive as well. And on that first day she had seen some of the pictures that Master Chambers had taken, and each one of them had only helped fan that fire a little more.

"J.J. Chambers must have been quite impressive," Master Morales mused. "One can only imagine being able to inspire such loyalty in a girl, even after death, that she would never want to be collared by another."

Heather nodded. "Yes, Sir. Kitty has told a girl much of Master Chambers. The kind of man he was, and how he trained her." But what she had not told her, apparently, was how popular and well known he was. She had known that he had made a good living from his art work, but never had the word famous entered her head, because Kitty never described him as famous, in fact the only indication she had ever given that he was anything other than an average photographer was when, in their first brief introduction, that Master Ryan had said he was a *well known* photographer. She supposed she should have read between the lines. He put together exhibits several times a year. They traveled across the country, and sometimes to Europe, to attend his shows. *Why had she not gotten it until she had a stranger tell her?* It was all in the modest way Kitty described her life. When she described her life with Master Chambers as exciting, exciting always equated to things like, sexual, loving and playful, never adventure or fame and fortune.

"Then you are indeed a special person, Miss Zane."

"Why is that, Sir?"

"Because Kitty McClain only generally speaks of J.J. Chambers. To my knowledge she has never given anyone details into their life together."

"She is a modest and personal person, Sir," Heather observed. She allowed herself to feel special in that moment. Kitty reserved the stories of her life with Master Chambers for just her. It had never entered her mind that she would not tell other people the things she told her, especially if those other people knew a lot more about the lifestyle than she did. She realized that Kitty had a great deal of confidence in her.

"That she is, Miss Zane," Master Morales agreed. "That she is."

Heather had sat and people watched with Master Morales and Miss Diaz for nearly an hour. The three of them made observations and comments on the endless parade of people below them, and coming up and passing them on the stairs. Every now and then she would see something, an outfit, move or action, that made her more curious, and the Master and sub would do their best to explain what it was to her. Miss Diaz had been right in telling her it was more fun to people watch at a social in a group. The couple made her feel among friends, just as she felt in Bored Like Hell.

When the three of them agreed it was time for something to eat Heather had followed the couple down the stairs and through the entryway that Mistress Carrie had indicated to her earlier. The banquet hall had a high ceiling, due to the fact that there no floors above it just as it had been in the foyer. Heather was shocked at the size of it. In the center of the room was a single large table that looked as if it were a mile long, with men and women in various costumes and dress and undress, sitting to eat. Along the walls were smaller tables with food arranged on them, a smorgasbord that started with salad items and went around to the other side of the room and eventually ended with meat courses. At the back of the room was a huge fireplace, and even though it was not lit it served to give the impression of some Knights of the Round Table type banquet hall.

Once she had loaded a medium size oval platter with lettuce, cherry tomatoes, cheese dices, mashed potatoes and gravy, mixed vegetables, a slice of ham, a small rib eye steak, and a quarter chicken, Heather followed Miss Diaz and took a seat beside her and Master Morales at the table. The finger sandwiches in the inner foyer had only been the tip of the iceberg. Every item was fresh. Heather felt certain that nothing had come from a can or was done instantly. Despite being a fancy buffet it was more like lunch at The Viceroy than family night at Quincy-Duff's.

"Here, try one of the crab rolls," Miss Diaz said, slipping one onto her plate. "They're delicious."

The other girl was right. Definitely the best crab roll she had ever tasted. Everything she had picked up was delicious. Heather ate everything as quickly as possible. Then she went back around and picked up a couple of more crab rolls, and then some flat noodles.

When they had all finished eating Master Morales had become tied up in a conversation with another master, so he suggested that Miss Diaz take her on a tour of the Schraders' mansion. Heather was more than glad to let the other girl show her through the house, not only because she wanted to see it, but because she knew she needed to start walking off her meal.

"Is there a place one can smoke, Miss Diaz?" she asked as they made their way up one side of the grand staircase.

"There are a couple of balconies where it is allowed," the other girl replied. "One would be happy to show you and wonders if you would happen to have one to spare."

"Of, course, Miss Diaz."

The other girl looked over her shoulder, her big baby head still looking out of place on her body, and gave a little giggle. "You may call one Kelly now that we are pretty much alone, Miss Zane."

"Only if you call this one Heather," she countered.

Kelly smiled broadly. "Very well, Heather." At the second floor landing she turned left to head into the east wing of the great house. She did not go very far before opening a set of curtained French doors that lead to a small balcony that was just big enough for about four people to stand on.

The sound of the music shot up noticeably as Heather followed her outside. It sounded like Prince singing about a dolphin, but if it was it was not a song she was familiar with. She walked to the ledge with Kelly and looked down onto a huge swimming pool. There were several small groups gathered here and there, dancing and talking. In the water there were about a dozen people, half of them in bathing suits, and the other half naked. Almost below them was a hot tub that was for the moment empty. At the far end of the pool area were two huge speaker boxes from where the music was emanating.

"It's almost loud enough to be a club," Heather observed as she opened her little purse and took out her lighter and cigarettes.

"Master said they were getting one of the DJ's from Club Electronica for this social," Kelly informed her.

"East Central Florida's-," Heather began.

"Number one hot spot!" they finished in unison, laughing.

Heather lit a cigarette, and then passed the pack and lighter to the younger woman. "Have you ever been?"

Kelly took an initial drag and shook her head. “No,” she replied, passing the pack back. “Master is not really into the club scene. He assures one it is okay for her to go, however, one would rather be with him than somewhere on her own, no matter how fun it might be.” She took another drag and looked to Heather. “Have you been?”

Heather nodded. “Once. It was like a lifetime ago.”

“Was it fun?”

Heather gave a shrug and nod. “Yes. It was a fairly exciting and strange night.”

“Did you go with a Dom?”

“No, with my best friend and her boyfriend, and this man I knew.” She took another drag off her cigarette, sure her face was darkening. “That night was the first time I was with someone other than my husband since we had started seeing each other.” She purposely omitted the blow job she had given “Master” Rich Davis, even though she had no reason not to tell the other woman since they were pretty much strangers. “That was in October.”

“And have you found a master since then?”

Feeling a huge smile spread across her face Heather nodded.

“Since when?”

“Since February.”

“Is he close?”

Heather shook her head. “He lives in Nebraska, but He travels. We’ve been together three times so far.”

“One knows what is like,” Kelly told her. “This girl has had a couple of long distance masters before. Master Henry was long distance from a girl. One was in Jacksonville when we met.” She paused, a huge smile spreading across her own face. “One was so happy when He asked one to move here to be with Him.” She took another drag off her cigarette. “Did you meet on the Internet?”

“Yes.” Heather laughed. “I had just put up a naughty pic of my pussy up, and the friends this girl chats with decided to put her up for auction, and that was how my Master kind of ended up with me.”

“Oh, that reminds me,” Kelly said. “The inspection for the auction at the next social will be starting around eight. If you want to see the oubliette we had better go as soon as we finish smoking.”

There was that term again. The one that Mistress Schrader had mentioned earlier. “What exactly is an oubliette?”

Kelly looked to her, giving her a slightly long nod. Behind them the song changed to Mötley Crüe's, *'Don't Go Away Mad (Just Go Away)'*. She took another drag off her cigarette before answering. "Oubliette is the term that has been adopted for dungeon in this area. Since it is Florida homes do not have basements."

It was a fact that Heather was somewhat aware of since Bill had been working in construction since he was 18. It took a lot of digging before you got past the sand and clay, if at all.

"Master says that in prehistory the whole state was at the bottom of the sea," Kelly went on. "Anyway, a real oubliette was a room that only had a door in the ceiling, and people would throw their prisoners down in them to die. It means something like hidden place, because it was where you put someone that you did not want to be seen again."

Heather nodded, taking the information in. In her mind she had a brief flash of a cold and dark place where the only light was a small open square, the not quite Crimson Executioner looking down into it through the eye holes of his zipper mouthed mask.

"What are the oubliettes like here?"

"They are great stone rooms. Usually they build them in the center of the house, with *normal* rooms around them. Some of them are really big, two stories with a high ceiling and places around the top so people can look down into them like they would a genuine oubliette." Pausing she smiled. "On the inside they look like real dungeons, you know, like in castles and in Frankenstein movies."

"Is there one in your Master's house?"

Again a broad smile spread across Kelly's face and she nodded. "Yes, but it is a small one. Just right for two." She took the last drag off her cigarette. "The one here is huge. If you look down from above it looks like a maze because it is divided into smaller areas. Master Henry says that Master Schrader lends his out to poor relations."

"Poor relations?" Heather questioned, taking the final drag off her own cigarette.

"Masters and Mistresses in the society who do not have space for an oubliette in their home, or have little money."

Heather was about to ask her more about so called *poor relations* when the song changed again. There was a sudden blaring cacophony of seemingly

unrelated instruments, a harmonica, accordion, flutes and piano. The sound was so sudden and nerve racking at first that it felt like ice going up her spine.

"Let's go to the mall, or hang out at the beach! The summer's here it's time to be free!" blared from the speakers below.

"Hey, they're playing Seiko," Kelly announced with a smile.

"Seiko?"

"Seiko Kaiulani. She's so great!"

Heather realized that it was a Seiko Kaiulani CD which she had "*bought"* for Melissa. Already her first thought was, *I think I would rather hear* 'Wind It Up' *20 times in a row than have to endure this on a drive.*

"Some of her songs make one think she's a submissive too. You need to hear *'You Really Ought To Spank Me'*. She has such a heart. She sings about best friends on this one. I love it, because it makes one think of her best subbie friend back home." Kelly was bubbling on; still herself only a few years removed from being a teen. "Here it comes now. Listen, Heather."

Heather cocked her head, doing her best to open her mind as well as her ears.

"You're my sister, my best friend!
"We'll be together 'till the end!
"And even on the darkest day,
"You're my sun shiny ray,
"That makes all the bad things pass byyyyyyyyy!
"No matter what we're having fun!
"Having fun!
"And when we're not I'll be the one!
"Be the one!
"WHO'LL RAISE YOU UP!
"WHO'LL MAKE YOU SMILE!
"WHO'LL BE YOUR OWN SUNSHINYYYYYY RAYYYYYYYYYYYY!"

As she heard the words, listening beyond the annoying musical arrangement, Heather could see what the younger woman meant, and she was right. Instantly she thought of Kristen, her very own best friend in the lifestyle.

“Oh, come on, Heather, we better go,” Kelly said, apparently not wanting to get too caught up in the music. “If we want to go through the oubliette we had better hurry.”

Heather let the younger woman take her by the wrist and guide her back through the French doors. She had a feeling she had not heard the last of Seiko Kaiulani. However, at the time, she was unaware that another song by her would one day have special significance in her life, and would eventually prod her into taking the final steps of her own destiny, and into the bonds of freedom.

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They had gone down a long hall that split off into another hall that began to curve slightly. The curvature of this hall, Heather learned, followed the circular design of the Schraders’ oubliette. Soon they reached an area where people were looking through open windows in the wall, and spaced every eight feet or so along the inner curve of the hall. Kelly speed walked ahead a little, finding an available window and motioning Heather over.

Reaching Kelly she rested her arms on the opening of a large square, the inside ledge was stone, framed in by the white walls of the rest of the house. Heather found herself looking into a room that was at least the size of her house twice over. As Kelly had suggested, looking down it did look like a maze, with small walls separating several areas, some of them made of thick stone and brickwork and others simply cubical dividers no doubt meant to be less permanent. The walls themselves made it difficult to see the entire contents of the room below, but in the spaces she could see into there were objects she could identify: Saint Andrew’s crosses, bondage wheels, kneeling benches, various tables and even chains and shackles hanging from some of the walls.

Looking at the things in the stylized dungeon made Heather shiver with arousal as several thoughts suddenly went through her head. She could even almost imagine that *He* was down there somewhere, waiting for her.

“Would you like to go down for a look inside?” Kelly asked. “There’s still a little time before they close it off.”

“Yes, if we could,” she replied, still looking down and seeing a few people moving from area to area in the makeshift maze. It was not a chance she wanted to pass up. No matter what the members of the Clover Leaf Society called it, it

was a dungeon, the first actual dungeon she had seen, and she wanted to be sure to have stepped foot inside before she left.

Again Kelly took her by the wrist and guided her along. They followed the curve about halfway around, and then turned to go into another hallway. This hall was slightly more crowded than the first one they had gone into. As they passed several doors Heather noticed there were hand written signs on some of them. She read a few as they passed and they said things like, CBT 101, Spank A Skank and Discussion on Femdom Practices.

She paused at one open door, jerking her guide to a stop. Inside there were two naked girls on bondage wheels, each spinning slowly. Each of the girls were covered by multicolored splatter marks. In front of each of them was a line, and as she watched a man threw a balloon at one of the women and it hit her left thigh, exploding in a splatter of blue. She put a hand to her lips and laughed slightly at the sight before Kelly urged her to come along.

Finally with a turn to the left Kelly guided her down a staircase to the first floor. There were several more twists and turns, and finally they came out into a circular hallway that matched the one they had been on up on the second floor. Kelly took her to the left, and they walked along the hall until they came to an opening. Walking inside Heather looked up and saw the open windows of the second floor that looked down into the oubliette. She was finally there!

Heather resisted the urge to slip her shoes off so she could feel the cold stone floor beneath her feet. A chill went down her back, and she felt goose bumps rising on her arms. From the feel she guessed that the erstwhile dungeon was at least 10 degrees colder than the rest of the house.

“Come on, let’s look around!” Kelly suggested, not hiding the excitement in her own voice.

Heather let the younger woman lead her along, going from area to area and stopping briefly to study each one. The oubliette reminded her of Kitty’s playroom, except that the things within were there in greater quantity. Almost every piece of furniture that her mentor had was multiplied by six. In addition there were several things the other woman did not have, such as a pyramid shaped frame used for suspension bondage, and several jointed tables which looked as if they could be adjusted into any number of shapes. Walking along there was not a table, frame or device that Heather did not try to imagine herself on.

Along one of the central walls, one made of red brick, a Mistress was showing another Mistress how her submissive, a pudgy cheeked man dressed in drag, looked when he was cuffed to the chains hanging from the wall. "Oh, I definitely need one of these," the one Mistress said, appreciating how her sub looked. "But my walls are all drywall. I can only strap '*her'* to the bed."

"Oh, no," the other Mistress told her. "They do sell things you can use to strap someone around a door, or through a doorframe. Have you seen the commercial for the exercise rod that hooks up to the top of the door? I bought one and tried it when I went on vacation, and they work. I just put if over the bathroom door frame and then handcuffed my husband to it. Hours of enjoyment while traveling."

Kelly looked to Heather with a sparkle in her eyes, covering her mouth and giggling as they passed.

Walking along she wondered what kind of things were in the small oubliette that Master Morales kept for her.

They had walked pretty far into the space when they began to run into more and more people. Kelly slowed her pace, and Heather looked around her to see a sign posted on the floor.

SUMMER SOCIAL AUCTION REGRISTRATION:
DOMINANTS AND REGISTREES ONLY BEYOND THIS POINT!

"This seems like a good point to turn back," Kelly observed.

Heather nodded and let the other woman turn to guide her back the way they had come. They had gotten in and out, apparently, just in time, because after they made their way a few steps someone called from behind, making an announcement for the oubliette area to be cleared on both floors as it would be closed for the duration of inspection and sampling.

Heather wondered exactly what *inspection and sampling* of the submissives up for auction would entail. Inspection, she was sure, was probably self-explanatory for the most part. While sampling, on the other hand, offered the hint that there was something sexual in nature to that part.

Leaving the oubliette Heather let Kelly guide her back up the stairs and through the second floor, avoiding the observation area above the oubliette. They eventually they came out to the hallway that ran along the back of the house and found French doors to another small balcony. Outside it had grown a

little cooler, and Was (Not Was)'s *'Walk The Dinosaur'* was playing on the outside speakers by the pool.

"One wishes we had as many things in our little dungeon," Kelly mused as she took a drag off the cigarette that Heather offered her. "Someday we will have a bigger house." She looked out to the pool area, exhaling a plume of smoke that quickly spread out on an unseen breeze. "Does your Master have a dungeon in His home, Heather?"

It was a question she had never put any thought into herself. In fact, until the other girl asked, it had never even crossed her mind. *Did Master Douglas have a dungeon?* He never said anything to indicate He did. And none of the pictures of any of the other girls He had shown her looked as if they were in anything but domestic areas and hotel rooms. "Actually one does not know?"

"You have not had a chance to go where He lives."

Heather shook her head. "No." She sighed. "One doubts she will ever get a chance. Logistics are against it."

"Your husband?" Kelly asked.

She nodded. "And my kids?"

"Oh, you have kids?" She turned and smiled. "One would love to have a child with Master Henry. He says someday, when the time is right, and one has grown more mature and responsible. How many do you have?"

"Two. Terry and Melissa."

"Boy and a girl. How old?"

"He's 14 and she's 9."

"One sees. He's nearly a man and she's almost a young woman."

Taking a drag off her cigarette Heather sighed and exhaled out her nose. "She became a woman a few weeks ago on a technicality."

This made Kelly throw her head back and laugh. "Is she hormonal?"

"For the past nine years," Heather sighed.

The younger woman laughed again. "One guesses that your son is no problem at all."

"No. He's the perfect child."

Kelly placed her cigarette hand on the rail. "Where did you say you lived?"

"Citrus Grove."

"Oh, that's not far. We live in Winter Retreat. Perhaps we could get together for lunch sometime. I could come up there. One does not work, and when Master Henry is working one has little else to do."

"Yes, I would like that." Heather felt sure that this was what Kitty had had in mind for her to do that night. Certainly Kelly Diaz was the kind of person the other woman was sure she would meet. Of course there was Mistress Carrie as well, but she didn't have as long to get to know the other woman. Thinking of her reminded her that she had the paper sub Edward had put their e-mail address on in her purse. She opened it again and found the paper, but realized that there was nothing to write with, there were only cigarettes and the lighter inside. "I have an address a Mistress gave me earlier, but I don't have a pen."

"Oh, you want me to give you my number?" Kelly asked. She reached down to her waist and tugged, revealing a hidden pocket under the sash around her middle. Several small makeup items slipped into her hand, including an eye liner pencil. "Will this do, do you think?"

"We can try."

Kelly took the paper and added her telephone number and e-mail address to it. Looking it over it was written lightly, but it was enough for Heather to make out.

"You can call me anytime you need someone to talk to."

"Thank you, one appreciates it." She folded the paper and slipped it back in her little purse. "Other than Kitty a girl does not know anyone else in real life that is in the lifestyle who is close by."

"Well, now you do, Heather," the younger woman smiled.

Heather nodded and smiled back. It felt good, and was unexpected, to get to meet someone in the lifestyle, other than Kitty, who she could actually socialize with. And though she was younger she was still closer in age to her than her mentor.

She turned and looked back at the house, wondering what Kitty was doing at that moment. She was probably getting ready for inspection and sampling, whatever it entailed. Heather found herself curious, and envious. Briefly she imagined being Kitty, somewhere down in the oubliette, naked and surrounded by men feeling and prodding her. It gave her a shiver of excitement.

"Mmmm, what are you thinking about, Heather?"

She shook her head, smiling broadly. "Nothing," she replied, doing her best to sound innocent.

The younger woman just laughed, obviously sensing her thoughts were less than pure.

Kelly and Heather had made it back to the first floor and were headed back to the foyer so Kelly could find Master Morales, when Heather excused herself. The other girl had stood and examined her a moment, obvious concern in her eyes as she explained that she wanted to explore on her own just for a little bit. "You are planning on sneaking back into the oubliette, aren't you?"

She shook her head. "No." One look at the other woman was enough to tell her that she did not believe her for an instant. "Yes."

Kelly leaned in closer, despite the fact that there was no one in the hallway they were in at that moment. "You cannot do that. What if you're caught?"

Heather shrugged. Then she raised her arm and showed off her wrist band. "What could they do to me?"

The other woman shrugged.

"Do you think Kitty would be in trouble?"

"No, they would hold Master Markov responsible." She looked up and down the hall to make sure no one was coming. "There is no real punishment for a master, unless one has committed a crime. One doubts he would punish Miss McClain. But still you should not risk it."

Biting the side of her lip Heather nodded. "Would you like to come with me?"

"Of course!" Kelly smiled, pumping her legs up and down and clapping her hands.

And with no further discussion they were off, heading down the twisting halls and corridors and back to the oubliette. The closer they got the less crowded it was, and once they reached the circular hallway that bordered the dungeon there was no one in sight. As they reached the entrance Heather was surprised to see that there was no one guarding the way. She had really expected that they would only get as far as they had before finding someone who would turn them away.

"Are you sure you want to do this with me?" Heather asked before they slipped through the entrance.

"Yes."

"What will happen if you get caught?"

Kelly let out a little giggle. "Master Henry will skin one alive." She then hugged herself and looked to Heather. "He won't really *'punish'* punish one."

“Okay,” Heather smiled. “Let’s do this before we both chicken out.”

She was glad the other girl had agreed to come. Kelly seemed to have an idea of the layout of the oubliette in her head, and it made Heather wonder how many times the other girl had actually been to the dungeon at the Schraders’. They both hugged the walls, keeping low like a couple of cartoon cats sneaking up on a mouse. Only once as they made their way to the rear of the chamber where they had turned back before did they hear any other voices. They froze and listened for a moment, then silently moved on, Heather sure that they were behind some of the dividing walls further from them.

The next time they would hear any voices would be on the approach to the area where the sign warned Dominants and Registries Only. As they crept up and the actual sign came into view Heather was again surprised that no one appeared to be on guard. Now that the crowd was gone she could see a high wall forming a rough gate over an entranceway. That had to be where the inspection and sampling were.

“Sure you want to go all the way?” Heather asked.

“One did not come this far to go back,” Kelly whispered back, mischief in her voice.

There’s no turning back now.

Heather crept toward the entryway, Kelly in tow. Ahead of them the murmur of voices seemed to get louder. Immediately inside Heather saw a low wall which lead to a shadowy corner. Now taking Kelly by the wrist she decided to see if they would be able to see anything by staying in that shadowed and slightly covered area. They followed the curve of the short stone wall, crouching down. Peering over the top as she crept she saw a small crowd in a space ahead of them. She continued on, pulling Kelly with her, hoping that they didn’t run out of wall or shadow. The sudden sound of clearer voices made Heather stop where she crouched, crouching even further down and pulling Kelly along with her. The other girl did her best to stifle her giggles.

“Where is our esteemed chancellor anyway?” one male voice questioned.

“Not here,” another male voice replied. “This is not the sort of thing he is ever involved in anymore.”

“But he did sign up to participate in the auction?”

“Yes, but he hasn’t been part of an inspection for years. He likes to bid blindly one supposes.”

The other man laughed. “Winters is a strange one.”

“Come on, you two, we are about to begin,” a female voice intruded.

“Already?” the second man asked.

Heather cautiously raised herself slightly and peered over the wall. She saw a man looking at his watch. “Yes it’s time,” he said, the voice was that of the first man.

As Kelly poked her head up beside her Heather looked beyond the trio to see several kneeling benches sitting side by side a little further across the inner chamber. She did her best to count, shifting her eyes from one bench to the next. Unsure she was right the first time she recounted, letting her head track in the opposite direction. Both times she was sure that she had counted 12.

“This is exciting,” Kelly whispered in her ear. “Master Henry is going to kill me if he finds out.”

They both jumped as the woman suddenly clapped her hands together, the sound echoing like a gunshot in the stone room. “Brothers and Sisters it is time to begin. Will all of those sponsoring an entrant in the auction please bring your girls to their benches.” She walked toward the closest bench in the line. “Miss McClain, first position.”

Heather narrowed her eyes.

“Miss McClain will be close,” Kelly whispered excitedly in her ear.

Master Markov appeared from the left side of the chamber, leading Kitty along on her leash. She was wearing nothing but her collar now, and Heather was surprised to realize that she felt as if she knew every curve and roll of the plump woman’s body. She watched, fascinated, as Kitty mounted the bench. The kneeling bench was something that she had only seen used in pictures of so far, but had never seen in practice. Once Kitty straddled it she did find herself getting a completely new view of her mentor, one that she had never seen before. Heather found herself looking dead on at Kitty’s pussy and ass. From the distance they were she could just make out of pout of her labia and the little rosebud of her anus.

To see Kitty like that, to imagine herself in that same position, was…

So fucking hot!

“Second position, Miss Danvers,” the woman called.

They watched as the process was repeated, over and over, until there was a girl kneeling on each of the 12 benches. Once they were all kneeling there was a little discussion between the dominants. Then the woman in charge announced that the inspection could begin.

“Oh, my,” Kelly whispered.

Heather watched as several men came up and inspected Kitty. They would raise her head and force her lips open to look at her teeth. They ran their hands up and down her body. Grabbing her breasts. Coming to the opposite end they would smack her ass, and then run their fingers along the outside of her holes. As she watched Heather was ultra aware that her nipples were hard and that her clit felt electrified. The erogenous triangle was beginning to throb.

“A girl’s bottom is getting all tingly,” Kelly informed her.

“This one is tingling all over,” Heather whispered back.

It seemed like an eternity before all the bidders had come by and inspected Kitty. Once they had finished the middle of the room cleared of bidders while the submissives up for auction remained on the kneeling benches.

Once again Heather and Kelly jumped as the woman in charge clapped her hands. “Condom girls!”

Condom girls?

Heather shifted slightly to get the blood flowing in her legs as 12 new girls approached, each pushing a small chrome tray, which looked to her like surgical trays. They stopped off to the side of each bench, awaiting instructions. Each of them was dressed in one of the French maid outfits that the serving girls in the main part of the house had been wearing.

“Gentlemen,” the woman in charge announced, “And Mistress Vi. You are all aware of the rules of sampling. A condom must be worn at all times, and it must be changed for a fresh one each time you change to a different hole. You may sample a girl’s mouth for 30 seconds, and her other holes for 60 seconds each. You may choose not to sample all of a girl’s holes, but you are forbidden from sampling the same girl twice. Failure to follow these rules will result in you being disqualified from the auction at the Summer Social, revocation of the privilege of participating in future auctions, and forfeiture of any entry fees you have already paid.”

Heather almost couldn’t believe what she was hearing. The concept, the very idea, was almost too hot for her to comprehend. Sampling as she had suspected all along, was sexual sampling, but she hadn’t expected that there would be so many rules. She looked to Kitty, kneeling naked on the bench, again envying her and wishing she could somehow be in her place.

Then it began with no further announcements. Heather watched as a man approached the condom girl in front of Kitty. He was already naked, his cock

erect. She watched as the girl cleaned the Master's cock with a towelette or some sort of alcohol swab. Then she opened a condom package and knelt in front of him. The condom girl then rolled the condom onto his cock and stood back up.

Heather moved her legs, making her knees draw close and then spread apart. If it were not for the presence of the other girl she knew she would be touching herself. The first Master walked up to Kitty and took his cock in his hand, pushing the head inside, then burying himself for a moment before slowly thrusting himself into her. He was obscured after a moment as another naked Master stepped up behind them.

Looking back to the side Heather saw the condom girl roll a condom onto another Master's cock. He walked past her when she was done, heading for the front of the bench, and Kitty's mouth. The next Master she cleaned off and put a condom onto went to line up at her mouth as well. Within a few minutes there were four men lined up waiting to try Kitty's lower holes. The first Master in line returned to the condom girl and allowed her to remove the condom. Then she cleaned him again and put another condom on his cock. He returned to the line, apparently intent on sampling her ass this time.

Pushing herself slightly higher she watched, trying to tell more about what was going on. She could see Kitty's head bobbing as she sucked one Master's cock. At her other end another Master was fucking either her pussy or ass, from the distance it was hard to tell. She zeroed in on the one who was fucking her, and just as he was getting into a rhythm his time was up. She watched as he pulled out, and another Master stepped up, instantly replacing him.

God it was so fucking hot!

She wanted to be there.

And yet--.

And yet she knew that she should not be there at all.

Over the past year Kitty had told her so many of her most personal and intimate experiences. She had let her in, where earlier that night she had learned, she apparently let no one else in. This was not an event that the other woman was telling her about, it was happening before her eyes, and she had not been invited to watch. It suddenly made her feel ashamed. She was invading the other woman's privacy.

"Suddenly I'm not comfortable with this," she whispered.

Kelly breathed a sigh of relief. “Me either. It’s like we’re seeing something that’s very *‘very’* private.”

The other girl had apparently been thinking the same thing. “Let’s get out of here.”

“Okay.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN:
The Master And His submissive

-1-

Since Kelly had followed her in she let her lead the way back out. Heather's legs were burning and cramping from holding the crouching position for so long. By the time they reached the entryway to the inner room her legs were tingling and screaming. Again they quickly made their way back through the makeshift maze under Kelly's guidance, and once again they met no one on their way back out.

Outside of the oubliette they began making their way back through the twists and turns that would lead them upstairs, and eventually back to the front of the great house. They had made good progress, until making a turn; they found themselves in a crowded hallway, the group pushing them along seemingly intent on making it to another destination. Taking a few forced steps Heather had no choice but to let go of Kelly's wrist. The younger woman looked back as she was pushed a little further ahead. "One will meet you back at the stairs, one thinks," she called back.

Suddenly the group Kelly was caught up in pushed further ahead, as the crowd around Heather thinned out. Deciding she could do as the other woman suggested she slowed her pace, letting the last of the crowd pass her by. She paused to take a breath, and once she looked up she realized that she was now alone in the hall. Not only that, she realized, without a point of reference, that the hallway looked pretty much like the rest of the hallways in the house.

Heather decided to head down the hall to follow the path that the throng pushing Kelly along had taken, but soon found herself at a T intersection. Looking in each direction she found the hallways to be identical and empty. *Now what?* She decided to go right, feeling that direction would lead her to the

back hall that ran the length of the second floor. From there she knew she would be able to find the grand staircases and the foyer.

However, when she reached the end of the hall there was a wall and the opening to another hallway to the right. Not wanting to turn back she took the hall to see where it might lead. There were doors along the right side of the hallway, and nothing but wall on the left side, which seemed to Heather a good indication that it would eventually end up at the back hall.

The pathway though, again, proved her wrong. This hall ended as well, with the opening to yet another hall to the right. Sighing, and feeling frustrated, she entered the hall, only to discover that it was not another hall at all. The walls were stone, like the walls of the oubliette, and the space was open, revealing it to be something other than the continuation of a hallway. Heather froze, realizing that she was not alone. Toward the center of the chamber was a blindfolded girl suspended upside down on a metallic rectangular frame that brought her head a couple of feet from the floor. A man walked around her, naked from the waist down. He was wearing, what Heather thought of as, a swashbuckler's shit. It was white, with long, puffy sleeves. She watched quietly, still frozen, as the man took his ridged cock and lifted it up, touching the suspended girl's lips. She made a small sound that echoed in the mini-oubliette. Then she kissed his cock head loudly.

"You really need to try her mouth," the man said, his voice slightly echoing in the chamber.

Heather took a small step back and to the side, hoping the shadows would conceal her as they had as she had watched the sampling in the main oubliette. Part of her wanted to leave, but another part, the curious, *you have never seen or heard of a kink or fetish you did not want to try,* part made her stay, hoping again she would not be seen.

Of course she immediately wondered what it would be like, hanging upside down, if it were at all possible for someone her size to be hung upside down, blindfolded, and a cock at her face. She wondered if the other woman even knew whose cock she was kissing. In her own imagining of being the other girl she would not know. It would be a stranger.

Thinking this made her pussy grow wet. She realized, having a moment of detached clarity, that she needed to make sure she changed back into her plain cotton panties when they went back to Betty's to change outfits later.

She looked over at the Master as he closed his eyes, the upside down submissive now sucking his cock in earnest. He had that yummy action hero look that she was sure that Kitty could appreciate. Under his shirt she felt sure he had a well defined torso. His face was handsome and he had short blonde hair and a neatly trimmed beard.

"You are incorrigible, Charles," a voice said from somewhere in the shadows beyond where the girl was hanging. It was a vaguely familiar voice.

The other man laughed. "Oh, come now, Deacon, one learned from the best." He let out a sigh, obviously enjoying the blow job. "There was a time when you were much worse than me."

Deacon?

Deacon Winters?!

"The experiences of one's life have changed one, as you well know," Master Winters said. It was indeed him, the Chancellor of the Clover Leaf Society's Elite Eleven.

Master *Charles* reached down and stroked the underside of the girl's neck as she sucked him, and then her cheek. "That's my best friend for you, Miss Andrews. Refined and so wizened as he grows older. Ahhhh. You should let go of your pain and live again."

"One does live," Master Winter's voice came from the shadows again. "However one has chosen a new path of greater restraint and control."

Master *Charles* let out a light hearted chuckle at this. "The Master chooses mastery over himself."

"If you wish to call it that, Charles, yes."

Again Heather noted that he sounded like the man who played Professor Snape in the Harry Potter movies. Something about his tone made him sound as if he were above everything, and there was a snide quality to the way he sounded.

Now Master Charles slipped a hand behind Miss Andrews's neck and raised her head slightly. With a sigh he started humping her face. "What do you think, Miss Andrews? One is sure you would love to suck Master Winters's cock. Wouldn't you?"

Miss Andrews made a sound around Master Charles's cock as he face fucked her. Heather was sure the sound was meant to be a yes of some kind, because she knew if she was the one hanging there it would be what she would do.

“Sssttt-tt-tt, ah,” Master Charles sighed. “See there, Deacon? She would love to suck your cock. And let you fuck her. Tie her up and beat her until she loses consciousness.”

“Uhm! Uhm! Uhm!” Miss Andrews grunted, apparently happily, to each suggestion Master Charles made.

“In fact one would wager that still there is not a girl here that would not throw herself at your feet and beg you to use them, just because of who you are.”

“No, Charles,” Master Winters corrected. “Because of *what* I am. Not *because* of *who*.”

Heather felt that Master Charles was right. She could easily imagine herself serving Master Winters, and not just because of his position. Snide sounding or not he radiated authority and control. The brief moment when he had touched her hand she had felt it, and known in that moment she would have done any act he would have requested, had he asked.

Master Charles laughed and sighed. “You feign modesty of a sort as always, Deacon, as if you underestimate yourself. Am I not right, Miss Colton?”

“One is not at all sure she agrees with you assessment, Sir,” Megan Dupree’s voice came from the darkness in the same direction as Master Winters.

“Oh, right,” Master Charles sighed. “One forgets that you are prejudiced by being his one and only girl.” He slowed his rhythm as he continued fucking Miss Andrews’s mouth. “But do you not wish he would have you come here and join me? Or at the very least that he stop sitting there trying to ignore us both and fuck you?”

“One is willing to do as her master wishes, sir.”

“Do not answer him like some brainless sheep, Miss Colton,” Master Winters scolded. “His question is a question about desire and not of loyalty in service.”

“Yes, sir,” she said. “Of course *you* are right.” There was the sound of her shifting in the darkness, and as Heather’s eyes scanned the direction of the sound she could make out the outline of a man and woman sitting in the shadows of the back of the room and off to the side of where Miss Andrews hung suspended on the frame. “One would be tempted to play with you, sir. One would, however, love to be used be her own master much more.”

“Yeah?” Master Charles breathed. “Do you feel he is neglecting his position by not being down for the inspection and sampling? It usually is expected for

someone who is going to bid at the auction to sample the wares. Though of course it has been a long time since you participated in an auction as a bidder, perhaps one has forgotten."

"One assures you he has forgotten nothing, Charles," Master Winters said.

"Master will bid as it suits him, sir," Miss Colton added.

Master Charles laughed slightly. "One thinks it is because you have already chosen the one you will bid for. It is after all why so many signed up for this auction in the first place."

Without either of them naming a name Heather immediately knew they were talking about Kitty. She had a passing moment of hot anger, realizing they, and probably everyone else involved in the auction, were talking about her, and no doubt thinking of her, like she was just a piece of meat. That anger subsided quickly though, because she knew that if she were in Kitty's place it was exactly how she would want to feel, dehumanized, less than a person, just an object for a Master's enjoyment.

"Oh, here it comes," Master Charles sighed. He took his cock out of Miss Andrews's mouth and began stroking it as he held it over her face.

"One is ready for you, sir," Miss Andrews gasped breathlessly.

Heather could feel her clit throbbing a steady and hard pulse beat. Had she not been so afraid of being caught she would have squatted down in the shadows so she could rub herself through her panties, but she felt that any movement would attract the attention of Master Winters or Miss Colton.

"Open your mouth, girl," Master Charles panted.

Heather watched as the blindfolded submissive opened her mouth as widely as she could. Then Master Charles groaned, making a loud noise as he came, lowering himself slightly and squatting closer to her face. From where she stood Heather could not see Miss Andrews's face, only Master Charles's clenching ass as he groaned another long growl and gasped.

Once he was done he staggered back. Heather could just make out the glistening of liquid around the corners of her mouth and on her forehead. She was pretty sure it must be in the other woman's hair as well.

"Would you like to lick that up, Miss Colton?" Master Charles questioned. He leaned against the frame that Miss Andrews was suspended from, looking to where the others sat in the shadows. He put an arm out and wrapped it around the upside down woman's waist pulling her and the frame aside and causing it to protest with a loud and echoing creak.

“It tastes so good,” Miss Andrews was gasping.

“Quiet, girl,” Master Charles commanded.

Miss Andrews licked at her upper lip, and then closed her mouth.

“One will if it is what her master wishes, sir.”

Rocking the frame and Miss Andrews slightly Master Charles turned his head.

“You know full well one does not, Charles,” Master Winters told him.

Master Charles let out a sigh. “Oh, well,” he said. Then he suddenly let go of Miss Andrews and the frame she was bound to, whirling to face the spot in the shadows where Heather stood. “Then how about you, miss?” he questioned, his voice again echoing in the small chamber, catching Heather totally off guard. “Would you like to lick my cum off this slut’s face?”

-2-

Heather stood, frozen in place. She couldn’t believe she had been caught, and the whole time she had felt it would be Master Winters or Miss Colton who caught her if she were to be. Master Charles had been so occupied with them and Miss Andrews that the idea of him noticing her never crossed her mind. She felt her knees tingle and her calves tighten. Her body was screaming for her to turn and run, but yet she stood firmly rooted to the spot she had been watching from.

“Come now, don’t be shy,” Master Charles called. He had taken a couple of steps away from where Miss Andrews hung, exposing himself more to the light. His cock was not quite hard, but Heather could see that it was long, hanging straight down between his naked thighs. “It’s okay, miss. I won’t bite you. Though *Mistress* Schrader might if she were here.”

Heather felt her right leg stiffen, and she found herself taking a step of her own accord, although without telling herself to do so.

“Yes, that’s it.”

A little mindlessly she made her way to where Master Charles stood. She swallowed and looked him in the eyes as she got closer to him. A couple of feet away she stopped.

God, what are you doing?

Master Charles leaned to one side, looking her over. Then he took his cock in hand and stroked himself, stepping around her. “My, you are a plump one.

Very cute." He stopped in front of her once he made a circle, stroking his cock straight up so that she could see how long and hard he was getting. "Would you like to go there?" he questioned, nodding to where Miss Andrews hung. "Hummm. Go down on your knees and lick my cum off her face?"

"Charles," Master Winters's voice called.

Master Charles took a step closer to her and used his free hand to reach around and rub her ass. "Mmmmm. And perhaps while a girl is on her knees One will take his cock and put-"

"*Master Belknap*!" Master Winters called, louder this time, his voice flat and authoritative.

"Oh, what is it, Deacon?" he asked, turning at his waist to look back at the other man in the shadows.

Now that she was closer Heather could see Master Winters and Miss Colton a little more clearly. Master Winters raised his left hand. Then he pointed at the wrist with the index finger of his right hand.

"Oh," Master Charles said slowly. "Oh, shit." He took his hand off Heather's ass and let go of his cock, stepping back from her. "One must apologize for his rudeness, miss. One should have looked to see whether you were wearing a collar or not."

Heather felt her eyes travel down to where she wore the two thin bracelets on her wrist. She reached across with her other hand and rubbed them.

"Yes, you will have to forgive *Master* Belknap, Miss Zane," Master Winters said, suddenly emerging from the shadows. "He may be one's best friend, but he does most of his thinking with his dick instead of his brain, although most of the time one suspects they are one and the same."

Heather just let a nervous little laugh escape her mouth.

"You are lost, one takes it, Miss Zane?" He continued walking across the small chamber, stopping when he was a step closer thsn Master Charles had been.

She nodded. "Yes, sir." She looked at him, more fully looking him over this time. He was tall, actually over a head taller than she was. It made him seem more intimidating, having the ability to look down on her. She locked eyes with his own deep blue eyes, and felt as if he were looking right through her.

Master Winters looked to the door and walked past her. "Then one shall help you find your way," he called from over his shoulder. "I will catch up with

you later, Charles. Do try not to seduce any more of the hired help while one is gone."

"Of course, Deacon," Master Charles said, rubbing his face. He was obviously embarrassed.

"Miss Zane, *to me*," Master Winters called. "Miss Colton, follow."

Heather was still rooted in the space she had been standing. She watched as Megan Dupree rose from where she had been sitting. As she approached she smiled to her and indicated with a finger that she should turn around and follow her Master. Swallowing hard she did so, feeling a little better about the situation, because "Miss Colton" had a sympathetic and understanding look on her face.

She followed Master Winters back into the hall. His longer legs seemed to propel him along at a quick pace. She moved a little faster herself, not wanting to lose him as she had lost the group she had been following earlier. Looking to her left she saw that Miss Colton was beside her, nearly matching her pace. She leaned closer and whispered to her once they were side by side. "When a dominant says '*to me'* they want you to follow them closely," she said. "You need to catch up to Master Winters, Miss Zane."

Silently she followed the other woman's direction. Pumping her legs harder she made the effort to catch up with Master Winters, and his longer stride did indeed make it an effort for her. Heather had glanced at him as she made it closer. Even from behind his walk seemed to exude confidence, if not arrogance. His body was straight as he stepped along, almost seeming to glide across the carpeted floor of the hall. His arms were behind his back, fingers laced together as if he were a royal.

Once she was finally matching his pace somewhat she glanced to see his face. Master Winters's eyes were looking straight ahead, and the fixed expression on his face was enough to let her know that he was focused on reaching whatever destination that he had chosen. Again she felt intimidated. She wondered if this was what someone felt like when they walked next to Darth Vader.

Heather's calves began to ache after a couple of minutes of attempting to match his gait. By the time they made it back to the front of the great house she knew that her feet would probably be screaming as well. As they went along she did her best to not pay any attention to her feet. Instead she tried to mirror Master Winters's every step without looking at him, or looking ahead. He

followed each twist and turn of the halls as if he knew the layout of the Schraders' mansion as well as the owners did. Behind them she was aware that Miss Colton was still following them at a short distance. There was a slight swishing noise as the fabric of the other woman's clothing rubbed against itself.

"Your feet," Master Winters finally said, out of the blue and breaking the silence. "Do they hurt, Miss Zane?"

Heather frowned slightly, biting her lip. She kept her eyes straight ahead, not looking to him or doing anything else that might cause her to slow her pace. Something told her that this was the way it was to be, like a sense telling her that this was the right thing to do. "Yes, sir," she replied. "Such shoes are not made for distance."

"Yes. Well most shoes worn to such function as this are not made for distance, nor comfort." He turned to face her slightly as they moved along. "Are they sensitive?"

Heather shook her head slightly. "Not that a girl is aware of."

Master Winters came to what looked like an intersection, but as they passed through it was apparent from the rows of French doors on the left that he had brought them out into the hallway that ran along the length of the back of the mansion on the second floor. "One believes you would like a cigarette," he said. "You do smoke, do you not?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, intent on answering both questions at once. Heather knew she had not said anything about smoking to him, or really anyone else at the social other than Kelly. "How did-"

"One can smell it on you," he replied, cutting her off. Again his tone sounded snide, as if he were above every other person walking the face of the Earth. "And you are nervous."

"You smell-," she said. Heather was unsure of what else to say. *You can smell that I'm nervous?* For a split second she imagined him as a giant Doberman standing on its hind legs and dressed in his Victorian looking outfit, and as she did so she briefly resisted the urge to laugh out loud.

They can smell fear, you know, Robbie Brady had once said during a conversation about guard dogs she had overheard sometime during her teen years.

"No, Miss Zane," he replied, his voice getting slightly louder and sounding a little more snide. "*You* smell."

In an instant Heather felt as if she were walking a little lower than she had been. There was a real pressure on her knees, and she had the physical sensation of being an inch shorter than she had been before. Master Winters stopped, and as soon as he did so Heather stopped moving as well. Behind them she could hear the swishing of Megan *(Dupree)* Colton's clothing become suddenly silenced. Now something inside told her that it was appropriate to face him. Heather turned toward him, and found that she was mirroring the same motion that he was making as he turned where he stood to face her.

Master Winters raised a hand, pointing at his nose. Really looking at it she realized it was a big nose, but not too big, it fit his face perfectly. "There are many smells that come from a person, once one takes the time to notice them," he said. "You smoke, but One suspects not too often. A few a day, maybe. It clings and lingers around you, Miss Zane, but not as strong as it would be around someone who smokes, say a pack a day. More than a few on a daily basis and it sinks in." He pointed to his chest with all of his fingers and made a sweeping motion downwards. "It permeates the body after a while when one smokes continually, especially if they smoke indoors. It makes the body stink of leather and dirty clothes, and that smell covers up the natural smell of one's body."

Heather swallowed and tilted her head up to look him in the face. Again his eyes seemed to be looking through her. "And what else does one smell of, sir?" she asked.

"Deception," he replied. The word sounded like a casual remark as it came out of his mouth. Turning he made a follow motion with his hand and began to continue back along the hallway.

Heather silently turned to again mirror him as they walked the hall. Further along she saw a crowd at the far end of the hallway, the first she had seen of anyone else since they had left Master Belknap and Miss Andrews. Already she was pondering his single word answer to her question. "You said one smelled nervous," she said after backtracking their conversation in her head for a moment.

"Yes," he replied. Master Winters stretched the word so that it sounded as if he could have said an entire sentence, if not the Gettysburg Address, in the space it took to say that one word. "You snuck into the oubliette, did you not?"

"Yes, but how-"

“The answer, Miss Zane, is all too obvious. You are not the first, and, one is most certainly sure, not the last. How far did you make it? Quite far, judging from your smell.”

This time Heather stopped dead in her tracks, not caring whether it was the appropriate to do or not. Deep inside she felt a slight sense of satisfaction as Master Winters stopped as well, turning to face her. “My smell-,” she began again.

“Is very intriguing, and one admits he finds it not to be totally disagreeable,” he interrupted, stepping to her, his head placed to look down into her eyes from above.

Heather swallowed in her mouth again, and her windpipe tightened as he reached out and put the tips of his fingers on her neck. Again there was that slight jolt, an electric tingle, as his skin came into contact with hers. She felt her breath catch as he ran his fingertips slightly along her exposed skin. Her heart felt as if it were slamming itself against her ribcage, and suddenly her nipples were hard and they felt as if someone were driving a thousand needles into each one.

“You are glazed with nervous sweat,” he went on. “You can feel it if you touch it.” He let his fingertips trail along, stopping at the slight dip in her blouse. “Light, faint, nearly invisible, Miss Zane, but it is still there nonetheless. It travels, thought you cannot feel it, and then it pools in resting places. Under your arms.” He took his hand off of her neck and lightly touched the crook of her left arm. “Between your breasts.” He reached up, lightly letting his fingers brush the front of her blouse. “Behind your knees.” He glanced down and threw a leg up, just letting the heel of his shoe touch her behind the knee. “Between your legs.” He touched the front of her skirt, brushing it even lighter than he had her blouse.

Breathing out through her nose Heather realized that she had sweat beading on her upper lip too. She felt giddy, dizzy. Her body ached, suddenly wishing he would really touch her instead of lightly putting his hands in each spot he had singled out. All the talk of sweat made her think *pig sweat*. She pursed her lips, nearly saying it out loud as she felt his hand briefly and lightly cup the left cheek of her ass.

“Your ass,” he said, his fingers trailing lightly up the edge of her crack until they reached the small of her back and he removed them.

Heather closed her eyes. Her lids felt so heavy. Opening them just as quickly she could still see Master Winters standing in front of her, even though he was a blur for a moment. She took a breath in through her nose and as she did a bead of sweat rolled down onto her lips. The miniscule drop instantly seeped between them, and she could taste the salty and somewhat bitter taste of her own perspiration.

"The smell of cigarette smoke is the lower layer," Master Winters went on. "Then in the middle the smell of your nervous sweat. And then there is the top layer, the one you reek of most of all, the smell of your musk." He stepped back, maybe half a step, almost as if to say that now he was being cautious. "It is very strong, slowly rising from your pussy where it mixes with your sweat and then drifts higher on those unseen currents of air which carry nothing else other than dust. The smells are of a woman alone, no man's smell is mingled with it, nor the sweat of any other person. You have not been engaged in sexual activity with anyone else, at least not since you last bathed, which one suspects was this morning. The lowest level of smell on you is a hint of cucumber, melon and coconut, and the slightest wisp of Wallflower or some other HyperMart brand perfume, all overlaid with a slightly stronger scent of makeup." He paused, slightly exhaling. "The smell of your pussy is strong, but it does not have the overbearing smell of release which means that you have not engaged in self play either."

Again he took a pause, grabbing the lapels of his jacket and giving them a hard tug. Then he turned slightly and took a step to go further along the hall. Heather found herself falling into step again, just as he began to move. Behind them she was sure that Miss Colton had begun to follow along as well because she could hear the swishing sound of her gown rubbing against itself again. As they got near to the group further along the back hallway the sound of music and the murmur of voices could be slightly detected.

"How far did you get, Miss Zane?" Master Winters questioned. "Did you make it all the way to where the inspection and sampling was to take place?"

"Yes, sir," she admitted, again struggling to keep up with him.

"And had the inspection and sampling begun?"

Heather nodded. "Yes, sir."

"And what did you see, Miss Zane?" He stopped in his tracks, again causing her to stop as well. Reaching out he placed a hand between her neck and the

beginning of the valley of her breasts. For a moment he looked into her eyes and scanned her face. "You saw too much one believes."

Feeling her mouth slowly collapse into a frown Heather again nodded. She felt ashamed again for having seen Kitty in an intimate and private moment when she was not invited. Standing in front of Master Winters now made her feel doubly ashamed, because he knew what she had seen and that she was ashamed of it and why she was. And there was a look of disappointment in his eyes, a look of disappointment from a relative stranger, but yet, even then, it meant something to her that he was disappointed in her. It was the first time Master Deacon Winters had ever looked at her that way, and for some reason she could not grasp, or even start to explain to herself, she was sure that it would not be the last time this man would look at her this way.

"Were you alone, Miss Zane?" Master Winters asked.

"Yes, sir," she nodded.

Master Winters looked at her, a slight smile touching the corners of his lips. Then he shook his head in the negative. "Deception, Miss Zane. Deception." He turned and started walking again, Heather and Miss Colton again instantly following on his heels. "One thinks you are well acquainted with the art of deception. You are probably extremely good at it, as a great many people are. However, I believe you will find, even if you have the ability to lie to the rest of the world down to the last person, that I can see through any lie you would tell me." He paused and glanced at her as they grew nearer to the crowd of guests. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, but she was unsure. Again it seemed to be the appropriate answer. She was sure at that moment that Dinah Saunders had said something similar to Kitty on the day she had first come to Master Chambers' house.

Looking up she began to be able to pick up details about the people in the group ahead of them, and she realized they were getting nearer to the double grand staircase. The people at the head of the group seemed to straighten up and take notice as they approached. Heather saw a man dressed in a black turtle neck shirt and jeans holding two leashes, one connected to a woman wearing a leather face mask capped with tentacles of feathered boas, and the other attached to a muscular looking mustached man wearing an x-harness across his bare chest and tight leather shorts. Stepping around the trio was another collared '*maid'* with a tray of drinks balanced on her fingertips.

Master Winters stopped in front of a set of French doors about 100 feet from the group, probably a couple of sets down from the one she had went out when she had been with Kelly Diaz earlier. "This should be good," he announced.

Miss Colton finally stepped closer, as if given an unseen or unheard command. She leaned to the doors and put her lens shielded eyes to the gap in the curtains on the door. "This balcony is free, master."

"Very good." He looked back to Heather. "Would you like your last glass of champagne, Miss Zane?"

Heather nodded. *Would I ever?* "Yes, sir. That would be good."

Master Winters looked down the hall, and as he did the serving maid gave a nod, as if he had given another invisible command, then started stepping toward them. He held up a hand, showing the girl three fingers. Heather watched as the girl came closer and did the duty which seemed to be silently requested of her.

The first flute was handed to Master Winters. The second went to Miss Colton. Finally the girl handed the third one to her, and once Heather had her fingers around the stem the other girl stooped down and produced a set of small scissors from a hidden pocket in her uniform. Just like the girl who had given her and Master Morales and Kelly their first drinks earlier she balanced the tray of full and empty glasses on the tips of the fingers of her left hand as she cut the alcohol band off her wrist before turning as she knelt to do the same to Master Winters and Miss Colton.

This was, Heather realized now, what Kitty had seen the first day she had been in Master Chambers' house, the ridged, stringent, discipline that Sister Scarlett had had, at least in the capacity when she acted as a serving girl. Her friend had been envious of Scarlett Hannigan that day, for the way she had carried the silver tea service into the sitting room and the way she had been able to curtsey while keeping her burden perfectly level. The girl kneeling to remove Miss Colton's bracelet now kept her tray of full and empty champagne flutes perfectly balanced as she performed each action; kneeling, taking the scissors from their pocket, cutting the band, removing it, standing again. And as she watched her, like her mentor and guide before her, Heather realized that she really wanted to learn how to serve like that.

But who taught that? Who had trained the girls there to serve the way they did? Was it an individual Master, or was it a type of training dictated by the society? Heather realized that even the condom girls had acted with the most practiced discipline and attention to detail. They had not been just simply

changing one rubber for another. There had been a method to it. There were definite steps to what they had been doing.

Where could she learn that?

It was nothing Master Douglas had mentioned. Nor had any of the Masters she chatted with in Bored Like Hell.

It was nothing that could be learned from a book like the one Kitty had given her and she had kept tucked away ever since.

Could it?

It would be great, she thought, *if there was a book*.

If only there was just one great big instruction book to explain everything about the lifestyle and how it worked.

I remember opening and closing my legs, because I had thoughts that suddenly made me feel hot, she remembered Kitty saying of how she had felt when she had watched Sister Scarlett that first day. *I wondered, and imagined, if she were whipped or had her ass beaten red as the hair on her head, if she had failed to hold the tray so level and properly in her early training. I wished I could have seen it. No, I wished it had been me.*

Watching the other girl rise to her full height now, tray level, perfectly balanced, Heather found similar thoughts going through her head. The serving girl stood straight, then curtsied to them, still keeping the tray level. Then as silently as she had come she turned to go. Immediately Heather's eyes were drawn to her back, to see if she had the same Eye of Ra tattoo that the girl who had served her drink earlier had, but this girl's back was bare of any marking with the exception of a sprinkling of light freckles.

Master Morales had said that the Eye of Ra was the mark which Master Winters put on his submissives. Miss Colton had one, as well as several other girls she had seen at the social. Since this girl did not it seemed to indicate to her that the training was perhaps something that was governed by the Clover Leaf Society itself and not the preference of a single individual dominant. But then Master Winters seemed to be the actual head of the Society itself, which meant he quite possibly dictated most of its policies.

"Shall we?" Master Winters questioned.

Heather felt her eyes focus as her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of his voice. She looked to see him motion to the now open set of doors with his champagne flute. Miss Colton had apparently already gone outside ahead of them. "Yes, of course, sir." She took a breath and walked past him, feeling she was meant to go first. Once she was on the balcony, which was more than twice

as large as the ones from earlier, she listened as he stepped out behind her and pulled the doors closed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT:
"...It Seems They Are Playing your Song..."

-1-

The first thing that Heather had noticed was that it had gotten a little cooler since she had been outside with Kelly earlier. A sudden gust whipped up and seemed to hit her right in the face and steal her breath for a moment. She was very aware of her company this time. Master Winters and Miss Colton had slipped to the right corner of the balcony, so she had walked out to the left and to the rail, unsure if her smoking would bother either of them. She took a quick gulp of her champagne and then sat the glass on the balcony rail so she could dig her cigarettes out of her little purse. As she stuck the Marlboro between her lips she looked down at the pool and the people gathered around it. Smash Mouth's *'Walkin' On The Sun'* was playing, and to her amazement there were more nude revelers in the pool area despite the growing chill in the air.

Heather lit her cigarette and took the first drag. She exhaled the smoke through her nose, unsure if she liked the idea of Master Winters and his submissive being out there with her or not. He was so snide and he sounded as if he felt he were above everyone else walking the face of the Earth.

And yet…

And yet there was something about that which made him appealing to her.

Not just the attitude. It was the way she had felt when their skin touched. *Where had that come from? More to the point what did it mean?*

Just as quickly her mind went to the maid who had given them their drinks. The way she carried herself and the tray, it was something from Kitty's retelling of her past that at last she was seeing in reality. It made her wonder again about

the training and discipline involved, just as surely as it had made Kitty wonder on the first day she was Master Chambers' submissive.

Could Master Douglas train her to be like that?

Heather was already sure the answer was no. It did not seem to be where His own interest lie, although exactly everything He was interested in was still a mystery.

Then of course her mind went back to the Egyptian eye tattoos, the mark of the House of Winters. And if what Master Morales had told her was correct then the only submissive active in the House of Winters was standing out there with them. *Why had he gone from many subs to just Megan Dupree?*

He loves her, Heather thought. *She's his 'one'*.

But again she didn't think the answer would be so simple.

But the mark, the Eye of Ra, or Horus, what did that mean? That their master always watched over them?

Heather had a sudden electric chill go through her erogenous triangle, her body's first sexual sensation since Master Winters had touched her in various spots as he described her smells and where they came from. There was something about that which was hot.

Not only that, though. Heather felt certain that if that was the meaning of the Eye of Ra then the girls marked with it must have felt safe under his protection.

No, not just safe, she realized as she took another drag off her cigarette, *it would have made them feel loved*. Heather was sure because she knew if Master Douglas marked her for such a reason that she would definitely feel loved.

Heather took another deep drag off her cigarette. Down below the song had changed to Gwen Stefani's *'Rich Girl'*. Again it was a tune that seemed out of place at a BDSM social, but she also realized that, again, she had been making assumptions about people in the lifestyle. *Just what had she expected anyway? Bach and Mozart? Or Metallica and Iron Maiden?* She was not sure, but she had definitely not expected one of the songs her daughter loved to drive her crazy with would be one she would hear there.

She took another deep drag and exhaled, looking out at the people who were dancing and in the pool. Quite a few of those around the pool area looked friendly with each other, *extremely friendly*. Watching the people below touching intimately, and then touching someone else in a just as intimate way made her think back to her question to Kitty earlier about the most men she had

been with at once. As she looked to the crowd of people in various stages of undress she could almost picture herself among them. Like Kitty had suggested she could imagine herself playing with various strangers, going from casual sexual encounter to casual sexual encounter until she began to lose count.

Kitty! she suddenly thought.

Heather realized she was in at least some way going to break her record for the most men she had ever played with in a single encounter. She had not even gotten a good look at how many men were participating in the inspection and sampling. There had to have been at least 20 that she had seen at a glance, but there could have been more, maybe a lot more. The idea made her shiver and tingle with sexual excitement.

And just as quickly that thought was gone, again replaced with the shame of spying on her friend and mentor in a personal moment.

"Your thoughts, Miss Zane?" Master Winters questioned.

Heather, at that moment, was jerked into awareness, nearly dropping her cigarette. He was standing beside her at the rail. She had been so lost in her thoughts that she had not even noticed him walk over to where she had been. A quick glance out of the corner of her eye revealed that Megan Dupree/Miss Colton was still standing silently at the opposite corner of the balcony.

"One is unsure," she found herself replying after a moment.

"Culture shock," he suggested.

Heather felt herself smile slightly. She did her best not to look at his face, but she did look in his direction. Suddenly she was self-conscious, and it was not the same discomfort she had been feeling since he had escorted her from the little dungeon she had stumbled into either. Her one clear thought was to wonder if he thought her lips were ugly.

"Perhaps so, sir," she told him. Raising a shaky hand to take another drag off her cigarette she realized it had burned to the filter although there was still a hot cherry glowing at the end. Taking a quick look around she saw that there was no ash tray on the balcony.

Master Winters brought his champagne flute to his lips, and it was from that area down Heather was concentrating on looking at because she did not want to look him in the eyes, and drained the contents. Then he reached out, his fingertips brushing hers as he plucked the cigarette butt from between her fingers. He dropped it in the champagne flute, extinguishing it in the remaining liquid with a hiss. He then took the flute and placed it on the rail beside hers.

“Thank you, sir.”

And as she said it she realized she had looked away from his mouth and was now looking him in the eyes. The twin pools of the deepest blue looked as if they would have the ability to take her away and swallow her down to drown her in whatever ideas that he might have behind them. She realized that her heart was racing, and its every beat was echoed by her nipples and clit.

“Does it disturb you?” he questioned.

“Wha-,” she stammered, unable to take her eyes off his. “Does what disturb me? I mean-, a girl.” Again she was wishing she could kick herself for messing up, and in front of him of all the people at the social. “One means this girl.”

Master Winters gave a slight frown, shaking his head and giving a wave of the hand. “Do not bother yourself with the sub-speak, Miss Zane,” he told her. “You do not seem to be much of a submissive in the first place. I see you not for what you wish to be, but for what you are, Miss Zane. You are a little girl with no self-control who wants every little thing she sees when her mother takes her to town and wants it right then.”

And in that instant Heather went from being hot for him to being hot mad at him. He had just given the same description the she would have probably given of Melissa if someone had asked.

“Do they disturb you?” he asked, waving a hand to indicate anyone past the balcony and on the grounds below. “Does the way they choose to celebrate their freedom bother you?”

There it was again, the same contradiction that Kitty had used once before. *Freedom.* Kitty had said she wanted to deliver herself into the bonds of freedom.

Standing there with Master Winters the context freedom was being used in Heather found herself unsure of. Was it as Kitty had suggested? That submission was a form of freedom depending on your point of view? Or was Master Winters trying to point out that just being in the lifestyle, dominant or submissive, was a form of freedom from “normal” society?

“No, sir, what they do does not disturb this girl.”

“Why not?” he questioned.

Heather smiled inwardly. If bothered him that she was continuing to speak as a submissive was supposed to he did not give any indication. “In the brief time one has been involved in the lifestyle she has learned to respect what BDSM means to other people, as long as it is consensual and not hurting those

involved. Everyone in the lifestyle is different, sir, and it is okay to be different."

Master Winters smiled. It was the first time she had seen him do anything close to smiling since they had been introduced in the foyer right after she had arrived. Heather felt a slight smile on her own twisted lips. Her heart was racing and her most sensitive parts were tingling again. She felt sure that if he were to reach out and touch her that she would just melt.

But from what?

Just his smile?

It was a roller coaster ride with him. One moment he was pissing her off and the next he was making her hot for him, highly aroused and horny. And it wasn't just moment to moment either. Master Winters seemed to have the ability to flip her switches from one second to the next. She just didn't understand it.

"How do you feel about your friend, Miss McClain?" he asked.

Heather gave a slight shrug at first, unsure of what to say. "One feels a kinship with her, sir."

His lips twisted slightly and he gave a nod. "What sort of kinship, Miss Zane?"

"Sir?" She wasn't sure about the question.

"Is it a motherly kinship, or it is more sisterly?"

"Definitely a motherly kind of kinship, one would have to say."

"I see." He rubbed his chin and then glanced up into the night.

Heather found that she felt compelled to follow his gaze. Past the glow of the lights illuminating the pool area the sky was dark and filled with stars, more stars than Heather knew she would be able to see from home. A little further to the south, she knew, The Ghost's Woods began, several square miles of unpopulated forest that straddled Bennick and Poe Counties and was free of ambient light.

"You wish it were more."

"What?" she asked. She realized she had slipped by quickly asking and not asking him what he meant, but she did not try to correct herself, if for no other reason than in the hope that he would not insult her again.

"Your relationship with Kitty McClain," Master Winters said. He stopped looking into the night sky and turned his gaze directly on her. "You wish it were sexual."

"I-," she started. *But what could she say?* "Yes, sir. One has fantasized about her many times, but one knows that Miss McClain does not feel that way toward her."

"I see," he said. "Have you ever mentioned it to her?"

Heather found herself giving a half-shrug. *Of course she would never tell Kitty*.

"She is a very perceptive woman to say the least," he continued on, not really waiting for her to reply. "I am sure she is well aware you fantasize about her."

It felt like there was a knot in her throat, so Heather swallowed hard. She suddenly needed another cigarette, and she quickly got another from her purse and lit it. He was right, she knew. All her years of being around other girls, Kitty would definitely know the signs that another woman was interested in her, especially if it was someone that she was close to.

At that moment Heather knew a door had closed. She had come to realize that Kitty had no interest in her sexually, but Master Winters pointing out the fact that he was sure the other woman had to know her thoughts brought it to a real sense of finality.

Very quickly Heather found that this was something she did not want to think about. She took the first deep drag off her cigarette and then exhaled, looking back up at the stars and remaining silent.

"About your intrusion into the play room," Master Winters began.

"Sir?" she found herself prodding after it took him what she felt was a second too long before going on. Again she wanted to give her own ample ass a good and hard kick. It would not be the thing for a proper submissive to do, pushing a dominant to go on. She knew it made her sound like-.

What?

A novice?

Oh, Heather you're so vanilla.

It had been eight months, yet at that moment she felt as if she were the same person she had been sitting outside Karen Anderson's on the Fourth of July finally mustering up the courage to ask Kitty what the her MASTER'S VOICE tattoo meant.

Do you know what BDSM is?

Tying women up and talking dirty to them.

Oh, Heather, you're so vanilla.

In her head Heather could almost hear the echoing of her friend's polite and Georgia peachy laugh.

Again he gave no indication that her faux pas bothered him. Instead, after another uncomfortable moment of silence he finally went on. "How far?" he started, in his lofty and snide voice, "How far would you have gone, Miss Zane, had I not interrupted?" He stiffened and turned slightly, again locking his eyes on hers.

Heather felt frozen as she looked at him, feeling little and ashamed. Were it not for the thudding of her heart and its beat echoed in her pussy and nipples she would have believed that everything had stopped on the inside of her too. His eyes had her again.

Yes, she realized, they were *"HIS"* eyes. Those eyes that had watched over Megan Dupree/Colton, and at some point several other girls, and perhaps even more than she could even imagine in a past beyond what little she knew about Master Deacon Winters.

'HIS' eyes.

The Eyes of Ra.

She remembered what Master Morales had called him, *El Rey de Misterio*, the King of Mystery.

And Master Douglas had said that she was on a journey into mystery.

In an instant everything Kitty had told her about her past came rushing back, flashing through her mind in seconds. Her friend and mentor never lied to a master, not under any circumstances. No matter how embarrassing or humiliating the truth was she always told it, only attempting to hide it on the first night she had played with Master Chambers when she had still been Master Ryan's sub.

Heather resolved that she would tell the truth she felt, no matter how bad it made her look or what Deacon Winters would think of her. And having made that resolution the words flowed right out, casually and easily. "This girl would have gone as far as he wanted her to," she said. "*Anything* he wanted."

"Anything?" he questioned, raising an eyebrow. He reached up and grabbed the lapels of his jacket to give them a stiff tug, an action he had done earlier as well, and now it made him look even more cocksure and pompous.

She nodded, aware that the steady heartbeat echoing through her erogenous triangle seemed to be getting stronger. "Yes, sir," she confirmed.

"My," he breathed, his voice now dripping with that pompous snideness, "you are quite the wanton slut are you not, Miss Zane?"

Heather said nothing, feeling sure the question was rhetorical. And even if it wasn't she had the strong feeling that he would cut her off and issue whatever opinion he had the moment she opened her mouth to speak. In her head she was taken back to Kitty telling her of the day Master Chambers had bought her and of what Sister Scarlett had said.

One is sorry, Sister Kitty. A girl has never met such an incredible slut before.

Master Winters surprised her by asking a question instead. "And if you had been required to play with me as well?"

"One would have done anything either of you wanted," she replied. Again the words flowed right out with no thought as to what his possible reaction would be. It was just as she had been pushed to do once when Kitty had questioned her in the days before she had met with "Master" Rich, when the other woman had prompted her to answer a question immediately and without thinking over her answer.

"Oh, my," he said, his voice a mocking crooning. Holding his lapels he walked in a small circle, not drifting more than a foot and a half from the spot he had been standing in beside her. "Well, I suppose if I were J.J. Chambers I would be quite impressed with your willingness to get on your knees and serve any man brought before you." He stopped leaning closer to her, his face a scowl of contempt. "Well, *I am not*, although I am sure that Master Belknap fits the bill nicely."

Heather felt her face suddenly go burning red hot. *How dare he?* HOW DARE HE? *Just who the fuck was he to talk that way to her-? To talk that way about Kitty? Chancellor of the Clover Leaf Society or not, just who the fuck had died so that he would think he was God?*

And Heather realized that not only was her face burning hot, but her breasts and pussy were burning hot as well. With each beat of her heart she felt as if her clit and tits were swelling, and that they would keep going until they popped. She was in that instant ultra-aware that she was sweating, and not some light sweat either, there was a wet and lubricating sheen she could feel under her arms and beneath her breasts. Down below she was sure sweaty as well, and not only sweaty but wet.

PIG SWEAT!

“I wonder,” Master Winters then went on, his tone now casual and sounding somewhat understanding, “if you are familiar with the concept of instant gratification?”

“Yes, sir.” Heather shocked herself to find that she was replying instantly to his question, and doing it with the poise and grace with which a good submissive should under any circumstances, just as Kitty would.

“And how is it that you would define it, Miss Zane?”

Heather found herself swallowing at another knot in her throat. As soon as it felt clear she took the last drag off her cigarette, and then she dropped it in his empty champagne flute. It hissed out beside the butt of its predecessor, and for a moment her eyes were drawn as thick smoke rose from the glass and dispersed quickly on an unseen and unfelt breeze. “It means that one seeks pleasure and they want it right at the moment they first realize they want it.”

Her heart was still drumming a hard and steady beat with her most sensitive parts playing along to the rhythm. She shifted her weight slightly from one leg to the other to lean back from the balcony rail. With that movement she could feel that she was super sloppy, her labia sliding against each other on a sheen of pussy cream that felt as if it were the consistency of thin mucus.

Could he smell it? she wondered. *Could he smell her, getting wetter and muskier as they stood there?* He claimed to have a very good sense of smell as they had made their way to the balcony. *Could he smell*, because she was sure she must absolutely reek of sexual desire now, *that it had changed in the past few minutes?*

Heather wanted to know. The thought-. No, the idea was making her hot. And it wasn’t just making her hot and wasn’t just making her think it was *fucking hot*. It was *fucking hot*, and she was *fucking hot*.

In her head, in a flashing instant, Heather imagined herself with him. Somewhere away from all the music and noise. Somewhere away from the cool air and the watching eyes of Bitchy Chef/submissive Megan Dupree. Heather could clearly see herself in the oubliette where the inspection and sampling were being conducted, naked and in position on a kneeling bench with her wrists bound to each other underneath it as Master Winters lowered his face and sniffed her pussy.

Heather’s eyes popped open and she sighed. At the moment she could imagine feeling his breath tickle her bare and sensitive pussy lips she had come. It was a small orgasm that was tiny and minute, almost the way Deacon Winters

seemed to want her to feel. It was the smallest one she could remember having since she had realized she could climax and yet it was as intense in that small span of space than any she had felt with anyone she had ever been with.

Could he smell that? was the first though in her head. She didn't want to know the hows and whys of her fantastic little cum first off. She was just concerned to know if he could sense it or not.

"Yes," Master Winters crooned. "A very good definition of instant gratification." If he could smell her pussy, or if he had noticed that she had just had an orgasm from a sudden hot thought, he gave no indication. "There are many dangers involved with instant gratification, Miss Zane, as I am sure you well know."

What? He was sure *she knew* there were dangers? Just how much did he know about her? What had Kitty told Master Dmitri that had gotten all the way up to the highest members of the Clover Leaf Society? Did he know about her encounter with Richard Davis? Did he know she had a master who was outside the society?

"And the dangers of instant gratification aside," he continued, "there are so many things one can miss when they are blinded by sexual wanting and passion."

"What sort of things, Sir?" she found herself automatically asking.

Again he smiled, but it was not the same smile he had shown earlier. This smile was a musing and sneaky looking smile. "Starlight. The rising of the sun. Stopping to smell the flowers." He glanced in Miss Colton's direction, but it was apparent that he was not really looking at her. "Did you smoke earlier this evening, Miss Zane, after you arrived here?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And what did you notice?"

Heather looked to him. Then she looked to Miss Colton who was standing still and reverently in the opposite corner of the balcony. The other woman seemed, as Master Morales had suggested, a shadow. She found herself looking to her feet for a moment, and then back to Master Winters. "It was cool, but not as cool as it is now. And there was music playing, Prince one is sure, something about a dolphin. There were people at the pool and dancing, but there was no one in the Jacuzzi. And then there was a song that the girl I was with liked because it made her think of friends that are submissives, and it made me think of my own best friend submissive."

“Miss McClain?” he questioned.

Heather shook her head. Her eyes were closed, she realized, the same way Kitty closed her eyes whenever she entered a sub-space trance as she retold her experiences in the lifestyle. “No, sir. She is a girl named Kristen who lives in Missouri. She has a chat room where one has made many friends in the lifestyle.” She did not know the reason that she felt the need to tell him so much about Kristen, even though it was also only a little, she just knew that she was, the words flowing.

“And what was it you missed?”

She found herself giving a shrug. “It was not as dark, Sir?”

He shook his head. “Take a look around the balcony. Smell the flowers, Miss Zane.”

Without much thought Heather began to look around the balcony. There were of course no flowers there to smell, but already she knew it was a clichéd metaphor not meant to be taken at face value. Her eyes fell on the balcony rail and she noticed there were cracks and chips in its surface. Underneath the supports that held it up were not simple columns or beams, but twisted and scalloped in intricate designs. She even noticed that there were vines wound around some of the supports, and even in the dark she could tell that they were dried out due to the weather they had been having.

Heather looked up above. There was a long crack that ran most of the length of the overhanging balcony above them, as well as more dried vines hanging slightly down. There was also a dark patch on the corner at the opposite end from where Miss Colton was standing that was no doubt rust or mold that was there due to water dripping and draining off the balcony above when it rained.

Then her eyes went to the other woman herself. It was plain to see she was in her mid to late 40’s, and yet she looked younger at the same time. She gave the slightest of smiles as Heather looked her way, revealing a flash of perfect teeth that seemed impossibly big on a woman as petit and small featured as she was. Unlike her she had perfectly full lips that were painted a glossy red. The little gold chains on each side of her collar seemed to vibrate with each breath she took.

Yes, she understood what he was getting at. There was a lot of detail that she had missed about the balcony and the people around her, details she missed because her mind was focused on other things.

Turning to Master Winters she found her eyes going back to his mouth and chin. It wasn't that there were not details about him that she had missed. She found once again that she did not want to look him in the face, or more importantly into his deep blue eyes.

From the speakers below the music was silent a moment and she could hear the voices of the people gathered there and the splash of water. Then there were several long tones as the cords of a bass were plucked. All of the sudden Heather felt her heart jump because it was a song that she was familiar with, but she had not heard it for a long time.

-2-

It was a Door's song. The words and lyrics suddenly flooded Heather's brain, even though the few cords of the bass riff were just repeating. The song was *'You're Lost Little Girl'*. In that instant she felt as if the last time she had heard it was an hour ago, although it had been over 14 years. She knew the song, the name of the album, *'Strange Days'*, and knew that it was the second track on it. *No, not only that.* Heather could remember every track on the album and what order it played in.

'Strange Days' had been the first CD that Austin had given her.

Austin Brigham. It was a name she had not thought of in years.

"Well, it seems that they are playing *your* song, Miss Zane," Master Winters observed.

Heather looked to him to see that he was standing there with his hand extended. Automatically, as if in a dream or outside of her own body watching herself, she saw her hand go out. As the sound of an acoustic guitar joined the bass he clutched her arm a little past the wrist and pulled her to him. He brought her against him with a stiff tug, raising her arm up and turning her in a forced lead as Jim Morrison proclaimed the first verse and the song's title in a croon.

What was this?

What were they doing?

Heather's body felt heavy, like it was made of lead. And yet, she was gliding, turning in a dance with Master Winters, his other arm slipping around her waist, hand just above her ample rear. She looked ahead, everything seeming to come in a blurred tunnel vision, and she found that for the first few

moments she could only see his face, still looking stern and smug, as he guided her to dance as if she were a living puppet.

When her head started to clear he pressed himself closer, as if he knew she were out of her slight daze. Heather could feel each heart beat as if each half beat was in a different breast. They were pressed close to his chest, her nipples painfully hard and from between them and the fabric of his own clothes she could tell that his own chest was tight and muscular. In her head she sang along with every lyric of the song as they turned, and she was amazed that they were not stepping on each other's feet.

Down below her clit began drumming a steady and insistent beat of its own. Each time her hips and legs swayed she was aware that her panties were soaked and if she kept juicing she knew she was going to end up with a growing wet spot on the front of her skirt as well.

What is this?

He moved her, guided her along, totally in control without a word. Her body just responded, it seemed, to follow along as he danced. She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. Within the blackness, with only the song in her ears and head, she could tell that it was not as perfect as she was feeling it was with her eyes open. Sometimes she was not moving to follow his speed and direction as he turned them in a circle, and occasionally she did feel the sides of her feet making contact with his.

Part of her mind was telling her, *Hun, you need to make this asshole let go of you.*

The other half, however, the other half told her to hold on and go wherever he guided her.

No, not wherever he guided her-.

Wherever *"HE"* guided her.

Heather realized at that moment she was being the half and half she wanted to separate herself into, but being it at the same time. Her thoughts were Heather the housewife and heather the submissive at the same time. And this was a moment that she wanted to *just be* heather the submissive. It was what her body was screaming for.

And not just her body, but things within as well, the heart and soul.

Heather forced her eyes to open, feeling sure if she kept them closed any longer that she would just explode, or at the very least faint, collapsing at Master Winters's feet. As she did she first saw the closed French doors whirl by, and

then Miss Colton. There was a look on the other woman's face that revealed she was surprised, probably even shocked, that Master Winters was dancing with her.

"One thinks you may be close, Miss Zane," he whispered as he turned her to face into the night.

"Wha-?" again her mind felt muddled. There was something about him, as snide and as arrogant as he was, that was intoxicating.

"Never mind," he told her.

It was then she knew what he was getting at. He was alluding to the fact that she was close to coming. In fact she knew all it would take would be just the tip of a finger brushing over her clit and she would gush all over the place.

Suddenly that thought brought up the image in her head of him stopping her and doing just that, but not skin on skin. In her imagination she could see him putting a hand between them, his finger tracing down and pressing into her damp valley through her skirt and panties. Once the fabric of her panties rubbed her clit she would come and it would pour down her legs and make a loud splat at their feet. The idea of that happening and hearing it on the concrete floor of the balcony itself was almost enough to make it happen, and Heather was aware of a small wet trickle sliding down the inside of each of her legs until it was soaked into the tops of her stockings.

Master Winters however, made no such move to touch her.

God, he has to smell it now, she thought.

'You're Lost Little Girl' faded and was immediately replaced by another song by The Doors, but from the opening strains she knew it was Duran Duran's cover version of *'The Crystal Ship'* and not The Doors themselves. Heather knew it was not them because-.

Because-?

For a moment she couldn't remember, but then it came to her.

Because having another version of the song was the only way to get it in the house.

But why?

Because of Bill.

Oh, God, she realized. *All these years it's been so silly.*

Heather had no time to ponder this sudden thought. As the music slowed down Master Winters pulled her even closer, making her slow the pace she was dancing with him in a circle down as well. Her eyes closed and she placed her

cheek against his chest as the opening lyrics of the song were sung. His heart was beating in her ears, and it felt like each beat was vibrating into her hair. She felt the hand on her waist dip lower and caress the cheek of her ass, an act that literally did make her want to just melt. His other hand moved up her wrist, his fingers finally feeling over her palm. She took in a ragged breath as his fingers poked at hers, and she opened her hand so that he would have room to lace his fingers into hers. There was a slight prodding and twisting as she waited, and she realized that he was touching her wedding bands, going so far as to adjust them slightly on her finger with his.

"Oh, my," Master Winters said, bringing them to a halt.

Heather took her head off his chest and leaned back slightly. She opened her eyes to see her hand being held by his. With his thumb and index finger he was shifting her wedding band and engagement ring slightly back and forth around her finger. After a couple of moments passed Heather suddenly began to feel uncomfortable.

"You are *'still'* married," he finally said.

Still?

"Yes, sir." Heather gave a slight nod. She watched him, unsure of what she should feel, as he let go of her hand and slipped his other arm from around her so that he could take a small step back.

"I see," he said.

Heather shook her head. "That's alright, though." She looked him in the face, where she had not wanted to look just minutes ago, and again she saw that look of disappointment there. "Isn't it alright, sir?" She was aware that she had just used a couple of contractions, but she was not going to bother to correct herself. "There is no rule about married people not being allowed into the Society is there?"

He shook his head. "No, of course not, Miss Zane."

"Then-?"

"I do not play with married women, Miss Zane," he replied, making it sound as if it were simple. "I do not play with them, and I do no train them, *especially* if there are children involved. Call it a quirk, but it is one of the rules that I chose to live by, within the lifestyle and without."

Heather tried to think of a response, but his first statement once he realized she had a ring on when through her head again. *Still married?* As if there had

been the expectation that she was not married. He had to have noticed that she had rings on. He seemed to notice every damn thing else.

Was this all part of some head game he liked to play? she found herself wondering.

Now she found she was coming off hot and bothered, to confused, and finally to downright angry.

What a fucking bastard!

And just as suddenly on top of that she found herself angry with Kitty. Just what the hell had she told people in the Society about her that Master Winters could make statements about her *still* being married and her having children? It was just like what she had told her of how she had felt the first day she had spent in Master Chambers' home, the other girls knew everything about her, and she had known nothing about them, hadn't even known they existed.

Heather felt like she had been thrown into the deep end of the pool by her friend and mentor for the second time that night. She had left her all alone, surrounded by strangers who knew all about her, and she knew nothing of them other than they were part of the Clover Leaf Society.

God damn, Kitty, and God damn Master Deacon Winters and his smugness and head games. Of course he had seen her mother fucking wedding rings, he had seen the bracelets on her arm, claimed he could tell everything about her by her smell.

Fucker, she thought. The word was on her lips. Every bit of self control she had left was holding it behind her tongue.

"I am sorry, Miss Zane, you look confused," he said.

Her face burning hot Heather opened her mouth. Her tongue went up and touched the hard palate behind her teeth, but no words came out.

Not that he was giving her time.

"You see, it is perfectly fine to be married and in the lifestyle with a partner other than one's spouse as a dominant or a submissive", he explained, sounding oh so magnanimous, "but as far as personal preference this one only trains girls who are otherwise unattached." He threw his head back slightly, indicating Miss Colton, still standing in the same spot and acting as a shadow. Her expression was once again the quiet and reserved one she had been wearing, however there was the hint of some kind of sympathy in her big green eyes. "The point is rather moot anyway," he continued, "as submissives are no longer trained within

the House of Winters, a situation likely to remain as such for quite some time to come."

Bastard! Bastard! Heather wanted to scream.

And yet, she held back.

As angry as she was at him, and as angry as she found herself at Kitty at that moment, she stood there and took it.

WHY?

Because it would be what Kitty would do.

Because it was what "*submissive heather"* knew she was supposed to do.

At least to a point, she decided. Kitty would probably apologize. Heather felt she had done nothing wrong, so she resolved she would say nothing except to tell him good-bye when it was appropriate to do so.

"Well," he sighed after she had been silent through the rest of the song. "I do believe that we shall take our leave of you, Miss Zane. The main staircase is only a little further down the hall. I do trust you will not lose yourself again."

Heather gave a silent nod. *Not going to lose myself by getting wrapped up with an asshole like you again*, she thought. What the fuck was she thinking anyway? She had a Master.

Who was far, far away.

Who had not given her His permission to play with others.

Who had by the same token not forbidden her to play with others either.

"Do enjoy the rest of your evening, Miss Zane."

Again she gave another silent nod. For a brief second she wished that she had Giggling Gary with her. Not to roll him and make him laugh for her to make her feel better, but so she could bash him into Deacon Winters's smug face the way Melissa had done to Bill when she had been two years old and throwing a fit.

He turned slightly, raising an elbow up. "To me, Miss Colton."

Miss Colton gave a slight nod and then walked to him, slipping her arm in his. She looked to Heather, and again there was a look of sympathy and understanding in her green eyes from behind the lenses of her glasses.

Heather noted that she saw another look there too. Under the sympathy, her eyes seemed to relate she was somewhat confused as to her Master's actions and motives, but she had to be making an effort not to show it on her face.

She felt herself on simmer. Had for some reason he simply been leaving due to pressing matters Heather knew she would lay against the doors so no one else

could open them and get herself off right there on the balcony. But at the moment she was so pissed off that having a glorious gushing orgasm was about the last thing on her mind.

And, she resolved, she would never play with herself while fantasizing about a *total douche bag* like Deacon Winters.

"Be well, Miss Zane," he told her.

"Be well," Miss Colton added, momentarily looking fretful and slightly embarrassed.

Poor girl.

Heather gave her a nod and then lowered herself into a slight curtsey in Master Winters' direction. "Be well," she told them.

-3-

Heather had waited a couple of minutes, until she felt pretty certain that Master Winters and Miss Colton had reached some other destination, before stepping to the balcony rail and picking up her champagne flute. She drained the last of the contents and sat the flute back on the rail. And then, taking in a ragged breath, she let out a loud sob, tears flowing down her cheeks.

This was a failure. *She was a failure*. And she did and did not understand why she felt that way.

She ran a hand down her face, brushing her tears away and making new trails for fresh ones. Her anger at Kitty quickly dissipated and was again replaced with shame and anger at herself for sneaking into the oubliette.

What am I doing wrong?

Why am I not like everyone else here?

Was she not *different* enough yet?

Heather didn't know.

What had Deacon Winters wanted from her?

What did he expect from her?

Heather blubbered and let out a choked sob. "I'm a terrible submissive," she whispered to herself in a wheezy and pained little voice

She gave herself a few minutes to cry, to try and let it pass. Then she dried her eyes and went into her little purse for another cigarette. As she smoked it she did her best not to think of anything, but at that moment she had one consistent thought.

I'll never be like Kitty. I'll never hear the sound of my Master's voice.

And the thought would be lost on Heather for a little while longer. In that moment she had not considered Master Douglas as being her Master. Had she put thought into it she would have realized that she was thinking of him in temporary terms. As Kitty had been with Master Ryan, she was with Master Douglas because there was no one else to be her Master. It was a subject she would forget within a few hours, but in the weeks to come she would ponder it at great extent.

-4-

"Heather," a slightly relieved voice called over the din of the crowd gathered near the top of the right hand grand staircase. "Oh, Miss Zane. Over here! Miss Zane!"

Heather took a breath and strained as she looked into the crowd for the speaker. She realized the person calling to her was Kelly Diaz. There was a hand straight up and waving in the air, and that was attached to the cute twenty something blonde with the oversized looking baby head. Master Morales was standing beside her with a friendly smirk on his face; his arm through Kelly's other arm.

Heather waved back and hurried her pace slightly to get to them. She was slightly surprised when the younger woman broke away from her master and threw her arms around her neck, embracing her as her own daughter would if they had become separated and found each other when she had been younger. Then she squeezed hard and Heather felt her breath pushed out of her lungs as their ample breasts were crushed against each other and the leather of her V-shaped blue collar touched her neck. "Oh, a girl was so worried," she called loudly into her ear. There was definitely the sound of relief in her voice.

"Hey, you see," Master Morales said in his smooth, Puerto Rican crossed with Yogi Bear accent. "I told you she wouldn't be lost forever."

You're lost little girl, Jim Morrison crooned in her head.

Well, it seems that they are playing your *song, Miss Zane*, she could hear Deacon Winters tell her in his snide and above everything tone.

"I was so worried someone had caught you," Kelly whispered in her ear.

"Someone did," she whispered back. The younger woman apparently pumped herself up and down on her calves because her body jiggled against

Heather's.

"Was it exciting?" she whispered in question.

"Not hardly," she whispered back.

"Liar," Kelly whispered in a giggle. "Your skirt is wet."

Oh, God! Was it?

Heather thought of reaching between them to check. Then she decided that she would take the other girl's word for it. As they finally separated Heather caught sight of a grandfather clock on the wall. She read the time as a plump woman in a pink cat eye mask and black lingerie walked past it. It was nearly ten o'clock, which meant she was almost an hour late meeting Kitty. "Shit."

She excused herself, quickly explaining she had to meet her mentor to Kelly and Master Morales. The other woman and her master told her to be well, but she caught Heather by the arm of her blouse as she moved to head to the stairs. "You be sure and call me, tomorrow, okay." She giggled. "One wants to know all the juicy details of your little tryst." She winked and reached down to tug at the non-member wrist band Heather was wearing. "You *bad* girl."

Heather laughed as her new friend did, but it was forced and hollow.

Bad girl. Bad girl, she remembered the woman with the girl wearing the gas mask saying not long after she had entered the foyer.

I am a bad girl, she though.

You do not seem to be much of a submissive in the first place. I see you not for what you wish to be, but for what you are, *Miss Zane,* Deacon Winters had told her. *You are a little girl with no self-control who wants every little thing she sees when her mother takes her to town and wants it right then*.

They all said it, it seemed. Or at the very least it seemed that everyone knew it. Him, Kitty, Kristen, even Master Douglas. They all knew she had no self-control.

I'm not a good sub. Just a good fuck.

Heather found herself in that moment wondering if she was even that.

Punish her, Master. Punish her.

That had been what the girls had begged *HIM,* the *not quite* Crimson Executioner, to do to her in the dream she had of finding her way into *HIS* dark dungeon. The other submissives in her dream had wanted HIM to beat her so she would be-.

What?

What had they wanted her to be?

In her dream she had enjoyed being beaten and humiliated by HIM. It had been hot. It had made her cum.

But why?

Sometimes BDSM is all about tying women up and talking dirty to them. And sometimes it has nothing to do with it at all.

Your journey into mystery is to be a long and painfully difficult one, girl.

Closing her eyes Heather shook her head to clear her thoughts. She opened them and looked to Kelly, who had a slightly confused look on her face, then slitted her eyes again as she gave a nod. "I promise I'll call and tell you everything that happened."

A big and goofy smile crossed the blonde's baby face. She clapped her hands together several times and jumped up and down twice. "Yay!"

Master Morales just chuckled and shook his head at the display. "Oh, you girls, sometimes." It seemed he was about to add something else, but instead paused and gave an overstated shrug. "Ah, but what's a Master to do?"

"One is sure you will think of something appropriate, Master Morales," Heather told him, her own words making her feel just a bit relaxed as she attempted to joke. The truth was she was far from wanting to joke or think of anything remotely happy at that moment.

Again he let out a laugh, raising a finger and shaking at her. Master Henry Morales was so laid back and good natured, a complete contrast to Master Winters. "That I will, Miss Zane. That I will."

"Well one hates to be rude," she excused herself again, "but a girl is afraid she is growing even later to her meeting with Miss McClain."

Master Morales nodded and waved. "Naw. You get going, and I am sure we will be seeing a lot more of each other." He stepped up and took her hand, kissing the back of it softly. "Be well, Miss Zane. It has been a delight and pleasure to meet you."

Heather dipped herself in a curtsey, and as she did she became aware that she was indeed super damp. There was no doubt her skirt was wet as Kelly had suggested. "Be well, Master Morales."

"Ah, you can call me Master Henry after tonight," he said in his smooth talking voice. "I think we really like you, Miss Zane."

"Be well, Miss Diaz," she told her new friend.

"You, be well, Heather", Kelly told her. "And call a girl tomorrow. You promise."

Heather let herself smile. It was hard not to with the other girl so beaming and happy. "One promises."

So she would not get caught up in an even longer good-bye she dipped in a low curtsey to both of them, and then headed down the staircase. Halfway down she realized that she would not have to search too far to find Kitty. Her mentor was standing off from the right hand entrance with Master Dmitri. He kissed her cheek as Heather made her way down, apparently pulling her closer by the leash he had attached to her collar.

"One is sorry for being late," Heather announced as she reached them.

Kitty looked to her, her cheeks flushed, a broad smile on her face. "Not to worry," she assured her. "We were running a little late ourselves." As soon as she had the words out Master Dmitri bent in and kissed her neck, and she closed her eyes and let out a sigh.

Heather quickly looked away, again feeling that she was intruding into, what was for Kitty, a private moment. Still, out of the corner of her eye she could see them kissing, now mouth over mouth and filled with passion. Master Dmitri leaned to one side of Kitty's face. The older woman's expression changed as her cheeks grew darker.

"Could you excuse us a moment longer, Miss Zane?" he questioned, looking over to her.

"Yes, of course, Sir," she found herself replying.

Then she watched as they sidestepped a little further into the foyer and against the wall. There seemed to be a darkened alcove in the shadows that the couple disappeared into. For a minute or two they seemed to vanish, blending into the wall. Then Heather was surprised as Kitty's hand seemed to appear from nowhere, a finger beckoning her closer. She moved closer to the wall and into the shadows, surprised as Kitty suddenly grabbed the shoulder of her blouse and gave a slight tug.

"Can you stand here a minute or so?" it was Kitty, and her Georgia peachy accent had never sounded so husky before. "Just in case anyone is looking."

"Sure." As she said it another hand, a big male hand that she knew had to belong to Master Dmitri touched her waist and urged her to move a little more to the right.

Once she seemed to be in place Heather felt them let go. She stood with her back to the alcove, looking ahead at the crowd of people spaced through the foyer. She kept looking ahead, but she was itching to take a look back,

especially when there came the sound of gasping, panting and moaning behind her.

"Oh, Master," she heard Kitty whisper lowly in a sigh. It was followed a minute or two later by, "Uhh, Your cock feels so good."

"Mmm, you were tested like a good slut," Master Dmitri groaned in his thick Russian accent.

"Yes, Sir, a girl was. Mmmmmm. *No fucking rubbers now, Sir*."

Heather felt that twinge of guilt again at having snuck into the oubliette with Kelly to see the sampling and the different men lining up to try each of Kitty's holes.

"No, no," Master Dmitri was sighing in a ragged voice. "I am going to give sub Earl a treat to truly enjoy."

Heather squeezed her eyes shut and willed herself not to hear as it became apparent that Kitty was gasping and moaning in orgasm. Her own erogenous triangle had come back to life and her sensitive parts were tingling with sexual excitement for the first time since Deacon Winters had *"found"* her wedding bands. As Master Dmitri Markov let out a loud groan to signify he was emptying himself into Kitty's pussy Heather found herself wondering if this was what it had been like whenever Kitty had had to listen to Master Chambers fucking Dinah Saunders when she had been his novice?

There was a difference though, she knew. Heather was wanting to make love to the submissive and not the master, to know what it was like to be with the other woman.

It was never going to happen. Tonight was the night she had finally admitted it to herself. It seemed to be the first of several fantasies that Master Deacon Winters, Chancellor of the Clover Leaf Society's Elite Eleven, had ruined that night.

What made him think he had the right?

Heather shook her head, again trying not to hear the fucking that Kitty was getting right behind her.

It didn't matter.

Master Winters would never ruin another of her fantasies, and he most certainly would never be honored enough to be in one.

Had she only known then what long and strange events were to unfold in her future.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE:
Housewife Heather And submissive heather

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After they had been escorted to Kitty's car by a pair of valets things had been a little hazy for several minutes for Heather as the other woman headed away from the Schrader Mansion and Ghost Wood Heights, back toward Winter Retreat. There was soft music on the radio, but she could not pick out what song was playing, or even if there was a male or female singer. Despite the fact it was dark and that the road they were on was poorly lit the scenery outside the passenger window seemed to go by in a blur. She did realize that Kitty was driving fast and going past the speed limit. Maybe because she was in a hurry to get home to Earl with the special "treat" that Master Dmitri had left for him.

Closing her eyes to slits Heather sighed. She found herself wishing that she was going home with the other woman, wishing she was bold enough to ask if she could share in Earl's prize.

How far could that go realistically?

Heather put a hand below her seatbelt and felt the damp spot in the front of her skirt that Kelly Diaz had informed her was there. A further tingle of excitement went through her as she pressed slightly. She imagined it going quite far, her mentor's boyfriend and submissive life partner, doing things with her. In all her fantasies about Kitty she had never imagined Earl being part of them, but right now she imagined him hot enough to play with her, although in reality him playing with two women would not be anything he desired unless he thought of himself and Kitty serving a mistress.

Her lower lip quivered as Heather let the thought play on though. She imagined herself on her knees, one hand rubbing the PROPERTY OF J.J. CHAMBERS tattoo on Kitty's Mons Venus as she licked Master Dmitri's long cold cum out of the older woman's pussy as Earl pounded his cock into her from behind.

She is a very perceptive woman to say the least, Master Deacon Winters, the snide bastard, had told her. *I am sure she is well aware you fantasize about her*.

Heather opened her eyes, her concentration broken. Despite her resolution no more than 45 minutes ago on the balcony that she would never let him ruin one of her fantasies again she realized that she just had.

It was probably because he had truly opened her eyes to the fact that there would never be anything sexual between herself and the other woman. Again, it was something that she had known for months, but hearing someone else finally say things which made it more real was enough to make the fact a little more distressing.

And anyway, he had not said that it would never happen. She was the one who had thought that. Deacon Winters had merely pointed out that he was sure that Kitty must have known that she fantasized about her.

Heather pushed it out of her mind. Her body and mind were coconspirators, seemingly working together to drive her crazy. She was super horny, and she was confused, and she was angry with Deacon Winters, and angry with Kitty, and angry with herself for spying on Kitty at the sampling and inspection. She wanted to shut down, to just rest and relax until they got back to Betty's. And at the same time she wanted to go wild. She wanted to work around in the seat and get her sopping panties down, then hike her skirt up as high as she could and rub her pussy right there in the hopes of seducing her friend and mentor.

Just as quickly in her mind she had another vision of another scenario. Her masturbating was enough to work. Kitty would put her foot down to the floor, speeding quickly to the next long driveway that lead to a palatial mansion or estate beyond the dark horizon. She would pull over on the side of the road and urge Heather into the back seat with her, where she would spread her legs and allow Heather to lap up every bit of Master Dmitri Markov's cum, never mind saving any for Earl.

She is a very perceptive woman to say the least.

I am sure she is well aware you fantasize about her.

Deacon Winters. *God damn him*.

Again her fleeting fantasy was gone.

Why hadn't she ever said anything to Kitty? Why had she never told her she wanted her?

Heather, of course, already knew the answer. Kitty had no sexual interest in her. And the irony was not lost on her because as she had waited for her to come to her house on that first day she was going to talk to her about the BDSM lifestyle she had been deathly afraid, for the most part, that the other woman wanted to have sex with her, and this would be the way she coaxed her into it.

But it had not happened.

And now, somehow, Deacon Winters had made her really look at the fact that it was never going to happen without explicitly telling her.

Heather felt a little robbed. She now realized that for the longest time she had been bi-curious but for the most part that had only been directed at Kitty. She had seen more and more pictures of other women, but when she thought of having sex with another woman, another submissive; it was always Kitty she imagined herself with. It had only been since the previous night, when pixie had showed herself briefly on cam, that another woman had really shown any interest in her and that she found herself sharing the same thought for someone other than her mentor.

Was she really interested in other women? Or was it just that she was interested in Kitty?

Heather slitted her eyes, imagining what it would be like to kiss Betty, and she had to admit that the thought of deeply kissing her best friend as their naked breasts rubbed against each other was not an unpleasant one. However she was sure the other woman would be as likely to go for it was Kitty would be.

Then she imagined herself kissing Kelly Diaz, and her heart raced a bit faster. Even in her head she felt the younger woman was so much of a submissive and respectful to anyone older than she was that she would make her way down her body, starting at the neck and kissing down, her bare breasts trailing lightly over her stomach. She felt a smile on her face and her knees parting automatically.

Heather opened her eyes and shook her head. She knew she was going to get too carried away with her thoughts, even more carried away than whenever Kitty related her past in the lifestyle.

She entertained the thought of pixie in her head. It seemed another unlikely scenario due to distance, yet it was still hot. Of course it was hot because,

unlike Kitty, she had seen pictures of pixie that showed her in action. And not just her in action, but of her in action with Master Shawn.

Heather closed her eyes again, a huge smile touching her lips. In her head she added herself to the scenario along with pixie, her husband, and Master Shawn. She could almost feel her sweaty back against soaked sheets as she sucked his cock and pixie ate her pussy. She imagined that pixie was getting eaten as well; her husband eating Master Shawn's cum just as Earl was soon to eat Master Dmitri's.

"You must be having some really hot thoughts," Kitty suddenly said.

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Heather's eyes snapped open, and she sat straight up in the passenger seat. The other woman was giving her Georgia peachy laugh at her. Heather was sure her face was red enough for the other woman to see despite the darkness.

"You may need a shower before you get home, Heather," Kitty giggled. "You reek of musk."

"Yes, I know," she found herself replying, knowing she would only feel more embarrassed if the other woman had caught her playing with herself as they drove along.

"You must have seen something very exciting."

As soon as she said it the vision of her laid out on the kneeling bench with some anonymous man plunging his cock into her pussy as two other men wearing nothing but condoms standing behind him to await their turn was in Heather's head. Kitty had not mentioned anything about the inspection or sampling session since they had parted with Master Dmitri. At the moment Heather was unsure if it was a good thing Kitty was not talking, or if it was frustrating. The guilty part of her wanted to confess to her mentor that she had seen her.

She found that she couldn't though. She felt that it would be better to live with the shame of what she had done than to ever have to admit it to the other woman.

Heather looked ahead at the road as it seemed to unfold in front of them, hoping the other woman would not think anything of her not answering. Maybe she would assume that she was lost in thought. When her friend finally got out her pack of cigarettes and lit up Heather did so as well. They each cracked a

window and she shivered as the sudden breeze rushing in began to make her feel like she was freezing where she was wet.

"Did you get to meet anyone?" Kitty finally asked.

Heather gave a nod in the darkness. On the horizon there was a glow, a sign they were not much further from the outskirts of Lake Trinity and Winter Retreat. "Yes, there were a couple of couples. A mistress and her husband, they have munches at their house regularly, but I didn't talk to them too long. There was a girl and her master that I talked with for a while. Her name is Kelly and we're supposed to talk tomorrow."

"Good," Kitty said. She had a smile on her face as she took the cigarette out of her mouth and thumped the ash off of it out the crack in the window. "I knew that you would at least meet one person that could give you a different perspective."

And thinking of different perspectives, Heather decided to add more, taking the risk she would have to explain the meeting more, and possibly have to confess to her friend about having seen her in the oubliette. "I also had a chance to talk to Master Winters."

"Really?" The tone in her voice indicated that the other woman was bubbling with sudden excitement. "That must have been an exciting experience."

Not hardly, Heather thought.

"It was an eye opener," Heather told her instead.

Kitty took a breath, sighing as she slowed to bring the car to a stop at an intersection. "There's something about Him. Maybe it's just because He has a high position as J.J. had in the community, I'm not sure. It kind of draws a girl to Him." She looked to Heather and gave a wink before going on and before crossing the intersection. "One would defiantly leave Master Dmitri's protection if Master Winters were to ever offer me a chance to serve Him."

Heather found in that moment that she did not want to shatter Kitty's little fantasy about Master Winters the way he had had no problem shattering her own about Kitty earlier. Knowing the type of person he was Heather found the scenario of him ever asking Kitty to serve for him unlikely, so she decided not to tell the other woman what she felt Master Winters thought of her or her past training.

But did he think Kitty's training was wrong at all? He had not really said as much, but the shot he had taken at her while invoking Master Chambers' name-.

Well it seemed as if he had been disrespecting all three of them.

Up ahead she saw the City Limits sign for Winter Retreat. Everything was starting to look more familiar, and yet Heather couldn't help but feel a little more lost.

You're lost little girl…

Well, it seems that they are playing your *song, Miss Zane.*

Leather and lace,
Are on my brains…

"Kitty," Heather said, her voice she realized sounded small.

"Yes, Heather."

She frowned to herself. It took a minute for her to think of exactly what she wanted to say. "I was thinking about something I haven't thought of in a long time." She paused. "Well, not really thinking about it, but it just came into my mind."

"And what is that, Heather?"

They headed down the road, and for a moment she was still unsure of how to start, because as she said, she had not really been putting thought into what had come back to her on the balcony. "I suddenly though about the person I had been dating before I went out with Bill. His name was Austin."

"What about him?" Kitty asked after she remained silent for another minute.

Heather shrugged. "I don't know. It's just that Bill was very jealous of him." She shrugged again. "He really liked The Doors, and I kind of got into them."

"And that stopped because of Bill?"

Heather found herself nodding. She wet her tongue. "Yes, pretty much. He came home one day and I was listening to a tape, and he just ripped it out of the tape deck and went off." She cut her eyes over to Kitty. "It's never been like Bill to do anything like that, but that day-." Heather felt her lips turn into a huge frown. "He made me get rid of all my Doors tapes and CDs."

"I see," Kitty said in a thoughtful and wise tone. It was the same tone she seemed to use whenever she wanted to offer advice. "Did you listen to the music because you liked it, or because it reminded you of your old boyfriend?"

"Because I liked it," Heather replied.

"But Bill thought it was because of this Austin?"

"Yes."

"You had an intense relationship with him I take it?"

Again Heather nodded. "He broke up with me. I was-." She paused and sighed. "It's hard to explain. Part of me was devastated, and part of me felt numb about it."

"Is he the one Betty was talking about in the room?"

Heather narrowed her eyes. Right off she could not remember Betty saying anything about him in chat. "Did she?"

Kitty gave a nod as she rolled her cigarette butt out the window. "Last night, in fact, I believe," the other woman went on. "Something about you thinking you were pregnant by him before when you started dating Bill?"

she was lucky when she got her period the second month she started dating her husband because she had been sweating it after she missed one after she broke up with the guy she went out with before him

Heather realized that Kitty was right. Betty had said something about him the previous night in Bored Like Hell. Somehow she had let it fly past her without a second though. She had not even thought Austin's name until *'You're Lost Little Girl'* had begun to play. She told Kitty she was right, and told her she spaced it off when Betty had mentioned it, not thinking of him until she heard the song.

"Was Bill a rebound when you started dating?" Kitty asked.

Heather shook her head. "No, I've never thought of Bill as a rebound. Other people would think so, I know people who have thought that, but the truth was I had been wanting to go out with him for a long time. Austin asked me out first. He kind of got into my head too, but I was still interested in Bill. I admired Bill at a distance, kept telling Betty how hot I thought he was."

"So why didn't you leave the other boyfriend and go with him then?"

Heather shrugged and pitched her own cigarette butt as Kitty drove into downtown Winter Retreat. "I don't know. Stupid I guess."

How stupid had it been? She had avoided going after Bill then. And then they had gotten together, seemingly been happily married for years because he had been the one she had really wanted. And now here she was, actively working on being married to him and unfaithful to him at the same time.

“And what happened when you were first with Bill that Betty was talking about?” Kitty questioned.

“It wasn’t really when we were together,” Heather explained. She dipped back into her little purse and got out another cigarette and lit it before going on. “Austin had broken up with me for about three weeks. Then, out of the blue he asked me to come over after school one day. We hung out for a while, and then we messed around. I spent most of the day in bed with him. I thought that it meant we were getting back together.”

“But?”

Heather shrugged. “It wasn’t a big deal to him. He felt like we could still have sex and try to be friends, but he wanted to see another girl.”

“That must have really hurt you.”

“It did and it didn’t.” She took a drag and exhaled, watching the smoke linger in the cab a moment before it was sucked out through the cracked window. “I guess part of me went there just to get fucked too.

“But anyway, a couple of days later Bill asked me out. I jumped at the chance with no hesitation. Then I missed my period. Talk about being terrified. I hadn’t even done anything with Bill. We ended up not doing anything until after we had been going out a couple of months. I was afraid to say I was messing around with someone the week we started going out. I ended up not having to explain though.”

“And because you had been hot and heavy with this Austin, then Bill was already jealous to start with.”

Heather felt a smile come to her face. “Yeah. It was a turn on in a way. It made me feel special while we were still going through the last few months after high school.” She took another drag. “After we moved in and it kept on, though, I thought it was scary that he still couldn’t let go. Bill was so mad, more mad than I’ve ever seen him before or since. I got rid of the albums so he would be happy.”

Kitty gave her a nod. “And did it make you happy, Heather?”

She found herself shaking her head. “Not really. I guess I missed them deep down. I did find two or three CDs by other groups that they sang those songs on and bought them, but it wasn’t the same. I guess I tried not to think about it for so long I forgot. Then they played a song by The Doors tonight, and I realized how much I missed hearing them. It’s hard to explain in a way. Some of their songs used to seem like they were speaking to me. The one I heard tonight

really spoke to me. It was like it came on, just the right song at just the right time."

And that, Heather felt was true. As *'You're Lost Little Girl'* had played it had been a magical moment, one backed by The Doors playing the music and Morrison's haunting vocals. Then when it had switched to a cover of *'The Crystal Ship'* the moment ended, the spell broken. Song to song, Deacon Winters wonderful person who was getting to her, to Deacon Winters snide asshole.

She paused and sighed. "I don't know I just thought to myself it was silly that I haven't been able to listen to music I wanted to because Bill was jealous of the person who got me into them."

"Do you think it would feel as silly if Bill had known that you thought he had gotten pregnant?"

"Probably not." And that was true. If Bill had ever known that she had thought Austin had gotten her pregnant she felt like he would have had a more valid reason for being jealous of him and anything she had once mutually liked with him.

As they neared Betty's street Heather suddenly found herself gripped by a sudden and unpleasant though. What if Bill found out about what she was doing now? What if he discovered she had been exploring the lifestyle and had had affairs with other men? Just what would he do?

Don't think about it, she told herself.

You have to really do it, and you have to really work at it. She had felt her sides conflicted as she had stood with Deacon Winters on the balcony, Heather and heather. She could only be one at a time. That would be the only way that she could keep her family together and be able to explore her submissive nature with Master Douglas.

You're journey into mystery is going to be a long and painful one, girl.

No.

It did not have to be, would not be if she didn't let it.

Heather would be Heather the wife and mother with everyone she had ever known, and when she was alone or with other people in the lifestyle she would be heather the submissive. She was not just resolved to doing it, but she promised herself that she would fully separate her two lives beginning that night.

Heather cringed slightly as she stood in Betty's bathroom, listening as her peach panties hit the bottom of the bag she was going to take them home in with a loud and rattling thud. She took a breath in through her teeth, dressed in nothing but her stockings, blouse and bra. Then she put her right foot up on the side of the tub and started to work her stocking down, noting that the very top of it was still a little damp as well. Her bare ass was cool and peeking out from under the hem of her blouse, and she was more than aware that her best friend was standing there with her back to the door with her eyes dead on her.

Betty was not alone when they had arrived, and at the moment her *"date",* a tall and bald black man named Irwin, had retreated to the master bedroom until her guests were changed and gone. It had been obvious to Heather that from the redness of her best friend's milky white cheeks that there had been some heavy petting going on. Since she had been expecting her and Kitty that made it pretty obvious that her friend had been stretching out her foreplay session. At the moment the other woman was only wearing slightly less than Heather, a silky gold pajama top, which due to the size of her mammoth breasts only had a hem that dropped just past her pussy.

Of course Heather had found herself looking, thinking back to her thoughts in the car. It was funny in a way because she had seen her friend naked plenty of times in the gym shower when they had been in high school, and Betty had even seen her naked so she could take pictures for her to post on her Peeplchat profile, and none of those times had she ever wondered about playing with her friend.

And now, of course, she had something else to think about. Because there was Irwin her *"date"* in her mind as well. There was the flash of fantasy in her mind as she pictured herself in her best friend's bed, she was kissing Betty, their sweaty and chunky legs tangled as Irwin took his, what she imagined to be a long and thick, black cock out of Betty's pussy and then plunged it effortlessly into hers. The idea made her tingle, and it felt as if there was a drop of moisture starting to grow on her exposed clitoral hood.

"Shew," Betty pinched her nose for a second and waved a hand as Heather glanced back at her as she pulled her stocking off her toes. "I thought that you couldn't do anything at this thing."

"I didn't," she replied. She changed feet and grabbed the top elastic of her left stocking.

"Oh, yeah?" Her best friend's voice was filled with sarcasm. "It smells like you had sex with three guys." Now she waved both hands quickly in Heather's direction, and as she glanced back again Heather could see her pajama top had rode up all the way to her distended abdomen, giving her a clear view of Betty's shaven and open valley. Inside the lips looked fat, swollen and puffy. Then Betty turned slightly to the side to reveal a huge white ass moon. "Knows what that smells like," she added with a smirk, pointing her own thumbs toward herself.

Finished with her stockings Heather stepped over to her dirty clothes bag and dropped them in. "I didn't do anything with anybody. I swear."

"If you say so," Betty said. "But it's a good thing you're taking a shower before you go home, because you smell like the Japanese tuna fleet."

"Betty!" Heather exclaimed, trying to sound angry, even though she wanted to laugh. She shook her head, beginning to unbutton her blouse. "I do not."

"Do too," her best friend disagreed. Then she said, "*Low tide*", saying it slowly and doing her best to make the word sound like a fog horn blast.

Heather couldn't help herself now, she snorted out a laugh. "God damn it, Betty." She slipped her blouse off her shoulders and let it drop to the floor to stand before her best friend in nothing but her lacy peach bra.

"Here," Betty said, taking a step toward her as she began to reach up for the clasp.

Heather found herself automatically dropping her hands. Closing her eyes she bit back a sigh as she faced her best friend as she tugged at the strap and clasps, momentarily pulling the cups tight against her hard and sensitive nipples. Over the years they had done a lot of bra unhooking and zipping up before, but this was the first time that the act had ever made Heather feel hot. It was also the first time that either had helped the other out of a front hooking bra, which only served to fuel Heather's budding fantasies of playing around with Betty.

There are many dangers involved with instant gratification, Miss Zane, as I am sure you well know.

Instant gratification.

Was that what it was about? Was that what she was thinking of? I want it now and I want it right now?

Well she had only first imagined doing anything on her best friend a few minutes ago on the drive to her house.

Instant gratification and platonic nudity, she suddenly though. Kitty had given her the lesson in platonic nudity to try and help her fight her need for instant gratification and wanting to try every new kink as soon as she heard about it.

There are many dangers involved…

"Jeez, Heather," Betty said, breaking her train of though. She put her hands under each shoulder strap and rubbed as her bra hung loosely to her. "You're super fuckin' tense. Just what the fuck went on at this shit?"

Heather took a breath, slightly closing her eyes to clear her head. *Okay, if Deacon Winters was right about one thing than maybe that was it.* She reached up and held the cup to her right breast as she shrugged Betty's hands off her shoulders and turned around. "It's-," and she let it hang, wanting to say something other than complicated to her best friend.

"Complicated," Betty said for her. Taking a step back she turned and walked back to the door. "Yeah, I know. It's always complicated." She used her index finger on each hand to point at her eyes, her cheeks looking even more flushed than they had moments ago. "Talk to me about it like you might think I'm not stupid, Heather. I know I bust your ass but I still want to know what you're going through and I am still you best friend. Just because my name's not Kristen doesn't mean I don't care."

Heather was a little shocked by her outburst. She drew a ragged breath, slowly slipping her bra straps off her shoulders. "That's not fair."

"So talk to me."

Instead of answering right away she stalled. She dropped the bra on top of her blouse. Then she pulled the shower curtain back. "There was a man there tonight."

"Oh, a *man* and not a *Master*?" Betty said.

"Damn it!" She turned to face her best friend, totally naked and exposed. "I'm trying to tell you what you want to know."

Betty crossed her arms across her ample breasts and let out a huff. "Yeah, I'm sorry. You're right. I did." She kind of looked down and shook her head. Then she looked back up to Heather. "Okay, go ahead. I won't interrupt you again."

Heather stepped over to the sink and opened the cabinet beneath it so she could get out a fresh towel and washcloth. "I don't really know how to explain him. He's handsome, rich.-" Looking to Betty she shrugged. "Powerful, *I guess*. He's the leader of the community, the BDSM community. He made me feel, really hot." She realized she had closed her eyes as she stood at the sink without being aware that she had done it. "He touched me, it was just a handshake touch, a meeting touch, but when it happened a girl felt something. Like this one was special."

Her eyes popped open and she looked at Betty. All the sudden she felt self-conscious. Heather let out one of the folds of the towel and placed it over her breasts, feeling a little more secure when she felt it brush past her thighs to cover her pussy. "Then *He* said things to this girl that made her fell like dirt. And even that in a way made one feel-. Special? *Honored*. One just-."

"What's that?" Betty questioned.

"What?" Heather asked, blinking. She realized she was feeling a little more uncomfortable being naked in front of Betty, and she realized as she cast her a quick glance that her cheeks were burning red with shame because she had caught sight of her bare pussy again because the other woman was motioning with her hands and causing the hem of her pajama top to rise above her deep navel. She suddenly wanted to completely unfold the towel and wrap it around her nakedness.

"What the fuck is that thing you're doing?" Betty demanded. "The way you're talking, all that *one* and *this girl*, and saying *he* like you're talking about fucking God? You're talking the way you and all those other people talk in that damn chat room."

"I-. It's just-"

Just what?

Well it was just that she was not doing a good job. Just like when she had been on the balcony earlier, Heather and heather were in conflict. One minute she had made up her mind that she would keep her two sides separate from that moment on, and the next minute she was right back where she started from.

"Do you really want to be with some guy that's going to treat you like dirt?" Betty questioned.

Heather shook her head. "*No*."

However she knew she was willing to do just that, because everything she had learned pointed to the fact that dominants and submissives were not equals.

So she did want to be humiliated *to a point*. Maybe not by an ass like Deacon Winters, but as least by someone somewhere down the road.

"You want someone to treat you like a queen," Betty said. "You want that deep down, and I know that's what that grandpa you've been messing with makes you feel like, and that makes you happy because you've told me."

Heather nodded. That was also true, to a point. She did like the attention Master Douglas gave her when they were together, although a lot of the time he had no time for her when they were online. She drew it as another parallel between herself and Kitty. The other woman had said her father was a man who was hard to please, but when he had been his rare praise Kitty had felt was more important than if he were to have thanked her all the time.

And yet-

Heather still wanted more.

"You've got your master, Heather," Betty said. "I know I joke, but that old guy seems to really care about you, and he's giving you the attention you need."

But for Heather it wasn't enough. Something was missing.

A collar.

Heather knew she had to have a collar. Without one she would never be a true submissive, not even in her own eyes. Deep inside she felt, she knew, that only by being collared would she truly be on her journey and truly feel the way Kitty had felt. Only after she had a collar would she truly ever feel that she could hear the sound of her Master's voice.

Whips and chains,
They give me pains…

"You're right, Betty," she finally said. "I do have what I wanted. I don't know why I would think what another master thinks would matter." Even as she said it she felt almost every word passing her lips was a lie.

Heather wanted more, and she knew she would never feel it was enough until she had been collared, if not by Master Douglas then by someone else.

There was a light knock at the door, followed by Kitty's muffled voice. "Heather, you about ready?"

Lowering her head she sighed. "Not quite I still haven't gotten in the shower."

"Okay, we just don't want to be *too* late."

Betty looked over to her with a smirk and a shrug.

It was true; they didn't want to be too late. However she was sure that if she came strolling back home as the sun came up that Bill would not think anything of it. Terry and Melissa might, but Bill seemed totally oblivious.

And that's the way you have to keep him, she knew. *Be Heather around him, and be heather when he's gone. Let him think you're as interested in BDSM as he thinks that you would be interested in listening to The Doors. Let the lifestyle be just like the pregnancy that really wasn't, something Bill never needs to know about.*

"So, you want me to wash your stuff?" Betty questioned.

Heather nodded. It would make more sense than taking her dirty clothes home and trying to sneak them into the garage without anyone seeing.

"I thought about Austin Brigham earlier," she found herself saying.

"Oh." Her best friend's lips made a small *O* as she looked to her. "Is it about what I said last night?"

Heather shook her head. "I really didn't think about it until Kitty reminded me. I wasn't really thinking of him either."

"Okay," Betty said, slowly. She was no doubt, as Kitty had been, waiting for some revelation about her ex-boyfriend or some confession of long hidden love.

"They played The Doors tonight."

"Oh."

Heather put a hand to her throat, using the bottom of her forearm to hold the towel in place. The whole suddenly feeling uncomfortable in front of Betty thing, she realized, was part of the Heather and heather conflict. It could only stem from her hot thoughts about her best friend on the way there.

"Do you still have any of their CDs?"

Betty shook her head. "Brad got all those, and my Kiss ones too." She scowled and looked Heather over. "And if you had one wouldn't that just piss Bill off?"

"He wouldn't have to know. It's not like he's home all the time. Besides, it's been over 15 years."

"Probably not enough time for Bill," Betty said.

Heather gave a shrug and stepped to the bathtub and draped the washcloth over the water nozzle. She tried not to think about Betty looking at her naked back. She was aware that the other woman was moving behind her, and she

heard the rustle of the plastic bag as her best friend put her blouse and bra inside it.

"Well, I'll head out and keep Irwin company," she said. "Just call me tomorrow morning okay?"

Heather smiled to herself. Betty obviously felt she had kept her male company stewing long enough, and she was no doubt planning on losing her pajama top as soon as she closed her bedroom door, so the message was do not disturb. "I will."

Once her best friend was out Heather dropped the towel and got the water running. After the water warmed enough she stepped inside and pulled the curtain closed, careful not to get her hair wet. It made her realize that over the past couple of months she had become an expert at taking a shower without getting too clean. She grabbed the wash cloth and ran it over her body. It would be best to just rinse with water and only use soap on her pussy enough so that she didn't, as Betty put it, *smell like the Japanese tuna fleet*.

As soon as she reached the point that she was running the warm and soapy cloth over her labia Heather became aware that her erogenous triangle was alive and pulsing again. The hands free orgasms she had had on the balcony seemed nowhere near enough to satisfy her.

Heather smiled to herself as she had a sudden though. Maybe if Bill was up to it then "Housewife and mother: Heather" would perform her wifely duties. It was the first time she had considered making a sexual advance on her husband of her own accord since she had been with Master Douglas. And that thought seemed to be a sign to her that perhaps she would separate Heather from heather.

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"I had no idea Betty was so vocal," Kitty commented a few minutes later, as they passed a sign which read, Citrus Grove 2 Miles. "Makes a girl a little more hot and ready for what Earl is going to give her when she gets home."

Heather nodded as she took a drag off her cigarette. She knew from the past that Betty could get real vocal with the right guy, and knowing that at that moment that her best friend was having sex with a black man made her feel a bit envious and a lot more wet. "Wish you could be in there?" she found herself asking.

Kitty let out her Georgia peachy giggle. "Well one would love to try a black cock, you already know this. Probably more than you do, because I'm older and have been curious a lot longer."

Heather laughed at this. It was a conversation that until the night before she had never pictured herself having with the other woman.

"If I did that Earl would just die," Kitty went on. "If I went home and said I had sex with a black man, I don't think he would be able to get into me before he would cum." She fanned herself, suddenly in need of another cigarette of her own, because she reached into her purse and quickly dug her pack of Camel out. "He's probably going to have a hard enough time after I tell him about the sampling."

Heather looked away and out the window as street lamps revealed familiar streets and buildings. Kitty did not elaborate any further on what the sampling in the oubliette entailed, and it made that twinge of guilt over sneaking in with Kelly return even stronger than before.

The actual auction was to be at the next social in the summer. All those men would be bidding on her. Heather felt sure that every single one of them would place a bid. And, she realized, perhaps even some who were not there at the inspection or sampling.

The conversation between Master Winters and Master Belknap in the mini-dungeon replayed itself in her head.

"Do you feel he is neglecting his position by not being down for the inspection and sampling? It usually is expected for someone who is going to bid at the auction to sample the wares. Though of course it has been a long time since you participated in an auction as a bidder, perhaps one has forgotten," Master Charles Belknap had asked.

"One assures you he has forgotten nothing, Charles," Master Winters had said.

"Master will bid as it suits him, sir," Miss Colton had added.

"One thinks it is because you have already chosen the one you will bid for. It is after all why so many signed up for this auction in the first place," Master Charles had said.

As soon as he had said that Heather had known they had been talking about Kitty, and she was still sure of it now.

But she just didn't understand.

If Master Winters had a problem with the way Kitty was trained, or if he didn't agree with Master Chambers' ideals, then why would he want Kitty to serve him from three weeks.

Was it because it was for *"charity"* and that the money would go to a good purpose, whatever it was, and all that mattered was driving up the bids?

Or perhaps it was because Kitty was more famous than his own submissive, Miss Colton/Chef Megan Dupree, as Master Morales had informed her?

Or was it one of them *"Master and sub thangs"* as Kristen had put it, Winters wanting to prove that he was most dominant to the rest of the Clover Leaf Society by claiming the most desired submissive for himself, even if it was for less than a month?

Thinking this and remembering the conversation made Heather realize her thinking on the way back to Betty's had been wrong. Not only did Deacon Winters want Kitty to serve for him, but apparently he was planning on it.

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It was a little after twelve when they had pulled up to the house, but since it was Saturday night and everyone had been expecting a little something from her *"shopping trip"* both Terry and Melissa were still going strong, and Bill had come to the door and opened it before Kitty had killed the engine. The three of them helped Heather and Kitty unload her things from the trunk before the other woman got back in to her car to drive up the street to her house.

"Talk to you tomorrow," Kitty told her with a big grin on her face.

Heather knew that her friend and mentor wanted to fill her in on every juicy detail of the fucking she was about to get from Earl when the next day came. She also suspected that it would be then that the other woman would want to let her in on the details of the sampling and inspection. She felt that guilt for having seen it coming to the surface again, but she pushed it back with the thought of standing guard in front of the darkened little alcove as Kitty had been fucked by Master Dmitri before they had left the social.

The thought of hearing Kitty moaning, made Heather a little more damp, and she wondered how she could just keep producing liquid the way she was without her entire body dehydrating. In a way it didn't matter, because she knew she was going to be ready for what she was planning later, whether submissive heather wanted to back out of it or not.

"Call me first thing," she told her. Kitty smiled and waved to everyone as she backed out, and Heather was aware that her whole family was standing there waving back, perhaps blissfully unaware of the things she had done earlier that evening and was planning to do once she got home to Earl. She glanced to the left and saw Melissa standing there with a sour look on her face.

"God, Mom, you stink," the girl finally said.

Like the Japanese tuna fleet, she could hear Betty say in her head.

Melissa started to turn and step toward the house, a large shopping bag in her hand.

You smell like you had sex with three guys. I know what that smells like.

Oh, God! Did I wash too lightly?

LOOOOOWWWW TIDE!

"You smell like smoke", Terry offered.

To Heather they were four words of instant relief better than "Plop, plop, fizz, fizz."

"Yeah, well we went in Kitty's car and she likes to smoke," she offered as an excuse.

As soon as Terry had turned away Bill looked at her, a goofy and good natured look on his face as he mouthed the word, liar.

Heather felt uncomfortable. Bill knew she was smoking, and she suspected that he knew that she was doing it often, despite telling him she didn't, and offering excuses. He had believed her at first, but as time had gone on she could see he was starting to see through her deception.

As time went on would he be able to see through other things as well? she wondered, a little uncomfortably.

You stink.

Like the Japanese tuna fleet.

And what else does one smell of, sir?

Deception.

Suddenly Bill grabbed her shoulders from behind, giving them a hard and massaging squeeze. It was so unexpected that for a moment Heather felt as if she had just had the wind knocked out of her. His hands kneaded her shoulders through her sweat top, and Heather let her eyes close to slits as he leaned his head against hers, slight stubble on his cheek rubbing her ear. "Let's get in so they can finally get settled."

"Yes," she replied, a little breathless. It felt exciting for Bill to touch her like that, even if it was the way he would come up and touch her most of the time. Maybe it was working, because she was thinking as Heather and not heather.

And yet-

Master Winters's words lingered in her head.

One thinks you are well acquainted with the art of deception. You are probably extremely good at it, as a great many people are. However, I believe you will find, even if you have the ability to lie to the rest of the world down to the last person, that I can see through any lie you would tell me.

Before she took the first step toward the house she imagined Deacon Winters saying those words in a different setting. She could clearly see herself, naked on some sort of padded table, her upper half slightly reclined backwards, breasts against her face, arms over her head and stretched, wrists tied and bound to some unseen hook or post. Her legs were up, out and open, bound to crude stirrups, her bare pussy exposed and open. And he stood over her, dressed in his Victorian looking outfit, a condescending look on his face as Megan Dupree/Colton, stood off behind him as a living shadow.

"*You're lost, little girl*," Master Winters informed her.

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Once they were inside she noted that Bill and the kids gave her a curious look as she grabbed a couple of Plus Up 4U bags and headed to the hall. "Just a little something for your Dad," she quickly said. The bags contained some of the more sexy clothes that Master Douglas had sent her.

"Eeeeeew," Melissa crooned.

"TMI, Mom," Terry agreed.

Heather couldn't help but chuckle to herself. However as she passed the phone table she was aware that she really missed Giggling Gary being there. She still had him with her at the computer every day, but it just wasn't the same. Maybe Melissa had cooled down enough from her meltdown before she had her first period that it would be okay to put her old toy back out in plain sight.

When she got back to the living room Bill and Terry were sitting patiently on the couch, but Melissa was already rummaging through a bag she must have felt certain had something for her inside. As Heather stepped past her she came up

with a CD jewel box which she flipped over and scrutinized. "Seiko Kaiulani!" she suddenly shouted, excited. "Mom, you're the greatest!"

Heather felt a big smile touch her twisted lips. So she was the greatest now. It sure beat being a fat fucking bitch.

Melissa had apparently immediately lost interest in anything else that Heather might have brought home for her. She was on her feet and down the hall as if she was on fire. Heather barely had enough time to reach down and grab a Game X bag for Terry before the blaring cacophony that marked the opening of *'Sun Shiny Ray'* blared from Melissa's room.

"Let's go to the mall, or hang out at the beach, the summer's here it's time to be free!" Melissa yelled from down the hall along with the CD.

"Turn it down, Melissa," Bill called as Terry pulled a game out of the bag.

"*Final Fantasy VI Advance*," Terry announced as the volume of the stereo suddenly dropped in his sister's room. "Thanks, Mom."

She was smiling a little to herself as he was up and headed to his room to get his Game Boy before seeing what else she had brought.

"So, what's in the bags you took down the hall?" Bill questioned as he found they had a moment alone. He had a gleam in his eyes, and his brown curls were at that moment framing his face in a way that had made both Heather and Betty think he was the cutest thing they had ever seen on the first day of the tenth grade.

With a smile on her face Heather turned her head to face her husband. "Mmmm, just a little something for later on," she told him. "Something to help make up for that little quickie this morning."

Bill looked back at her, a large smile spreading across his face.

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A couple of hours later Heather lay in the dark naked, a sheet only covering her legs at a slight diagonal just below the knees. There was light coming from underneath the bedroom door and the muffled sound of music, which was a sign that Melissa was still awake. Heather had no doubt that Terry was still up as well, playing his new Final Fantasy game with the lights off and no light other than from his Game Boy and the TV screen.

Bill's chest moved up and down, the sheet on his side pulled up over his shoulders. It had only taken five minutes after they had finished before he had

dosed off, snoring. He had been more than willing for Heather to dress for him. She had only dressed in a couple of sets of lingerie before he had gotten up against her, kissing her, feeling her up, pulling the lacy leg band of a pair of panties to the side to finger her just inside her labial lips.

It had been very good, Heather admitted to herself. It was hot and playful, and considering the fact that the kids were still up, a little loud. It had more than made up for the little quickie they had had that morning.

And yet-.

And yet Heather found it somewhat lacking. She was unsure if it was due to the fact that she knew that she had to hold back with Bill and not squirt when she came, or if it was because she really craved, even if it was just the idea of it being only her wrists, wanting to be tied and restrained during sex.

So it was not perfect, her trying to balance being Heather and heather, but it was really the first day that she had resolved to try harder to keep the two halves of her life from mixing together. And what a day it had been. It had seemed like a lifetime since the shirts-on quickie fuck she had shared with Bill that morning. It was overwhelming in a way, but in another way, seeing so many different people involved in the lifestyle, meeting people like the Keyneses and Kelly and Master Morales, it also made her feel a little bit serene.

Although-

You're lost, little girl.

In the dim light Heather slowly slid her hand down over her abdomen, brushing down her soft belly until she reached its bottom and then slightly pushing it up. She stretched her index finger down and touched the tip of it to her clit. Heather let out a sigh and closed her eyes as she felt her cooling wetness and the stickiness of her husband's spent cum. Raising her knees slightly she started to rub herself, cooing just under her breath.

As she masturbated in the early morning darkness her thoughts were on being tied and being giving the hard and rough fucking she was craving. Every few seconds her fantasy partner would change, beginning with Master Douglas, then switching to Master Shawn, and briefly to Deacon Winters. In her mind she saw his disappointment etched scowl right in her face, something like passion twisting the features only slightly as his head was moved along with the rest of his body as he pounded his cock into her without a word or much sense that he felt any emotion at all. Heather quickly pushed the image of having sex with him out of her mind and re-replaced him with Master Shawn.

Heather felt a smile on her face as the first tingling hint of her building orgasm radiated through her clit and made her stomach flutter. The fantasy of being with him made her hotter than thinking of anyone else. She knew he was fun and that he was free with himself in such a way that if they were ever together she knew that he would show her the kind of freedom she wanted as well, the freedom to be herself, the freedom to be a submissive.

You want to deliver yourself into the bonds of freedom, Kitty had said.

Yes, it was exactly what she wanted. Heather knew she wanted to be free to submit and become the person that she had begun to feel she was always meant to be from that first week that Kitty had begun to tell her about her life and the lifestyle.

Despite all her thoughts and plans of becoming a dual person it was that thought and dream of freedom that brought Heather to the edge. She slid her feet back to raise her knees up, opening them a little wider. She pressed her clit a little harder and rubbed it in circles just a bit faster as her stomach tensed and then that most wonderful shock pulsed through her bare nipples and clit as a hard and quick gush of liquid jetted along her fingertips and traveled nearly to her ankles. There was only the one squirt, but the orgasm that produced it was body rocking and satisfying, causing Heather to clamp her jaw shut and slip her lower lip over the upper one to stifle the scream in her throat into a low and hissing moan.

When it was over Heather let her body relax, her legs slowly sinking to the mattress. Her ass quickly felt cool as her cum soaked into the fitted sheet. For the moment she didn't care, and her body was too tired to care. *I can do laundry tomorrow*, was her last coherent thought. Automatically she sat up slightly and reached down to grab the top of the sheet. Her eyes already closed she laid back, pulling the sheet up to her neck. Heather drifted off into a deep and dead sleep not long after her head rested against the pillow. She had no more thoughts or dreams for the rest of the night, her mind filled only with inky blackness.

CHAPTER THIRTY:
Hoping To Hear "His" Voice

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Heather did not make any calls on the Sunday after the Clover Leaf Society's Spring Social, nor did she have a chance to go online. She awoke a little before daybreak to the sensation of soft kisses and bites on her neck. As she became aware she shifted her legs as she felt her nipples stiffen of their own accord and a tingle from below that was the first sign that her pussy was awake in its own way and producing that first bit of lubricating cream. With her eyes closed she imagined that it was Master Douglas, rousing her from slumber after an intense play session. The slight stubble on the face and the familiar contours of cheek and chin bones she knew too well, however, was enough to clue her in to the reality that it was Bill.

"Hi," her husband told her as she opened her eyes.

Heather turned her face to accept another kiss on the cheek, slightly laughing and feeling a little smile on her lips. "Morning." He put a hand between her thighs and ran a finger between labia causing her to moan. "Horny?" she found her own tone was a playful one.

"Maybe," he crooned into her ear. With a slight bit of pressure he pushed his finger inside to make her gasp. "You must be too because you're already wet." He kissed her cheek and then her chin as he slowly worked his finger in and out of her damp pussy. "You're wet and sweaty."

"Mmmmm," Heather moaned, her clit now coming alive as her husband stimulated her insides. She shifted a little more to give him deeper access. "Yeah." Her eyelids already felt heavy again so she let them close.

"You're already sweaty," he told her again, kissing her ear and giving it a little nibble. He let out a somewhat calculated sighing breath in her ear as he

pulled back. "I'm going to get you even sweatier."

"Mmmm, yeah," she gasped.

"I'm gonna make you break out in pig sweat all over."

That was enough to get Heather really going. She pushed herself up slightly, putting her mouth over his and slipping her tongue into his mouth to share a rough and sloppy kiss. She didn't know why, after almost ten years, Bill was being so attentive and sexually interested in her. Had he been doing this a few months ago, when she was still messing with Freddy, she had a feeling that her libido would have been in overdrive. The experience of the previous night fueled her on, although it was not necessarily that *heather* was creeping into her home time. However the sights and sounds of the Spring Social were helping fuel her on, making her more accepting of Bill's advances where just a few days ago she had been hoping there would be a way around ever having to be intimate with him again.

Bill shifted over her, placing his knees between hers and urging them apart as he lowered himself down and back slightly. Heather automatically raised her knees and reached down between them to slightly raise the paunch of her belly to give him easier access. She moaned as her husband took her with a single plunge of his hard cock, not even working it into position, just sliding it right in.

Heather bucked up to meet him on his second thrust. It was apparent that there was no air moving in the room, and she knew that that lack of air current would make them both begin to really sweat before very long. She ground her pussy up on his cock, feeling the skin of his balls slightly cling to her pussy lips as he drew back. "Mmmm, yeah, Billy."

"Yeah, you want that?"

"Yeah," she replied in a pant. "Make me sweat. Talk dirty to me."

Bill buried himself as far as he could and ground his cock into her. "Yeah, I'm gonna make you sweat your pig sweat, *dirty slut*."

"MMMmmm."

He pulled back and gave her a couple of hard thrust before repeating the action and grinding against her. He reached down and put his hands on her breasts, giving them a squeeze. "I'm gonna give it to you."

"*Yes*."

"Gonna make you get all *pig sweaty*, dirty, pig sweat. Uhha. *Fuckin' whore*."

"Yeah!"

Heather wanted to be a whore.

She wanted to be HIS *whore*!

Bill then pushed himself back, taking his hands off her fat tits and leaning back slightly as he continued to grind. He continued on with that slow grind for a couple of minutes, before reaching down to grab her sweaty waist. Once he had a firm grasp he worked himself up and down on his knees, driving his cock home with each down thrust to make Heather moan. "Yeah, babe. Take that fuckin' dick."

She could feel her sweat now, as she had the previous night. Her breasts moved on a thin sheen of lube as they were bounced by her husband giving her a good and hard fucking. Her hair, she could feel, was already soaked with sweat and her face felt wet with it.

"Uhn!" Bill growled with a particularly hard thrust. "Yeah, that's it, pig sweat bitch."

Heather jerked, a sharp gasp escaping her lips as she felt her pussy spasm around his cock. It was a small and unexpected orgasm and just a little more juicy than she wanted to have with Bill since her squirting and gushing had freaked him out the one and only time she had done it with him. "Fffttt-ummmma."

"Uh!" Bill cried, maybe a little too loud considering the kids were home. "Uh! Nuah! Ah!" He punctuated each noise with a hard thrust.

As she drew in a deep breath Heather was suddenly aware of the strong smell of their sweat and their sex. It was a hot and raunchy scent, one that they usually never smelled of at this time of year, a scent usually reserved for the hot days of summer if they had been working in the yard right before and they were lucky enough to have the kids out of the house.

No, Miss Zane. You, smell.

Like the Japanese tuna fleet.

She let out a moan and pumped her hips up to meet Bill as he pounded her back down. "Uhhhnn!" he groaned. "*Pig sweat, pig*."

Heather choked on another breath, feeling her pussy tugging his cock again as she released another slight squirt. "Nuh, God!" Whether it had been fair or corny whenever Bill did make the attempt to be verbal with her it seemed to work. It was his limit of attempting anything she wanted from a Master, but he did it well enough when they were fucking that the longing was not there as much.

"Yeah, take every inch, sweaty pig," he sneered as he ground himself into her again.

God, they stank. Their heady sweat and musk only serving to make Heather hotter.

My smell-

Is very intriguing, and one admits he finds it not to be totally disagreeable. That was what Deacon Winters had told her as he had escorted her back to the front of the Schrader's mansion after she had stumbled in on Master Belknap's scene with Miss Andrews in the mini-dungeon as he and Miss Colton observed. That scene of strangers engaged in sex play was the second thing she had seen not meant for her eyes, although Master Charles Belknap was more than willing to invite her to join in once he realized she was there.

You are glazed with nervous sweat. You can feel it if you touch it. Light, faint, nearly invisible, Miss Zane, but it is still there nonetheless. It travels, thought you cannot feel it, and then it pools in resting places, he had told her, proceeding to lightly touch her in each spot as he named it off.

Under your arms.

Heather raised her arms up, stretching as Bill pounded and ground into her. The scent immediately got a little stronger, and the sweat felt as if it were just dripping from her arm pits.

Between your breasts.

The area between her breasts felt cool and slick as they continued to bounce around and gyrate on that sheen of lube she had been aware of earlier with each thrust her husband buried into her pussy.

Behind your knees.

It was hot and steamy in the bend of each knee, and as her legs were compressed with each thrust they felt as if they were lubed with that invisible sweat sheen as well.

Between your legs.

God, she was so fucking wet. There was no way to tell what was sweat and what was her pussy cream or cum.

Your ass.

Heather raised her bottom off the bed to meet another thrust. Her cheeks were rubbing together, and the smell of her sex was now almost overpowering as the movement displaced another whiff of her musk around them.

There are many smells that come from a person, once one takes the time to notice them.

Smell the flowers, Miss Zane, Deacon Winters told her.

No. She was not going to think of that now. This was *Heather* time. She was not going to have *heather* thoughts, especially if they involved a snide and stuck-up bastard of a man like Deacon Winters.

And yet Master Morales's thoughts on him came to her mind. *El Rey de Misterio, the King of Mystery*.

She closed her eyes as Bill buried himself to the balls again and ground into her pussy. She raised her legs up, bringing her feet off the bed and holding them up as he pulled back slightly and again started pistioning into her. When she opened her eyes and looked up to him, in the dim light of the bedroom she found herself, for the briefest of moments, not seeing her husband's face, but instead the scowling and disapproving face of Deacon Winters, twisting into an approximation of ecstasy before locking his deep blue eyes onto hers.

No, I won't think about him. Heather slitted her eyes enough to make her hazy vision blur. Then she opened them full to see her husband framed in her line of sight, his face growing as he bent his body down onto her. They kissed, again rough and hard as Bill growled into her mouth and gave her a hard thrust, holding himself to her as he came, letting his sperm pump into her.

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Bill had relaxed himself once he was finished, their bodies pressed together and their sweat mixing. Then with a final kiss on her cheek he had rolled off of her, making a satisfied sound to himself. In a light daze Heather ran a hand down, reaching under the sweaty flesh of her stomach paunch, letting a finger lightly tap her pussy lips. She could feel a sticky string of his cum attached to her fingertip as she pulled it back. For the briefest moment she considered taking it up to her lips, just to take a taste, but she found that she could not bring herself to do it no matter how hot he had gotten her at that moment. It was something as *Heather* the housewife she found that she not only could not do, but she also felt that she should not do.

"I have an idea," Bill said, reaching over and back to lightly cup his fingers along a sweaty breast.

"Yes?" Her instant thought was that he was going to suggest doing something outside of his usual realm of sex play. Perhaps he was going to offer to eat her, or maybe at least finger her again until she felt the orgasm that had not been released was set free.

"Why don't we go out today?"

"We?" She was not sure if *we* meant just the two of them or them and the kids.

"Yeah, let's all go out," Bill said. "We can have a fun day. Go have lunch and dinner out. Play mini-golf and go to see a movie. Maybe get ice cream before we come home. All of us together. It's been a while."

He meant them and the kids.

Heather could not help but smile to herself, although what she had envisioned herself doing was calling Kitty and Kristen and chatting to everyone else in Bored Like Hell to fill them in on everything that had happened the night before. She realized it was a little impossible to be able to fill her day with doing that, especially since she had been out of the house the entire day before on her *shopping trip*.

"It sounds like a great idea, Bill," she had told him, a genuine smile touching her lips. Yes, it would be fun to have a family day.

They had napped for a little while, then gotten up and showered. Terry and Melissa were already up by the time they were done, Melissa watching *All Grown Up* on the couch as Terry sat in Bill's recliner playing his new game and dressed in a John Cena t-shirt that Kitty had gotten for him that had been in one of the bags from their outing that wasn't. When she told them that they were all going to go out for a family fun day latter on they had both been surprisingly game.

Heather made a single concession to her other life before leaving the house with Bill and the kids. She had gone to the spare bedroom and placed the paper with the Keynes's and Kelly's numbers and e-mail addresses on it and slipped it under the edge of one of the computer speakers. She had looked at Giggling Gary, sitting behind the keyboard and smiling up to her with his forever painted on smile. With a smile of her own she reached down and gave him a slight push back.

"La, la, ma, ma."

Then she had gone out to where Bill and the kids were waiting in the living room, and then out the door to pile into the car. The first thing Melissa had done

ask if they could listen to her Seiko Kaiulani CD. *'Sun Shiny Ray'* was playing as they pulled out of their development. Bill had looked to her, rolling his eyes as Heather found herself cracking a slight smile, the song again reminding her of Kristen.

They had first stopped at the WonderBurger drive-in for lunch, where they sat and ate in the car. And then to Charlie's Pirate Bay, where they had played four rounds of miniature golf, two rounds on each course. Then they had driven to Quincy-Duff's for an early dinner, before heading to the theater to see *Wild Hogs*. After the movie they had stopped at Dairy Queen to each get a vanilla cone before heading home.

It was nearly ten when they got home, having truly made a day of it. The kids were off to bed as soon as they got in as well as herself and Bill. Heather felt exhausted from the previous night and running around all day. Although she was sure that Kristen and everyone else was chomping at the bit wondering where she was she decided that she would wait until she had the house to herself the next morning before she took the time to catch everyone else up.

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Heather had slept as soon as her head had hit the pillow that night, but as it got closer to her usual wake-up time her mind went to work, delivering bits and pieces of her conversations with Kitty and Master Morales on the night of the social. She heard them in the darkness of her mind more than seeing their faces. Occasionally there would be a clear image of things, but for the most part her predawn dream was nothing but black.

She had a vision of Kitty kneeling naked on her coffee table with an apple in her mouth, ample ass raised up in the air. Heather felt her eyes go over the swell of her mentor's bottom, then up her unblemished back until she reached her left shoulder to see the familiar image of the woman, who she now knew was also Kitty, kneeling naked with her head cocked toward the speaker horn of the gramophone.

Well there were only the two that came out of the session the Master Chambers used in shows, The Good girl *and* her MASTER'S VOICE. *They were eventually sold at auction, as many of His photos were, and off to different galleries*, Kitty's voice said in sudden blackness.

You didn't want to keep them? she remembered asking.

One has the tattoo that Warner Wright put there for Master Chambers. That is really all one needs. The originals, or at least the ones that were sized to be shown, they had special meaning for me. The copies for some reason did not feel as important.

Again she had a clear flash of Kitty's her MASTER'S VOICE tattoo filling her mind's eye for a split second. Then there was darkness again.

J.J. Chambers must have been quite impressive, Master Morales had observed as they had sat on one of the grand staircases of the Schrader Mansion. *One can only imagine being able to inspire such loyalty in a girl, even after death, that she would never want to be collared by another.*

In the dark Heather's mind produced what she imagined that the actual *her MASTER'S VOICE* gallery photo must have looked like for a brief instant. Kitty, kneeling naked except for her simple collar, looking lovingly at the gramophone she had found on the day she had helped Master Chambers, Dinah Saunders and Sister Scarlett clean the attic of Master Chambers' house.

Your friend Miss McClain must be even more modest than I give her credit for, Master Morales's voice went on in more sudden blackness. *In the 1970's he started to use Kitty McClain as a subject. He had several shows where she was his only subject. She was obviously an inspiration. And his pictures of her caught her essence so well that there are some people who consider each photo Chambers took of her a masterpiece. She is the most photographed submissive that anyone knows of*.

That was when Heather's eyes had popped open, only 15 minutes before Bill's alarm went off. She let her eyes adjust to the darkness until she could faintly make out the outline of the ceiling fan above the bed. She replayed what she had seen in her dream over in her head, always coming to the last thing she remembered Master Morales saying.

She is the most photographed submissive that anyone knows of.

Kitty was the most photographed submissive than anyone knew of, she truly realized. Which had to mean that, if Master Morales was right, then it would be easy to find the photos Master Chambers had taken of her online.

Right?

After the alarm went off Heather went about her daily routine. She went to the kitchen and made breakfast as Bill showered. They sat in silence as he ate. Then once he was out the door she washed the dishes and cleaned around the living room as she waited until it was time to make breakfast for the kids. Once they were up and eating she had boiled water to make herself a mug of hot chocolate.

Heather had given them a few minutes, as had become her habit early on when she had resumed chatting online, waiting long enough for them to have caught their respective buses to school, then went to the spare bedroom and unlocked the modem. She logged onto Peeplchat in invisible mode, wanting a few minutes to look around and to see if she could find any of Master Chambers' work before she talked to the others. There were several of her friends online, including Kristen, sassy and Ines, as well as quite a few offline messages wondering where she was and why she had not come on the previous day.

There was one from mrs_Vyper, apologizing for her public display of anger at her husband in Bored Like Hell on Friday night. That was the only one that she answered, sending her a sympathetic response to say she did not blame her for being mad, and that in a fairly short time that she had learned that lifestyle relationships could be very complex.

Boy, do I know it.

The message sent she went to Peeplpages and entered J.J. Chambers into the search box. As she had come to expect, after the realization had sunk in, there was page after page that came up on Master Chambers, even more pages than when she had looked up *Bloody Pit of Horror* when her journey was just beginning.

Heather settled on the first site, The Art Of J.J. Chambers. The page loaded, and she was almost not surprised when the first image on the screen was that of the gallery photo of *her MASTER'S VOICE*. Her eyes watered and she pushed the chair slightly back from the desk. Here it was. The picture of the real thing.

The image was a glossy black and white, but Kitty's description of the background and everything in it helped her to fill in the colors. Kitty was on her knees with her wrists tied behind her back, ass slightly up in the air, her head cocked toward the golden speaker horn of the phonograph. She could see the ornate base, not really see the vines and thorns Kitty had told her of, but she could imagine them since she knew they were there. Billowy fabric was beneath

her, a sea of pink waves made by an off camera fan. And behind her, something else not in her tattoo, a ragged backdrop made of burlap. Heather could almost imagine how rough the texture of the backdrop would be if she were able to touch it.

Heather rolled the scroll wheel on her mouse slightly so she could read the caption beneath the picture.

her MASTER'S VOICE, used with the courtesy and permission of Shawn Spencer.

Without though Heather found herself reaching for her little book of numbers and e-mail addresses in the little nook under the monitor. She pulled it out and grabbed a pen off the desk, jotting down the name of the photograph's current owner. Then she scrolled further down, skimming over some information on Master Chambers' early life, most of which Kitty had told her in greater detail than was on the webpage, and his early works.

Scrolling further down the page there were more photos that had been used in gallery shows. In them were a variety of women in various poses and scenes. Sometimes they were simple nudes of women sitting on chairs and couches. A few outside of women in fields, walking among trees, one laid out on a beach, the surf rolling over her bare legs.

Other pictures showed some of the women in bondage. Sometimes it was very light, a woman kneeling with her wrists bound, one of a woman attached to the post of a bed by a leash. In others the bondage and the scenes were more elaborate. There was one of a girl on a bondage wheel, and another of one tied down on the hood of an old car, her legs spread open by a bar with locking ankle cuffs. In these there was a picture of Dinah Saunders tied to a St. Andrew's cross backward, her round ass looking exposed from underneath the bottom of a leather corset.

Further down she found *The Good girl*. Kitty was in the good girl position as she had described herself, as close to the floor as possible, ankles against her thighs with no visible space between her legs and body, arms down and straight, close to the legs. The side of her face pressed in the floor, and ass slightly raised, but not too high. Seeing her in this position made Heather feel envious of the other woman once again. Kitty had admitted that it looked easy enough,

but said in reality it was not an easy position to get into and remain in. It took discipline, a kind of discipline Heather herself longed to learn.

She looked to the caption beneath the picture, *The Good girl*, used with the courtesy and permission of Deacon Winters, Chancellor of the Clover Leaf Society.

Heather felt her blood suddenly burn as her eyes widened. *Deacon Winters? Deacon Winters owned* The Good girl?

She took her little book and made note of this fact. Then she continued to scroll down the page, photo after photo of Kitty being displayed. As with the other photos on the site some were simple with her merely sitting or kneeling, while others showed her with ropes and cords wound in intricate patterns around her body. Although as much as she found she liked all the photographs that Master Chambers had taken of her she still found herself coming back to *her MASTER'S VOICE* and *The Good girl*.

For some reason she could not explain Heather found it galled her that these two gallery photographs were in the hands of private owners, especially since one of them was a complete bastard like Deacon Winters. That fact made her wonder if maybe he was obsessed with Kitty, wanting a chance to truly own her in some way. Thinking that made her sure that this was the only reason he was planning on bidding at the auction at the Schrader's Summer Social, despite the fact that Master Belknap had said that he had not participated in an auction for years.

That's the only reason why he's going to bid at the auction, she thought, seething with anger. *He just wants Kitty as a trophy. He wants to own the girl who won't let anyone else own her, even if it is for just a few weeks*.

Heather felt that she wanted to know more, needed to know more about Deacon Winters. She minimized the window for The Art Of J.J. Chambers and then opened a tab so she could look to see if there was anything on him in Peeplpedia. She entered in *Deacon Winters* and waited as the page came up, surprised to see that the entry on him was scant and pretty bare-boned:

Deacon Winters is an American businessman and magazine publisher and editor, most well known for *CLOVER Magazine*. He is the long-time boyfriend of Chef Megan Dupree.

That's it?

Heather moved her mouse over Megan Dupree's name, which was showing in blue, and clicked on it to open the link to her own Peeplpedia page. It opened to reveal a picture of the thin woman's face beside her biographical information. Her page was quite a bit longer than the one for Deacon Winters:

Chef Megan Leigh (formerly Lockard, formerly Dupree) Bendixion, (born Megan Leigh Colton) is an American chef and reality television personality best known for her books, *Cooking A'la Megan*, *Cooking With Megan* and *F**k Yeah, Do It My Way*, as well as her Upscale Network television cooking show *Cooking With Megan*, and her restaurant reality show *The B….. Chef*. She is the long-time girlfriend of publisher Deacon Winters, and has been legally separated from her current husband, Chef Xander Bendixion, for the past 17 years.

Heather looked to her picture and reread the last line of the first paragraph over. *She was separated from her husband for 17 years?* The woman looked a lot younger than she was.

Humph, she found herself thinking as another realization suddenly sank in. *Deacon Winters doesn't mess around with married women. Bullshit!* The bio page for Megan Dupree was proof he was as much of a liar as he wanted to make her feel she was.

Of course as she read through her biography it was apparent that the other woman was not younger than she was, but she had apparently aged well. Megan Dupree was in her early 40's, marrying first at 16 and again at 19, and a final time when she was 23. It seemed that her relationships with all three of her husbands were stormy, according to the information entered in on the Peeplpedia page. In fact stormy seemed to describe every single aspect of her life.

Was that what had lead her into the lifestyle? Was she one of those people who had the need to totally submit control to someone else in a power exchange?

The woman's long biography certainly did not describe the woman she had met Saturday night. It described a rebellious and wild bitch who had never spoken a kind word to anyone. The Miss Colton she had met at the Spring Social was kind, subdued and reserved.

Oh, I see, you know, Master Morales said once it had been revealed that Deacon Winters' Miss Colton and Chef Megan Dupree were one and the same person. *It's sinking in, yeah. The Bitchy Chef is a sub.*

Yet the woman's biography gave no information about Chef Megan Dupree being a part of the BDSM lifestyle. It was a little frustrating not to find a single thing about the other woman's life outside of her profession aside from the personal details that most people would know. *Did the people closest to her know? Was it all covered up by agents and TV producers because such details would be nothing but fodder for the tabloids?*

Heather glanced down at her notebook and looked at the name she had written down as the owner of *her MASTER'S VOICE*. Shawn Spencer. Maybe he was listed on Peeplpedia as well. She took the mouse and clicked onto the search box, entering in *Shawn Spencer*.

As the page came up and a picture of Shawn Spencer came up beside his biographical information Heather nearly came out of her seat. Looking back to her from the screen was a familiar face, a young man with short brown hair, wearing glasses, dressed in a black jacket with a white shirt and loud tie, holding a microphone, rows of faceless people sitting in tiers of bleachers behind him in the background. Her first thought was that it couldn't be, but over the past few weeks she had seen so many pictures of the man on the screen in a different type of setting that she had no doubt that it was him. Shawn Spencer was Master Playboy/Master Shawn. Getting over her initial reaction she read his biography:

Shawn Elliot (S.E.) Spencer is an American novelist and professional wrestling promoter, and former professional wrestling announcer. He is best known in writing, as S.E. Spencer, for his gothic horror series Mayfair and Flying by Night, as well as his BDSM erotic novels *Kept*, *Canaan* and *The Book of Judith*. His last novel, the action/thriller, *The Last President of America*, the story of a terrorist cell seizing the White House and the First Family and holding them and the nation hostage for several weeks topped *The New York Times* Best Seller list for nine weeks at #1.

Spencer owns North American Championship Wrestling (NACW) an independent professional wrestling promotion based in Nebraska, which runs two pre-recorded shows a week that air on several local cable stations on Monday and Saturday nights, the Monday night show doing fairly well, despite running in the same time-slot as *WWE Monday Night Raw* [citation needed]. In professional wrestling Spencer is best known as Spencer Blake, formerly doing color commentary for *NWA Nebraska Championship Wrestling (NCW), All-Nebraska Pro Wrestling* and later his own *NACW Monday Fight Night* and

NACW Saturday Night Wrestling, and currently he makes occasional on-screen appearances as the NACW "commissioner" (kayfabe).

Heather went down and read through his biography. He had published his first novel, *Mayfair Towne*, when he was 14. From what she could tell he had had a somewhat rocky life with his parents, and had chosen to live with a relative by the time he was 16 "…to keep his parents out of his business". He had married and been divorced a few years after he had graduated from high school, and although it was not addressed in so many words all the indications in his biography implied that things had not ended well. Then in his early 20's he had went to work for the former owners of NACW as a staff writer, and later a commentator, before buying the promotion from his employers. There seemed to be some controversy between him and one of the former owners of NACW once he took control and added more "colorful" characters to the promotion.

What interested her more were the links to his various novels, especially the ones about the lifestyle. She read the synopsis of all five novels that fell into the category, and just the synopsis pages were enough to get her flushed and a little wet. Almost every one involved a mature and larger woman as the main submissive character. The brief details on the scenes were nearly the same laundry list of kinks and desires he had expressed to her in chat: bondage, group sex, water sports, spanking, lending, gang bangs, interracial sex between white women and black men.

He had suggested that maybe she had met the wrong master first the very first time they had chatted.

Heather brought up her messenger on the screen and highlighted Kristen's name to send her an IM.

flafemsub_bbw: hey sis

sweetandshaven_mo: hey
sweetandshaven_mo: where the hell you been?
sweetandshaven_mo: was worried you was kidnapped by doms until topaz came on last night and said you wuz home safe n sound
sweetandshaven_mo: what gives?

Heather quickly explained why she had not come on the previous day, her sex session with Bill, and then having a family day out. Kristen listened and sent back a few ribbing lines about her sexual activities with her husband.

sweetandshaven_mo: good to know yer ok ya goof
sweetandshaven_mo: but when you coming to bored to spill all the juicy details about the social?
sweetandshaven_mo: a girl knows there's some juicy details
sweetandshaven_mo: at least she hopes :P

Heather laughed and shook her head at the screen. She asked if she was free to look at something.

sweetandshaven_mo: sure sis
sweetandshaven_mo: hopes itsa juicy pic from the other night ;)

Heather directed her to go to peeplpedia and pull up Shawn Spencer's bio.

sweetandshaven_mo: hokay sis
sweetandshaven_mo: seeing it is about a writer and pro rasslin' guy that writes BDSM stories
sweetandshaven_mo: are his stories any good?

flafemsub_bbw: see his pic?

sweetandshaven_mo: yup

Heather felt a smile curl her lips before she told Kristen what she knew.

flafemsub_bbw: sis it's Master PBA

sweetandshaven_mo: lol
sweetandshaven_mo: get the fuck out of town

Heather tapped in more.

flafemsub_bbw: you still have the pics of him and pixie i sent you?

sweetandshaven_mo: nope this one deleted them all after she looked at them

Heather shook her head, reaching up and tapping Giggling Gary on one of the brightly colored round balls that was supposed to represent his hair.

sweetandshaven_mo: * snickers *
sweetandshaven_mo: yes i still got them
sweetandshaven_mo: couldn't just dump such hot pics without hangin on to them a little bit

Heather directed her friend to look at them and compare them to the picture on Shawn Spencer's biography page.

sweetandshaven_mo: ok yep it looks like the same guy
sweetandshaven_mo: how did you find him on there?

flafemsub_bbw: he owns a picture of topaz
flafemsub_bbw: the same one her tattoo is of

She looked at the screen, waiting for Kristen's reply.

sweetandshaven_mo: ??????????????????
sweetandshaven_mo: hokay sis yous confusing me
sweetandshaven_mo: why don't you call and explain everything
sweetandshaven_mo: looking at her watch because you definitely owe this girl a phone call after a day of silence

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Heather's phone call to Kristen lasted over three hours. She had filled her in on everything that had happened since she had finally gone to bed early on Saturday morning, starting with her over-sleeping. She told her about the quickie with Bill and playing in the shower to get herself the rest of the way off.

Then she told her about her conversation with Kitty as they had dressed, and how the older woman had related the story of both *her MASTER'S VOICE* the photograph, and her tattoo.

Then she began to tell her about going to the Spring Social. She described the people she had met as she passed through the foyer of the Schrader's mansion, and her brief conversation with Mistress Carrie Keynes, and the brief scene that had played out between her, her submissive husband and another master. Heather told her how Kelly Diaz had introduced herself to her, and taken her to meet her Master so they could people watch from one of the grand staircases.

"You're shittin' me, sis," Kristen had said in disbelief, after she revealed that Chef Megan Dupree had been there, and that she was a submissive.

Then she told her about her adventure with Kelly, going through the house to see the oubliette, and the game she had seen with the subs on the bondage wheels. When it came to the part about them sneaking in to see the sampling she had been hesitant, but she knew she had to confess to someone she knew about what she had done and what she had seen. So she told Kristen, not sparing any detail as to what she had seen.

"Inspection and sampling," Kristen said, her tone husky and somewhat breathless. "It was a fuckin' gang bang." She paused a moment, taking a breath. "This one thinks it would be hot to be one of the condom girls. Just thinking about that part is getting me wet. I can only imagine handling all those different cocks, over and over. God, what kind of denial torture would that be?"

"I know."

Kristen had paused on her end of the line a moment. "Are you playing with yourself, sis?"

Heather turned on her side and untangled the phone cord a little from around her arm. "No. Are you?"

The other woman laughed in her ear. "Not yet, but if there's anything else I'm sure I will be."

Heather returned her laugh. "Well, there is something else after that."

"Ummm, humm," Kristen said, then snickered. "Okay, *God damn it*, since you know I am going to anyhow, I'm undoing my robe."

"Yeah, okay," Heather laughed. Like it was a signal she held the receiver against her cheek and shoulder as she raised her ass to shuck her sweat pants and panties off.

“I hear you movin’, sis,” Kristen told her. “It must be real juicy.”

As she related the scene she had stumbled into in the mini-oubliette she did so in slow and husky tones, like a part of her wanted to actually encourage the other woman to masturbate with her. She described how Miss Andrews had been suspended upside down on the frame and how Master Belknap had fucked her in the mouth, asking her questions he expected her to answer around his cock as he did so. From the sounds of her breathing it was apparent that Kristen was turned on and rubbing her pussy as she listened. But then she reached the point of the story where Deacon Winters had become involved and admonished his friend for attempting to molest a non-member guest.

“Fuckin’ sucks,” Kristen commented, for a moment having her horns curbed. There was the sound of her shifting on the bed on the other end of the line. “Would you have done it? Would you have licked his cum off her face and sucked his cock?”

“*Yes*,” Heather replied, her tone breathless.

“*Yeah?*”

“If I could.” Her free hand rubbed down the paunch of her belly until her fingers found her clit. “Mmmm, I would have got down on my knees and kissed the other girl.”

“*Yeah?*”

Heather rubbed past her clit and dipped her finger into her well lubed pussy. “I would have kissed her and licked up all his cum. Mmmmm, every sticky rope. I would kiss her more, then lick some more. Lick it off her cheeks, her nose. Off the blindfold.”

“*Ah*.”

She took her finger out and repositioned herself so she could use two fingers and rub the edge of her thumb across her swollen and throbbing clit. “Then he would come to this girl and put his cock in her face. One would suck it to make him hard.” Heather took a ragged breath and sighed. “I’m finger fucking myself, Kristen,”

“It’s okay, sis,” her friend told her in her husky voice. “This girl is too, and it feels real nice.”

“*Nuah*,” Heather gasped, her body jerked and she felt a slight squirt coat her fingers and the edge of her hand from a small orgasm.

“Go on, sis,” Kristen prodded with a lusty undertone.

"Then when the master was hard he would push one down and make her kiss the other girl again. He would rip one's panties down and start fucking a girl."

"*Oh, God, Heather*."

"He would fuck a girl and make her kiss the other, holding her hair the whole time. *Mummm*. Pounding her pussy and pulling her hair. *Muwah*. Calling her *his slutty fat bitch.* And he starts to- *fftt--ahhh* -spank one's ass as he fucks her, pounding his cock harder in her pussy."

"God, that's it!" Kristen suddenly cried. "I'm coming!"

As she listened to her friend begin to moan and make choked cries on the other end of the line Heather found that she had no need to add anything else to her fantasy. She raised her legs up and bent her knees as she increased the speed and pressure of the fingering she was giving her own self. It did not take a minute longer before she was coming again, this time squirting hard enough to reach the foot of the bed before moaning and writhing with a second gush that felt like a hot splat of water at her crotch.

When her orgasm subsided she rolled to the side and brought her hand to her face, first taking in the smell of her musk, and then putting her wet palm against her burning hot cheek.

For a couple of minutes there was no sound other than her breathing, and Kristen's breathing on the other end of the line. Finally the other woman spoke, "Congrats, sis."

"What?" she asked, still in a post orgasmic haze.

Kristen let out a loud laugh. "I think we just crossed the line from independent masturbation into actual phone sex back there."

Heather let out a breath through her nose, followed by a laugh of her own. "Yeah," she replied in a silly tone of voice. "Maybe just a little bit."

"I'm glad that we lost our lesbian phone sex virginity to each other, sis," Kristen laughed.

Shaking her head to herself Heather laughed, "Yeah, me too."

"I'll be yours forever," Kristen promised, her tone that of a doe eyed, love struck, middle schooler. "*Forever*."

As she lay in a puddle of her own cum that felt like it was growing cold on her ass Heather could not help but laugh.

Once they had calmed down Heather had resumed telling Kristen the rest of her experience at the social. She was sure to stress that no matter how much he had gotten into her head, and how he had made her so hot that she came without him touching her, that Deacon Winters had to be the biggest bastard walking the face of the earth.

"He sounds like a total ass clown," Kristen had agreed.

Then she told her about finally making it to Kitty and how she had kept watch as she listened to Master Dmitri fuck her in the alcove in the foyer. Her description of this had lead them both to another session of light *independent masturbation* Heather was sure as she listened to the way the other woman was breathing on the other end of the line.

After that she wrapped up with their visit to Betty as they changed, and having sex with Bill, before another brief recap of her activities the previous day and of the things she had found online that morning. She admitted to the other woman that it made her slightly angry that the photographs Master Chambers had taken of Kitty were in the hands of museums and private collectors, although Kitty herself seemed to think nothing of it.

"You said that topaz has all sorts of private pictures he took of her," Kristen reminded her. "Maybe those kinds of pictures are the ones that mean the most."

Heather had a feeling that Kristen was probably right. Even Kitty herself said that the tattoo on her shoulder meant more to her than the actual photograph. "I don't know. I just don't think it's right for that bastard to have one."

"I think I could understand that."

Heather shrugged to herself. "I don't know. I've just been thinking-." She paused. "I don't know. The one that Master Playboy has, I just-."

"Just what?" Kristen pressed after she took too long to come up with something.

Again Heather shrugged to herself. "Kristen, it seems so personal to me. I really think that Kitty should have it. Does it sound stupid?"

"It sounds sympathetic," Kristen assured her. Then her tone changed to a jovial one, "Why don't you offer to sell yourself into his service and be his slave so that he would give it to topaz as a gift."

As Kristen laughed on her end of the line Heather joined her. It was another one of those times when the other woman was breaking up a somewhat serious conversation with humor. In the back of her mind though she wondered how

Kristen could do it, when after the other night she had every right to still be angry with her for outing her interracial experience to everyone in Bored and ruining Kristen's cyber-fling with True.

"Are you going to tell her you know where it is?" Kristen asked.

"I don't know."

"Are you going to tell him?"

"I don't know that either," Heather replied. "I haven't even had a chance to think about if I should do anything or not."

And that was true. She had gotten on the phone with Kristen not long after she had made her discovery. As yet she had not taken any time just to think about the things she had learned that morning.

"I think this is something we should keep between us," Kristen said. "At least until you decide what to do."

Heather nodded. "Yeah." She felt tears suddenly well up in her eyes and spill over. Kristen's suggestion only compounded the guilt she was feeling.

God, what was she going to do? Did she even have any kind of right to do anything? It was not like Kitty was longing to have the gallery photograph of *her MASTER'S VOICE* in her possession. But that also did not mean that she would not want it if it were available either.

"I think I need to go, Kristen," Heather finally found herself saying. She forced herself to laugh. "I need to wash the sheets."

Kristen snickered back. "Okay. I think I should spray a little Febreze here and shower before the girls get in and wonder what that smell in Mom's room is."

Heather laughed, thinking back to Betty's comment about her smelling like the Japanese tuna fleet.

"See you in Bored later?" her friend asked.

"Yes, after dinner."

"Okay. Be well, Heather."

Heather smiled and nodded. She was not sure of what it was, but hearing the other woman say that made her feel a little warm inside, and a little less confused and guilty. "Be well, Kristen."

Later that evening, when she finally went into Bored Like Hell, Heather had been bombarded with questions from everyone in the room about her experiences at the Spring Social. In the room, and through various IMs, and finally in a sub Club conference, she filled the other girls in. It felt good to be the center of everyone's attention, and yet she felt very distracted.

Heather kept finding herself going back to actually seeing *her MASTER'S VOICE* on The Art Of J.J. Chambers website, and of her discovery that it was actually owned by someone she knew from online. She would pull up her friend's list every few minutes to see if he had somehow come online without her hearing the knock, knock wav. However each time she looked there was a snooze smiley by the name MasterPlayboyAtLarge.

You're lost little girl.

The other thing she found distracting was, that no matter how much she did not want to, she kept playing the events on the balcony with Deacon Winters over and over in her head. The only reason she was sure that her thoughts kept going back to him was the fact that he too owned one of Master Chambers' gallery photographs of Kitty. Plus she also had no clue what kind of obsession he had with her, because she was sure he had to have one. Why else would he have so much interest in both her and Kitty? *Why the hell else did everyone in the Clover Leaf Society have so much interest in her?*

You are still married.

Still? Still?

Lying hypocrite!

Just what was it that Winters really knew about her?

Then there was Master Douglas. She had been sure that He would be full of questions about her experience at the social, but since she had been online He had only asked a handful, seemingly letting everyone else in Bored get the jump on Him. She even tried to sending Him several suggestive IMs about some of the things she had seen, such as the scene with Miss Andrews, but He gave His standard responses, such as *naughty girl*, and *oh, My you silly thing*. She had been able to get more response out of Kristen earlier. She asked Him if she could watch Him on cam as she described herself if it had been her in the scene and He gave her an excuse about her getting too overheated as to why they should not.

flafemsub_bbw: Master Douglas a girl has been thinking

Master_Morel: yes, silly girl?

flafemsub_bbw: you know there were quite a few girls there in all sorts of different collars :)

Master_Morel: yes I imagined there would be
Master_Morel: there are many who have custom collars

flafemsub_bbw: the one girl this one hung out with had one
flafemsub_bbw: it dipped at the throat in a v and was blue

Heather glanced to the corner of the speaker that the paper with Kelly's number was on. Thinking of her collar was a reminder that she was supposed to have called her the previous day, and now it was going on 11 and she had still not given the other girl a call.

Master_Morel: One has seen ones like it before

flafemsub_bbw: is wondering if her own collar would be special

She waited with baited breath for His response, which took several minutes to come as she glanced to watch the chat tread in Bored Like Hell scroll up the screen. Of course she almost did not know why she was anticipating His answer so much, because in the end she already knew what it was going to be.

Master_Morel: it is still too soon to discuss such things as collars silly girl
Master_Morel: a collar comes in time
Master_Morel: when you are ready
Master_Morel: and when we know each other better

Heather rolled her eyes. *Jesus, they fucked on the "first date". How much better could He want them to know each other?*

She put her fingers back on the keyboard, tapping in the same kind of response that she knew that Kitty would give if she were in her position.

flafemsub_bbw: of course You are right Sir
flafemsub_bbw: a girl understands

Master_Morel: * ----------<@ *
Master_Morel: :)

Heather sighed, pulling up her friends list to see if Master Shawn had come on. Still there was a snoozing smiley beside his name. The rest of the night would pass with no appearance by him, and it made Heather wonder what, or maybe more correctly who, he was doing.

After Master Douglas had gone to bed a sub Club conference had been started. She was still the center of the other girls' attention, but the subject she really wanted to talk about she could not. Like Master Shawn Kitty had not been on, and she hesitated telling anyone else that she was pretty much a famous model in the BDSM world without even having discussed it with Kitty herself. If Master Morales had been right it probably meant that most of the other women at some point or another had seen a photograph of Kitty somewhere along the line, whether it was in a gallery, or online, or in a magazine.

She's the sub that no doubt launched thousands of people into the lifestyle, Master Morales had informed her in his Puerto Rican accented Yogi Bear voice. *I imagine there have been a lot of people that have seen one of her pictures, and it was like, boom! You know? Hey I want to be like that and just give myself over to someone stronger so they can mold me into someone obedient. Or, hey I want to tie a girl up like that and totally control her.*

If he was even close to being right, then half of the other girls would know who Kitty McClain was, or at least what she looked like. But she could no more tell everyone else that Kitty was topazblue58 than she could tell them that Chef Megan Dupree was a submissive, or that Master Playboy was a bestselling writer and wrestling announcer.

She wondered where her sense of right and wrong had been when she had told everyone that Kristen had once had sex with a black man. Was it just because she had been caught up in the moment, as Kristen had suggested? As the old cliché went it was all fun and games until someone got hurt.

There are many dangers involved with instant gratification, Miss Zane, as I am sure you well know.

She looked at her friends list again, and as she did she wondered if True was still in Kristen's friends list, and if he was did she see the same snoozing smiley by his name. She clicked on The sub Club conference window and typed in a message.

flafemsub_bbw: one thinks she is going to go ahead to bed

sweetandshaven_mo: so soon sis?

sassyone67: yeah heather
sassyone67: this is technically 2 nights in a row you went to bed early

iowa_sub: 3 counting saturday

sweetandshaven_mo: oh nos iowa
sweetandshaven_mo: knows her sissy was burning up the roads saturday night

Heather could not help but let a little laugh escape as she watched a series of lols roll across the screen.

Im_Pure_Lez: W/we expect you back early tomorrow heather

She typed into the conference window, a slight smile on her face.

flafemsub_bbw: one will do her best Ma'am

Her goodbyes out of the way, Heather x-ed out all the windows and locked the modem before turning off the monitor. Master Playboy was not coming, and she was aware that waiting for him was the main reason she was chatting that night once she had filled the others in on a much of her experience at the social as she could. She looked down at the desk to where her empty mug sat beside Giggling Gary. She did not want to go to bed either, but if she was not going to chat there was not much else left for her to do.

Heather finally forced herself to get out of her chair and go down the hall to the master bedroom. She found her way to the bed in the dark and slipped

between the sheets, automatically putting her arm around Bill. Her husband did not stir or give any other indication that he knew she was there.

Do you really want him to know you're here? she wondered as she closed her eyes.

You're lost little girl.

Do you know what BDSM is?

You mean tying women up and talking dirty to them?

Oh, Heather, you're so vanilla.

Was she? Even after everything that Kitty had told her? Even after all she had learned? Even after all the things she had seen? Even after serving Master Douglas? Even after going to the Clover Leaf Society's Spring Social? *Was she still vanilla?*

Or was she different as she had come to have it defined to her by Kitty, but just not different enough?

Why am I not a real submissive yet?

You're lost little girl.

Heather drifted off to sleep with tears welling in her eyes. It was a fretful sleep, filled with dreams she would not remember upon waking.

-8-

On Thursday morning the phone had rung as soon as the kids were out the door. Heather was on her way to the kitchen to wash their dishes before making herself a mug of hot chocolate. She took the phone off the charger and stepped to the sink and looked out the window to see Terry and Melissa walking down the sidewalk as she answered. "Hello?"

"Good morning, Heather," came Kitty's voice on the other end of the line.

"Good morning, Kitty," she replied. "Everything okay?" It was unusual for her mentor to call her so early in the day.

"Yes, fine," she replied in her Georgia peachy accent. "I just wanted you to know you have a special delivery here."

Special delivery?

"Oh," she said, realization sinking in. She had completely forgotten that Master Playboy had promised to send her a cam and that they had all ordered something from Mistress Saybin's shop. "Is it from Master Playboy?"

Kitty made a noise in her throat on her end of the line. “Well the box says from Saybin’s Toy Shop Online.”

Heather laughed. “Okay, Kitty, I’ll be right over.”

-9-

Earl had just pulled out of the driveway as Heather made it to the house he shared with Kitty. He rolled down his window and waved before pulling ahead so she could pull into the driveway. She waved back as she turned to pull up on the carport. Then she pulled to a stop, killing the engine and getting out.

Kitty opened the door as she walked up the steps. She was not dressed for the weather or for visitors, wearing a sheer black nighty that came to just below the abdomen and was fringed with black faux fur around the hem and the cuffs of the sleeves. Heather thought nothing of the way the other woman was dressed. After having to sit with her naked on Friday night, and having seen all the people she had at the social Saturday, she had learned to accept the concept of platonic nudity, so seeing Kitty in something much less conservative than what she usually wore was not a shock as all.

“Welcome to our home,” Kitty greeted with a smile.

“Thank you,” Heather replied. She let her hostess close the door, and then she followed her to the kitchen, where a large box was sitting on the table. She stopped at the doorframe as she watched Kitty walk across the kitchen to the dish strainer, where she picked up a knife. Heather found herself very aware that Kitty’s *her MASTER’S VOICE* tattoo was plainly visible through her sheer garment. Seeing it again brought to her mind what the true image Master Chambers had captured of her looked like.

“Let’s see what we got, shall we?” her mentor questioned sounding more Georgia peachy as she tried to sound silly. She stepped to the table and began to carefully cut the tape on the box open. Once she was done she sat the knife beside the box and lifted the flaps.

Heather stepped up behind Kitty and peered over her shoulder. Sitting on top of a sea of white packing peanuts was large box with a Post-It note stuck to it which read, CARE PACKAGE FROM M. SAYBIN. Kitty pulled the box out and opened it, throwing her head back and laughing,

“What?”

Shaking her head her mentor turned the box to reveal that it was filled with several new packages of C and D cell batteries.

"Oh, my God." Heather covered her mouth and burst out laughing.

Kitty used her foot to slide one of the chairs far enough from the table so that she could sit the box full of batteries in it. Then she reached back into the shipping box and dug around a moment. When she brought her hand out she was holding a nice sized box that was about half the size of a shoebox. "Thruster Bunny in blue," she announced.

"Oh that would be mine," Heather said. She took the box from the other woman as she offered it to her and turned it over in her hands to take a good look at the picture of the dildo with the little bunny rabbit with long ears attached to the base.

"So, what color did I get?"

Heather shrugged. "Master Playboy didn't say." Her eyes went to the description on the side of the box that revealed that the shaft of the Thruster Bunny was 8 inches long. It made her a little wet just to think about it. Her new toy was equal to Master Douglas in some ways.

"There's something really big at the bottom of the box," Kitty said as she fished around in the packing peanuts.

"That would be the TB SuperDeluxe," Heather told her, not resisting the urge to giggle.

"SuperDeluxe?" Kitty questioned. She pulled her hand out of the box and in it was a box identical to the one she had handed Heather. "Mmmm. This is blue as well."

Heather shrugged. Then she parted her crooked lips to give a grin. "Maybe he was thinking topazblue."

"Probably," Kitty nodded as she looked over the box. "I have one like it already, but you can never have too many of these."

Heather laughed. "That's what a lot of the other girls were saying in the room."

Kitty worked to get the box open and the Thruster Bunny out. She held it out in front of her as if she were holding a sword, then she pressed a button at the base. Instantly there was a humming, which Heather noted was a lot more quiet than both her old silver toy and the WONDER BULLETS that Master Douglas had given her. Kitty put the tip of her index finger to the ears and let

out a little coo. “It’s the bunny that always breaks. After it’s had enough force put to it the wires either come loose or short out.”

“So, you’ve broken a few too?” Heather laughed.

Kitty raised her eyebrows and gave a slight smile. “Why, Heather. This girl has never broken a toy. They have design flaws.”

Nodding, Heather had a huge grin on her face.

“You are aware we now have matching dildoes?”

“I don’t think it was intentional,” Heather told her. “I’m not sure if I told Master Playboy what color I was ordering or not.”

Letting a slight laugh escape her lips Kitty suddenly got a mischievous look on her face. She shifted her weight slightly, spacing her bare feet and leaning back enough so that her PROPERTY OF J.J. CHAMBERS tattoo was plainly visible. She took the hand she was holding the Thruster Bunny in and slowly moved it down until the faux cock head was touching her through the sheer fabric of her nighty just above the hem. “One could show you how it works.”

Shaking her head Heather put a hand out. “*No*. No, that’s quite alright. I did okay with platonic nudity, but I don’t think I can handle platonic masturbation.”

Throwing her head back Kitty burst out laughing. “Okay, okay. I was just kidding.” She brought the Thruster Bunny back up and turned it off.

Heather looked at her as she looked back, smiling and laughing. She knew she was joking, but there was a part of her that wished she was being serious. The image was instantly in her head of the two of them on the kitchen table, each one using their respective toys to get them off. Then after they both came they would kiss, and then trade bunnies, each coated with the other’s lube as they slid them back inside.

It was hot.

Really, really fuckin’ hot.

But it also really, *really,* was not going to happen.

She is a very perceptive woman to say the least, Deacon Winters had said of Kitty at the social. *I am sure she is well aware you fantasize about her*.

Yes, Kitty was perceptive and aware. But what did that make things when she was flirty and suggestive with her? Was it a test? Was it all a game to Kitty, longer and more elaborate than the one that Deacon Winters had played with her at the social?

No. Heather was sure that Kitty was not playing some kind of game with her heart and mind. She was too much of a genuine person to do that to her or anyone else.

"So, what about the SuperDeluxe?" Kitty asked.

"Go ahead."

"It is a big box, Heather," Kitty informed her. "I think it may take both of us to dig it out."

Heather stepped closer to the table and a little away from the other woman. After she sat her Thruster Bunny down she and Kitty both reached into opposite sides of the box and dug down through the peanuts until they had both been able to get a hold on the box within. With each of them tugging it back and forth a few times they were finally able to make it rise to the top of the shipping box. As she saw it her cheeks turned a little red as she gazed at the picture of the SuperDeluxe on the front of the box.

"Oh, my," Kitty gasped. She gave a hard tug and pulled it out of Heather's hands.

"Hey. That's for me, you know."

Kitty just turned away from her the way Melissa used to when she was younger and grabbed one of Terry's toys with the intention of taking off with it. "Oh, I just want to look at it", she said, also much the way her daughter would have done. "Oh, my."

"What?" Heather questioned, trying to look over her shoulder.

"I'm just reading the features," Kitty said, trying to sound innocent. "Wow, the Thruster Bunny: TB SuperDeluxe Model 2007. Realistic and firm gel shaft is an incredible *nine inches* in length." She looked to Heather and laughed.

Heather could only shake her head, feeling her cheeks redden as she joined in her friend's laughter.

"It also thrust to hit all *the right spots* deep inside," Kitty read on, "as well as twisting to give you new sensations of *erotic bliss*. Six points swell along the shaft to simulate the ecstasy of being with your absent partner. Nine thrusting and twisting speed settings add to your pleasure, as well a six speed rabbit ear clitoral stimulator. USB cable and CD-Rom included for online remote control through your PC."

Kitty turned and held the box out for Heather to take. "Okay, so where are you going to hide that?"

Heather shrugged. “In the spare bedroom closet. No one goes in there but me.”

Kitty let out a giggle. “No one ever *cums* in there but you either, Heather?”

To this she could only smile and laugh again, because Kitty was correct. She and Bill had not had sex in the spare room since the second year they had lived there, room to room sex not really something that had excited them once the new had worn off.

“You are going to give Master Playboy a big thank you, one expects,” Kitty said. “As a good girl should.”

“Yes, of course, you know I will,” Heather told her. She had still not seen him since the night before the social, and part of her was dying to talk to him. She looked to Kitty as she bent to the box and started to rummage in the packing peanuts, just in case there was something else inside. As she did Heather found her eyes drawn up to the *her MASTER’S VOICE* tattoo on her shoulder. For a moment she considered telling Kitty what she knew, where the actual gallery photo was and who owned it, but she decided not to. She wanted to talk with Master Shawn first. She wanted to know, she was sure, that he was taking good care of it, and that he cherished it as much as she would if it were in her possession.

“Hummm, there’s more,” Kitty suddenly announced.

-10-

After chatting for a few minutes Heather had taken her loot of the two Thruster Bunnies, a g-spot vibrator, a small pink gel butt plug, and half the spare batteries and headed home. Kitty had a scene with Master Dmitri to prepare for, and Heather herself could not wait to try out the Thruster Bunny out to see if it was as good as everyone else who already had one claimed they were. She had taken the SuperDeluxe straight to the spare bedroom and placed it in the top of the closet, not quite ready to take the extra time she knew it would require to get it out of the box and set it up. Then she went to the master bedroom and into the bathroom to grab a couple of towels.

Heather had stripped to nothing in her cool bedroom after she had placed the towels on her side of the bed. Then she had laid on her back, propped up on her pillows with the new toy that reeked of fresh plastic and latex laying between her breasts as she rubbed her clit, lightly fantasizing that Master Shawn was

licking her pussy, so she would be wet enough to get the hard shaft of the faux cock inside her with little resistance.

She found that it was not too hard to imagine Master Shawn licking her hot slit and sucking her clit and torturing it with his tongue. From the pictures he had sent her of when he was with pixie and her husband she had a fairly good idea of how he looked naked from several angles. Thinking of him batting at her clit with the tip of his tongue while she rubbed at it with the tip of her index finger was enough to give her a little orgasm, definitely enough to lube her pussy for her hard, Thruster Bunny, cock.

Heather took her new toy and guided it down as she shifted her ass and raised her knees a little higher. In her mind she imagined that it was Master Douglas, coming to take Master Shawn's place between her legs and to replace his tongue with his cock. "Ummm, Master Douglas," she crooned to herself as she worked the head of her toy cock between her labia. She let out a moan as she pushed the head of the Thruster Bunny past them, and then pushed hard to bury the shaft completely into her hungry hole.

"*Oh!*," Heather gasped, after fumbling with the buttons and turning on one of the thrusting functions. She worked it in and out of her pussy as it pumped itself lightly along her insides. She imagined that Master Shawn was leaning down and playing with her nipples, so she reached up with her free hand and took her left nipple between her fingers to give it a light twist as she used *"Master Douglas"* to fuck her pussy.

God she wanted to it. She wanted to know what it was like to have two guys on her at the same time, the way she knew that Betty had done a hand full of times before. She also wanted to know what it would be like with more than two men, like Tonya and grubgirl. Or even kinkier, to be kissing another woman as they were used by two or more men, or maybe licking another girl's pussy as the shaft of a master's hard cock slipped in and out of it.

"*Ummm*."

It was hot. Oh, so fucking hot!

Heather fumbled with the controls at the base of the Thruster Bunny, and suddenly the vibrating ears hummed to life. As she pushed it back inside her pussy as far as she could the ears came to rest dead on her clit. She held it there, letting the shaft thrust inside her as the ears tickled her clit at high speed. Between the sensations and her thoughts it only took a half a minute to reach her second climax.

“Oooooh-HOOO! AAAH!,” Heather cried as she suddenly gushed around her new toy, drops shooting up and landing on her belly as the rest sprayed out around the Thruster Bunny and coated her inner thighs. Holding it in and slightly working the base of the shaft up and down was enough to make her squirt a second time, but after that she could not hold it steady, twisting and moaning as her clit went numb and her nipples tingled. She pulled back on the shaft and gave it a couple of light plunges as she rolled onto her left side, right leg raised high.

Heather pulled the Thruster Bunny all the way out of her pussy, and then she plunged it right back in to the base, imagining that Master Douglas had pulled out and that Master Shawn was taking his place. She immediately squirted a little more, coming at the thought of one hard cock taking the place of another in her wet and steamy pussy. She fumbled with the controls, turning the thrusting speed down for a second. Then finding another button she increased the speed. As the thrusting shaft slid faster up her insides Heather gasped and panted as she held the bunny ears to her clit to bring herself to another wet and gushing orgasm.

She reached her limit quickly after that, her insides and clit numb yet sensitive at the same time. She cried out and moaned, tears squeezing from her eyes as she let go of the base of her wonderful new toy, letting its own thrusting and vibrating motions work itself out of her sopping hole. Once she felt the head slide past her labial lips she reached down and grabbed the sticky and wet toy, fumbling to turn it off as a million little tingles wet through every sensitive part of her body.

Once the tingling stopped and her breathing returned to normal Heather lowered her leg, lying naked on her side. She drew in a final ragged breath, letting it out in a hiss between her teeth as she felt a smile curl her lips. Kristen and the other girls from Bored were right, the Thruster Bunny was the greatest sex toy ever invented.

She closed her eyes, reveling in post orgasmic bliss. She shivered, feeling a tingle between her shoulder blades and imagining a warm male hand, Master Shawn’s, was feeling down her back to the round and ample swell of her ass. Heather dozed off, dreaming of Thruster Bunnies, and whips and chains, and of Master Shawn Spencer guiding her to kneel and pose in front of an ancient phonograph, tilting her head to look to the horn and beyond it where a huge

photograph on the wall revealed Kitty McClain in the same position, doing the same thing.

her MASTER'S VOICE

You're lost little girl.

-11-

It was just after eleven when Heather woke from her nap. After cleaning up the Thruster Bunny she dried it and slipped it to the back of her panty drawer. By the time she had opened the g-spot vibe and butt plug and hidden them in the back of the drawer as well she noted that it was beginning to get crowded in there. The idea that Bill would find her new toys was far from her mind, as she felt he would be as unlikely as Terry to ever go in there.

Still naked she had taken all the packaging and went into the garage, to bury all of it in the bottom of the trash. Then she had gone back to the bedroom and grabbed the towels, stripping the comforter once she realized that the top on her side was damp as well. She made another trip to the garage with them and stuffed them into the washer, and then back to the master bedroom so she could get out a fresh set of sweats. She sat them on the bed and then went to take a shower.

Heather soaped herself up, lathering her body and lightly playing with her own breasts as she imagined someone else with her. She closed her eyes and turned so the hot water would rain down on her back. As she did she reached down and under the paunch of her belly to rub her soapy clit, visions of using the TB SuperDeluxe going through her head. She imagined Master Shawn watching her once the cam he had said he was going to send her arrived. He would talk dirty to her through the speakers as he controlled the thrusting and vibrating of the $300.00 sex toy from where ever he was stopped for the night.

That was whenever he decided to show up again.

After having another little orgasm from playing with herself in the shower, Heather had finished up and began to towel herself dry. As she ran a towel over her arms she imagined that Betty would probably be calling her at any time,

wanting to know which one of her S&M buddies was sending her vibrators through the mail. She smiled to herself as she imagined the look on Betty's face as she opened the box and found out there was a Thruster Bunny inside.

Heather bent down and began to dry her legs off, humming as she did so. Taking the towel higher she patted her pussy dry, feeling a slight flutter in her stomach as she did so. Forcing herself not to linger she straightened herself up and began to dry her breasts.

As she realized that she was humming to herself Heather suddenly stopped, aware that the tune she had chosen for her spontaneous humming were the opening bass notes of *'You're Lost Little Girl'*.

Well, it seems that they are playing your *song, Miss Zane*.

Heather opened her eyes, narrowing them as she looked to herself in the slightly fogged bathroom mirror. She pushed the towel to her neck, and then brought it down until her breasts were revealed in her reflection. *Am I lost?*

Snippets of memory went through her mind. She remembered sitting on Austin Brigham's bed someday back early in her senior year of high school, passing a joint between them, listening to *'Soul Kitchen'* on his CD player. She remembered the flushed and angry look on Bill's face as he demanded that she get rid of all her Doors tapes and CDs.

It was silly. It was so long ago.

Another life ago. Things had changed. Now she was-

What was she?

Different?

Heather was unsure.

She finished drying and threw the towel over the shower curtain rod. Then she went through the bedroom, passing her clothes, and straight to the spare bedroom. She unlocked the computer modem and pressed the power button on the monitor. As she waited for the monitor to warm up she eased her naked ass onto the cushion of the chair and smiled down at Giggling Gary where he sat behind the keyboard. Reaching down she pulled him forward to make him chatter.

"Ma, ma, la, la. He he he he!"

Heather adjusted herself in the seat and then signed into her Peeplchat messenger. She glanced at her friend's list and saw that the only people who were on were sassy, fan and maiden, and each one of them had a 'busy' icon by

their names. Heather highlighted the search bar on the bottom of the messenger window and entered in Doors CD.

After she pressed SEARCH a larger window opened, displaying such sites as Piranha River, eBay and Rhapsody. She chose one and waited for the new window to load. *It had been a lifetime ago*, she thought to herself. *I want my music back*.

The page of Doors albums opened up. Heather immediately moved her mouse to the ADD TO CART icon beside a picture of the cover of *Strange Days*. Then as soon as she confirmed a quantity of one she scrolled down and repeated the process with *Waiting for the Sun*.

The knock knock wav went off, and Heather jumped slightly at the unexpected sound in her silent house. Without bothering to confirm the rest of her order she pulled her friend's list back up. She felt her heart catch a little as she saw a glowing yellow smiley beside Master Shawn's ID. Before she even had time to think of what she wanted to say to him about *her MASTER'S VOICE*, or even if she was going to say anything about it to him, the IM chime went off, and an IM box from him was sitting on top of her screen.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: Greetings heather :)

Heather tapped her left ring finger against the edge of the keyboard several times. Then she swallowed and clicked onto the box to respond. She placed her fingers into position over the keys, pausing another moment, before replying.

flafemsub_bbw: greetings Master Shawn

What am I going to say?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: so how did the social go?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: sorry I haven't had a chance to catch up
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: had something come up after you left the other night

flafemsub_bbw: anyone this one knows?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: no

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: not yet anyway
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: friend of Mine was coming through with a friend in tow
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: been occupied almost all week

Looking to the screen Heather smiled. Instantly she found that she already wanted to know the details, wishing that she could have been there to be occupied with him.

As if he was reading her thoughts a message came up on her screen:

MasterPlayboyAtLarge is sending you a file

Heather clicked on accept and a file named, Me, RV and lana began to download. It opened to reveal a woman in her mid-20s, naked and laying on the floor with her legs spread as she rubbed her shaven pussy. Over her Master Shawn and another man, who looked to be in his late 40s or early 50s, were sitting on a cushioned bench, arms reaching across to one another as they stroked each others' cocks. Instantly Heather was envious, wondering what it would be like to be laying on the floor and playing with herself as two men jacked each other off over her. She grew wetter imagining that it would have to end with them milking their sperm onto her naked body as she squirmed and writhed in self-induced orgasm.

flafemsub_bbw: very hot Sir

Very fucking hot!

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: yeah it was ;)
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: but all that can wait till later
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: had you on My mind the whole time
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: it kept Me distracted

flafemsub_bbw: one does not believe that Sir
flafemsub_bbw: lol

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol : P

She turned over what she wanted to tell him in the back of her mind as she began to fill him in on the events of Saturday night. As with Kristen she left nothing out, save the fact that she had snuck in to witness the inspection and sampling of the submissives up for auction. As she had expected he had been very keen on the details of the scene she had witnessed in the mini-oubliette, and was disappointed that she had been caught.

He offered his own observations on Deacon Winters as she told him about being escorted back through the house by him, and of their conversation on the balcony, dancing and her hands free orgasm. Master Shawn claimed not to like people in the lifestyle who were all bound up and regimented by rules. Instant gratification, he felt, was to be embraced as long as you knew you were in control. Heather was sure that Winters' response to that would be that it was a contradiction, but so was the term freedom the way the Clover Leaf Society, and to a point Kitty herself, described it.

She let him know that the package from Saybin had arrived, and that the Thruster Bunny worked fine. Then she gave him all the details of how well it had worked.

Master Shawn was slightly disappointed that the web cam he had sent her had still not arrived. She laughed to herself, feeling flushed and aroused as he told her he expected her to set it and the TB SuperDeluxe up as soon as she could so they could test them all together on the next available afternoon they both had.

When she ran out of things to catch Master Shawn up on, and before he could launch into a story about how he had spent the past few days, Heather decided that it was time. She wrote the first line in the IM box, staring at it for a moment as she considered what she would put on the next line as the cursor blinked beside the last letter. With a loud breath she pressed the enter key and watched as her words appeared in the chat window.

flafemsub_bbw: Sir a girl must tell You that she knows your identity

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: oh really ;)

Heather took another breath and entered in the next line.

flafemsub_bbw: You are Shawn Spencer Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you been talking to scorp or pix?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: it's not a big deal really
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: ty for caring enough to know heather :x

Heather reached up and scratched above her ear. He thought she was joking, or making something out of nothing. Of course he was right. He knew so many women online they were bound to give out his name somewhere along the line. For a moment she did not know what else to say, but she realized that just because some of the others knew his name it did not necessarily mean that they knew who he was or anything else about his life.

flafemsub_bbw: You are also known as S.E. Spencer
flafemsub_bbw: Your last novel was The Last President of America
flafemsub_bbw: You are also known as Spencer Blake
flafemsub_bbw: You own NACW wrestling

Heather looked at her words on the screen. For a minute or two there was no response, and she found herself worried that he had either closed his IM window from shock, or put her on ignore.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: My you have done your research
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: how did you find out?

Again she took a breath before she entered her response.

flafemsub_bbw: one was looking something up and saw the name Shawn Spencer
flafemsub_bbw: so she looked up the name on peeplpedia and saw that it was You

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I'm on peeplpedia?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: really?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: then I must be bigger than I though
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: looks like I finally made it to the big time!
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: lol

flafemsub_bbw: lol

She laughed to herself, feeling a smile on her face. If it truly bothered him that she suddenly knew so much about him he was not giving any sign.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: somehow I have had the feeling that when someone found out who I was really that it would be you

flafemsub_bbw: why is that Sir?

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: because I have been sure since that first night we chatted that you would know everything about Me
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: because you are the one
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: you and I, W/we're meant to be together

Heather raised a hand and put it on her neck. It was warm, and her face was warm. She was blushing a deep red as she looked at his words on the screen.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: so what was it you were looking at where you saw My name that made you investigate it?
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: One is pretty sure you don't investigate every random name you see

flafemsub_bbw: one was looking up a photograph by J.J. Chambers
flafemsub_bbw: her MASTER'S VOICE

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: :)
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: My pride and joy
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: love the girl in it, Kitty McClain her name is

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: she was the photographer's own submissive I think

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I actually think that it was that picture that lead Me to the lifestyle

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I was naturally dominant already, but seeing that picture for the first time

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I just had to have it and bought it the day I laid eyes on it

Before she typed in her next response Heather took a final deep breath, hoping that she was making the right decision. From the words he had just written she felt as if they were equal and opposite sides of the same coin. One was dominant, and the other submissive, and both had known that something was missing from their lives, something they did not know what it was, until Kitty had somehow lead each of them to it.

flafemsub_bbw: one knows kitty mcclain

flafemsub_bbw: she is this girl's mentor

Again there was another brief pause, and Heather hoped with all her heart that Master Shawn did not think that she was lying, or making anything up.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: the woman who lives down the street that has been teaching you about her life in the lifestyle and took you to the social, your Kitty, is Kitty McClain?

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: this world is a funny place heather

flafemsub_bbw: yes Sir it is

Did he really believe her? Considering who he was she supposed that he did. She reached out and put her fingertips on Giggling Gary's face. She gave him a push back as she waited for Master Shawn to go on.

"La, la, ma, ma."

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I think that maybe we should talk on the phone

Heather immediately reached to her cell phone and picked it up, quickly turning it on.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: I think I would really like to know more
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: and I think I would really just like to talk to you
MasterPlayboyAtLarge: for real

flafemsub_bbw: a girl would like that as well Sir

The knock, knock wav went off as Heather entered her number into the IM box but she did not pay it any attention, or bother to pull up her messenger list to see who it was.

MasterPlayboyAtLarge: is now a good time?

Heather felt her lips stretched into a broad smile.

flafemsub_bbw: of course Sir

She had no sooner hit enter when another IM box popped up on her screen.

Master_Morel: hey My silly girl

Heather looked at the box, and put her hand on her mouse. She moved it to the response box, hesitated a moment, then moved it further up to the x.

Master_Morel: I see you are not in bored
Master_Morel: looks like E/everyone is out today

Oh, of all the times, now you want to chat?

Before she could commit to either closing the box or answering Mater Douglas her phone began to chirp its little ring. She watched as her hand

moved, off the mouse to pick her phone back up. Pressing the answer button and raising it to her ear she took one last look at the screen.

Master_Morel: are you there heather?

A little breathlessly Heather found herself saying, “Hello, Sir.” And in that quick second, between the time that she gave her greeting and the time that he responded, Heather wondered if she were truly about to hear the sound of her Master’s voice for the first time.

The End
...But Heather’s Journey Continues...

And Along The Journey

For those familiar with my work this is the place where I like to give just a little insight and detail about the story you have just read. If you're a true fan of good old science fiction movies and television then you probably noticed that quite a few of my submissive responses are nods to *Star Wars* and *Battlestar Galactica*, and of course my overly obvious reference to *The Gamesters of Triskelion* episode of the original *Star Trek*. And if you are a true Whovian (yeah, it's Whovian), then you will know that J.J. Chambers is to The Valeyard what John Smith to The Doctor. (Yeah, and if you're a real fan you'll know that all four are the same person.)

Of course there are plenty of other references in there. I decided on Master Playboy's middle and last names by calling him (Shawn) Elliot Spencer, Pinhead's real name according to *Hellriaser III: Hell on Earth*. The names of the streets in Heather's development are for the most part references to the U.S. space program, Project Apollo in particular, since I had quite an infatuation with space exploration growing up, and especially growing up in Florida in the Space Shuttle Age made it part of the local culture. Betty's chat ID, fat_sweaty_betty is a reference to the Insane Clown Posse song of the same name, *'Fat Sweaty Betty'*.

The cities of Citrus Grove and Lake Trinity are both fictional as well as Bennick County, the county name itself being an homage to Florida horror hosting legend Dick Bennick, the one and only Doctor Paul Bearer (who in turn is the template for the fictional horror host Count Shockula mentioned in this novel and some of my other works). Citrus Grove is somewhat based on the city of Clermont, Florida, while Lake Trinity is somewhat based on the cities of Orlando and Kissimmee, Florida. Bennick County itself is somewhat based on Lake County, Florida.

Growing up, and being curious from an early age about all things sex, including the BDSM lifestyle, I was sorely disappointed because most of the available information came from poorly written books and badly made movies, where the practitioners of the lifestyle were stereotyped to death as crazed lunatics, murderers, low lives and assorted other nut jobs and general perverts with bad intentions. With this in mind I decided that Heather, as someone just learning about the lifestyle, would be fixated on one of these bad stereotypes as her journey begins. Of course I found no better place to start than the abysmal *Bloody Pit of Horror* (*Il Boia Scarlatto/The Crimson Executioner*).

Now if you've never had a chance to see *Bloody Pit of Horror* I highly endorse it as a way to kill an hour and a half of your life. It's a highly educational portrayal of what BDSM isn't and how not to make a movie. Yes, I do know the movie does have its fans, and I count myself as, kind of, sort of a fan, but it isn't required annual watching, like say *Mosura*.

But anyway, between the initial publication of this novel and the publication of the first print edition I began to frequent streaming networks dedicated to horror hosting, and eventually joined the horror hosting community with my show *House of Master Vyle Presents*. It was early on that I actually met The Crimson Executioner. Yes, he's out there, and he's always watching. And I like to consider myself pretty good FIENDS with The Crimson Executioner, and his sock. The sock's name is Buford. Well, maybe me and the sock aren't as close as the sock is to The Crimson Executioner, but then again who is? Long story short, I personally know The Crimson Executioner. (Or at least we're FaceBook friends.) I'm pretty sure he likes me too. Fairly certain. I do know he likes it every time that I say I'm going to whip my typist. Yes, he is indeed out there, always watching, and you can often find him in The Vortexx at HorrorHost dot Net. (Yes, I spelled the "dot" out because links aren't allowed in eBooks. The joys of Big BOTHER watching everything.)

And yes, that was what I found along the journey.

Michael C. Laney
Clermont, Florida
January 16, 2017

About The Author

Michael C. Laney lives in Clermont, Florida, with his wife Betsy and their many, many cats. Their sons, Alex and Quentin, both currently reside someplace "Up North". *Heather's Journey Volume One: The Sound Of her MASTER'S VOICE* is his first BDSM Erotica novel and is the first novel in the *Heather's Journey Series*. Michael is also the author of the horror short story and poetry collections *Frog Nog and Other HorrorDay Tales* and *A Letter to Doctor Freudstein – Demoni – And Ten Poems*. He is the GHOST of the hosted horror web show *House of Master Vyle Presents* and is the creator of *The Golden Horde* with Gorenard the Beerbarian.

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